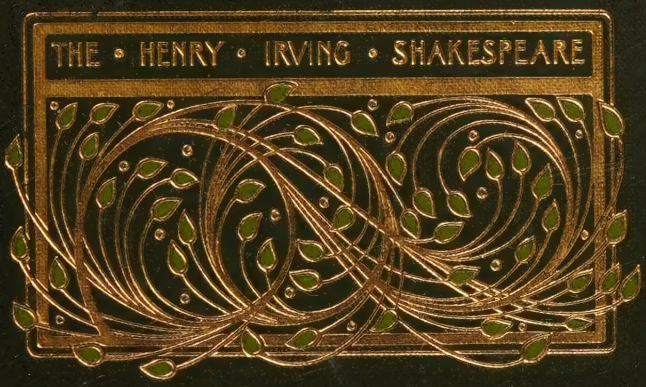
THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

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HAMLET

Ophelia. Act IV. Scene vii.

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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME IX

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a Senator.
Other Senators.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state
Cassio, his lieutenant.
Iago, his ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

Scene—The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.

Historic Period: May, 1570.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. P. A Daniel gives the following time-analysis: three days, with one interval.

Day 1: Act I. in Venice.—Interval: voyage to Cyprus.
Day 2: Act II. } in Cyprus.
Day 3: Acts III. IV. and V. } in Cyprus.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

It was not till six years after Shakespeare's death, and only a year before the publication of the first Folio, that Othello was first published in quarto with the following title-page: "THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the* | Globe, and at the Black Friers, by | *his Maiesties Seruants.* | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his | shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622."

This Quarto was evidently printed from a totally different MS. to that from which the Folio of 1623 was printed. Not only does it contain some one hundred and sixty lines less than the Folio; but it retains all those oaths and introductions of the name of God which are not found in the first Folio, and which would not have been suffered to remain in the copy used at the theatre after the act of 1606 had been passed, to which reference has so frequently been made in the notes to this edition. The next text, in chronological order, is that of the first Folio, which is by far the most correct one that has come down to us. The second Quarto was published in 1630; the title to it is the same as that of Q. 1, with the exception of the imprint, which is as follows: "LONDON, | Printed by A. M. for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at | his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne. | 1630 | ." The Cambridge edd. say "after a minute comparison of the two, it appears to us clear that the Quarto of 1630 must have been printed from a copy of the Quarto of 1622, which had received additions and corrections in manuscript. The resemblances between the two are too close to allow of any other supposition" (vol. viii. p. xvii.). This opinion has been confirmed by the careful collation of the two Quartos, made by Mr. H. A. Evans for the facsimile reprints issued under the auspices of the New Shakspere Society. The Introduction to Q. 1, by Mr. Evans, contains a most admirable digest both of the principal facts which enable us to settle the date of the play, and of the differences between the three texts, Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2. But there is this difference between the Quarto of 1630 and that of 1622; in the former the 160 odd lines, wanting in the latter, are nearly all supplied, but not as correctly as in the Folio; which seems to show that they were taken from some playhouse copy more easily obtainable than the volume of the collected plays, published in 1623, which had already become scarce.

Q. 3, which was virtually a reprint of Q. 2, was published in 1655, and is called "The Fourth Edition." It has the same title as the other two Quartos, except that the imprint is as follows: "LONDON, | Printed for *William Leak* at the *Crown* in *Fleet-* | *street*, between the two Temple Gates, 1655 | ."

Besides these there is a Players' Quarto dated 1695; a copy of which is in my possession, and I have given the cast taken from that Quarto in the Stage History of this play. Unlike the Players' Quartos of Hamlet, this has not any of the portions omitted in representation marked with quotation marks.

The entry in the Stationers' Register of the first Quarto is as follows: "6° Octobris, 1621, Tho: Walkley.—Entred for his copie, vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, The Tragedie of Othello, the moore of Venice." The text of the play is preceded by an address from the Stationer to the Reader, which contains nothing of any interest.

The question as to when this play was first

written is a difficult one to decide. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gave in his Outlines an extract from a MS. preserved in the Record Office entitled "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres charge, in anno 1604 untell the last of Octobar, 1605." The extract is as follows:

The Plaiers By the Kings Maties plaiers	1605 Hallamas Day being the first of Nouember A play in the Banketinge house att whithall called The Moor of Venis.	The Poets wch mayd the plaies Shaxberd.[1]

The late Sir Thomas Hardy pronounced the MS. in question to be a forgery, one of those idiotic tricks which have been played from time to time by semi-criminals upon students of Shakespeare; but there is good reason to believe that this very MS. was really a copy of a genuine document. Malone says "we *know* it (Othello) was acted in 1604, and I have, therefore, placed it in that year" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 404). Now as Malone was not in the habit of speaking rashly, or of evolving facts from his inner consciousness, it is highly probable that this entry was in those genuine books of Accounts of the Revels, which were removed from a damp dungeon, where they had lain so long neglected, to the new Audit Office in Somerset Place, and which we know Malone, in the year 1791, had the privilege of examining. Unfortunately he did not live to record in the Prolegomena to the 1821 edition of his Shakespeare the result of his visit; but among his papers a memorandum was found, not in his own handwriting, of this entry of the performance of the Moor of Venice; and probably this memorandum had been made from the genuine Accounts of the Office of the Revels. For a full discussion of this question see Halliwell-Phillipps's Outlines, fifth edition, pp. 607–613.

In the same work (p. 177) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps records the entry from the Register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, 1609, of the baptism of two daughters of William Bishoppe, named Catherine and *Dezdimonye*. It is certainly more probable that this peculiar name was taken from the play than from the very little known novel of Cinthio; especially as the spelling is evidently meant to resemble that of Shakespeare. On April 30th, 1610, Othello was performed at the Globe before the German ambassador and his suite, as we learn from a MS. of an attendant on the Duke of Wirtemberg: "S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou l'on joue les commedies; y fut representé l'Histoire du More de Venise" (Centurie de Prayse, vol. i. p. 93). Again we learn from the MS. of Mr. Vertue[2] that this play was acted at court before King James in the early part of the year 1613 (Stokes's Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 114).

Some critics have endeavoured to fix the date of the play much later, in 1611, or 1612, and even as late as 1614. They seem to have relied principally upon the passage, iii. 4. 46, 47, which was held to be an allusion to the order of baronets established by James I. in 1611. This seems to me a very weak piece of evidence; for surely such lines might easily have been inserted afterwards. Putting aside the disputed entry in the Accounts of the Revels, the fact that the Duke of Wirtemberg saw the play in 1610 seems to prove clearly that it was written before James I. created the order distinguished by the "bloody hand" of Ulster. The arguments as to early and late date will be found admirably summarized in Stokes's Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (pp. 116, 117). The style of the verse and the power of the characterization show that Othello certainly was not an early play; nor was it a very late one; any date from 1602 to 1605 inclusive would suit the internal evidence afforded by the style.

[1] We copy this from Dr. Furness's Appendix to the Variorum Othello (p. 348), but as he says: "(In the original, 'Shaxberd' is not placed here, but opposite the play of *Mesur for Mesur*." With regard to the date he says: "Although this is headed 1605, internal evidence in the rest of the entries shows that the true date is 1604."

[2] Dr. Furness, in the Appendix to the Variorum Othello (p. 346), quotes Steevens's account of these MSS. as given by Chalmers: "The books, from which these extracts were made, with several others lost, belonged to Secretary Pepys, and afterwards to Dr. Rawlinson, who lent them to Mr. Vertue. There is a MS. note subjoined to the MSS. of Vertue, which, about thirty years ago, were lent to Mr. Steevens by Mr. Garrick."

As to the sources of the play, the only foundation on which Shakespeare seems to have worked is the story in Cinthio's Hecatommitti (Decade 3, Novel 7), the full title of which, being translated, is as follows: "A Captain, a Moor, takes for wife a Venetian citizeness; an ancient (ensign) of his accuses her to her husband of adultery; he seeks, that the ancient may kill him, whom he believed [to be] the adulterer; the captain kills the wife, is accused by the ancient, the Moor does not confess but there being clear proofs [against him] he is banished; and the wicked ancient, thinking to do injury to others, brings upon himself death miserably." No English translation of this novel of Cinthio's is known before the one made by W. Parr in 1795, which is given in Collier's Shakespeare's Library; the second edition of which, edited by Hazlitt, was published in 1875, and from that edition all our quotations are given. The novel and Parr's translation occupy pp. 282–308 inclusive in Vol. ii. of Part 1. Unfortunately the translation is by no means an idiomatic one and, in some cases, does not render accurately the text of the original. For instance, on page 300, after the Moor (Othello) has first become infected with the poisonous suggestions of the ancient (Iago), Desdemona is talking to the ancient's wife (Emilia); and after expressing a fear that she may serve as a warning to young persons not to marry against the wish of their families, and that from her, Italian women may learn not to ally themselves "*con uomo, cui la natura, e il Cielo, e il modo della vita disgiunge da noi*," which sentence the translator renders: "with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate,[1] education, and *complexion*" (p. 300). In the Italian original it will be seen that there is nothing about *complexion*, the literal translation being: "with a man, whom nature, and climate (or Heaven), and manner of life separates from us." Certainly if Shakespeare worked from any English translation, it would be from one more literal than Parr's. However, it is quite possible that he understood enough Italian to read it in the original, either alone, or with the help of a friend. As many passages of the translation of the novel relating to incidents made use of in the play are given in the notes, it will be only necessary here to give a brief abstract, which may serve to bring out clearly the important points of difference between the story of Cinthio's novel and that of Shakespeare's tragedy. It must be remembered that, as mentioned in the note on the Dramatis Personæ, no names are given in the novel except that of the wife *Disdemona*. The husband is always *il Moro*, the ancient *l' alfiero*, and the supposed lover of Disdemona *il' capo di squadra*, the lieutenant. In describing the personal bravery and military genius of the Moor, the author notices that the Venetians excelled all republics that ever were in their generous recognition of virtuous actions. Disdemona is described as "a virtuous lady, of marvellous beauty," who fell in love with the Moor, "not being drawn on by female appetite, but by his virtue" (p. 285). No mention is made of her father; but we are told that her relations did all in their power to prevent the marriage, which, however, in spite of their efforts, took place; and the Moor and his wife lived together in such thorough concord and in such tranquillity while they were in Venice, that "never between them was I will not say any thing, but not even any word, except of affection." Though Shakespeare chose to make the marriage of Othello with Desdemona take place but a few hours before his being sent to Cyprus, it is clear, from several incidents in the play, that he had in his mind this description of the novelist. Cinthio tells us that the Venetians were changing the garrison of Cyprus, and chose the Moor as the commander of the soldiers to be sent there. Although glad at the honour offered him, the Moor was troubled when he thought of the length and inconvenience of the journey; supposing that Disdemona would dislike to undertake it. His wife, who held nothing else dear in the world but the Moor, and was much rejoiced at the testimony to his high merit shown by so powerful and noble a re-

[1] It may be doubted whether *il Cielo* here means the climate, or Heaven, *i.e.* Providence, as it is sometimes translated. The fact of *Cielo* being printed with a capital C seems to favour the latter interpretation.

public, was anxious for the moment of departure, that she might accompany him in a post of such honour; but it gave her great pain to see the Moor disturbed, "and not knowing the occasion of this [trouble] one day at table she said; that she wished he would tell her why, on such a post of honour being assigned to him by the Senate, he was so melancholy." The Moor answered: "The love, which I bear you, disturbs my complete content at the honour received, because I see that of necessity one of two things must happen: either that taking you with me I must expose [you] to the perils of the sea: or that, not to give you this trouble, I must leave you at Venice. The first [alternative] cannot but be serious to me, because every fatigue, that you sustain, and every danger, that you undergo, must cause me extreme anxiety. The second, to leave you here, will be hateful to me myself; because in being separated from you I shall be deprived of my very life"[1] (p. 287). [It will be seen that Shakespeare got but few hints for his speeches of Othello and Desdemona in act i. from this dialogue.] To which speech Disdemona answered: "Tell me, my husband, what are those thoughts that enter your mind? . . . I am ready to come with you, whithersoever you shall go, even if so I should have to pass in my shift through the fire, as I am ready to come with you by water, in a safe, and well equipped ship: and, if there shall be dangers there, and fatigues, I am willing to share them with you, and I should hold myself to be little loved by you, when, in order not to have me in your company on the sea, you thought to leave me in Venice, or persuaded yourself that I would sooner remain here in safety, than be with you in one and the same danger" (pp. 287, 288). Then the Moor, all joyful, threw his arms round the neck of his wife, and with an affectionate kiss said to her, "May God long preserve you in this lovingness, my dear wife!" We have here a pretty picture of perfect conjugal love, which Shakespeare evidently bore in mind when depicting the character of the pure and devoted Desdemona.

[1] In these passages, which I have translated as literally as possible from the Italian, the punctuation of the original is preserved.

The description of the *alfiero* (ancient) is worth noticing. He is described as of "most handsome presence, but of the most wicked nature of any man that ever was in the world. He was very dear to the Moor, who had not any idea of his vileness. Because, although he was of the most cowardly spirit, nevertheless he concealed, with high-sounding and proud words, and with his [fine] presence, in such a manner his cowardice, which he kept shut up in his heart, that he showed himself in the likeness of a Hector or of an Achilles" (pp. 288, 289). He had brought his wife with him to Cyprus. She was "a beautiful and honest young woman," much beloved by Disdemona, who passed the greater part of the day in her company. Then we have a description of the *capo di squadra* (lieutenant), who "went very many times to the house of the Moor, and often dined with him and his wife. Whence it came that the lady, who knew him to be so grateful [a friend] to her husband, showed him signs of great good-will, which thing (*i.e.* Disdemona's conduct) "was very dear to the Moor" (p. 289). The wicked ancient, regardless of the ties of friendship, of loyalty, and of gratitude to the Moor, loved Disdemona most passionately; and turned all his thoughts as to how he could show his love to her, fearing that if the Moor perceived it, he would instantly kill him. He tried every means to make his court to her in secret, but her every thought was so wrapped up in the Moor, that she had not one to spare for the ancient or anyone else. It will be seen that more stress is laid in the story upon Iago's passion for Disdemona, which certainly, in the play, strikes one as never having had any real existence. But Shakespeare has adhered to the novel most closely in depicting Desdemona as the purest of women and most loyal of wives. The narrator goes on to tell us that every attempt the wicked ancient made to awaken the passion of Disdemona was an utter failure, so that he began to imagine—not being able, any more than Iago, to conceive what a pure woman is—that she must be in love with the lieutenant; therefore not only did he resolve to get rid of his supposed rival, but his love

for Disdemona was transformed "into the bitterest hatred;" and he began to study how not only he might kill the lieutenant but might prevent the Moor from enjoying the love of Disdemona which was denied to himself. It is plain that, in the novel, some time is supposed to pass, after the arrival in Cyprus, before the incident of the lieutenant getting into disgrace over the quarrel when on guard. His disgrace pained Disdemona very much; and, unsolicited, she made many attempts to reconcile her husband and the lieutenant. One day the Moor observed to the wicked ancient that his wife was so importunate in the cause of the lieutenant that he feared, in the end, he would have to take him back again into favour. This remark of the Moor seems to have put into the ancient's head the first idea of exciting his jealousy against the lieutenant. It must be confessed that Shakespeare has treated this part of the story much more dramatically. The ancient having suggested to the Moor that his wife's interest in the lieutenant was not an innocent one, on a certain day, when Disdemona was doing her best to urge her husband to look over the slight fault of the lieutenant, the Moor got into a passion, and said that it was an extraordinary thing that his wife should take so much interest in one who was neither her brother nor any relation; the lady answered "all courteous, and humble: I would not have you be angry with me, I have no motive other than my grief at seeing you deprived of so dear a friend, as I know, by your own testimony, the lieutenant was to you: he has not indeed committed any fault so serious, that you ought to bear [him] so great ill-feeling. But you Moors are by nature so hot, that only a little thing moves you to anger, and to revenge" (p. 292). Instead of being appeased by this answer, the Moor became more angry, and declared that he would take such vengeance for the injuries done him as would satisfy him. Poor Disdemona was quite dumbfounded at the words of her husband, who had never yet been angry with her; and she answered humbly that since the subject made him angry she would never mention it again. Nevertheless this fresh instance of the favour, which she bore to the lieutenant, confirmed the Moor in his jealous suspicion that she was in love with him. Tortured by his suspicions, the Moor goes to see the ancient, and to learn more particulars from him. In this interview the Moor becomes enraged with the ancient, and tells him he does not know what prevents him from cutting out the tongue that had dared to defame his wife. Upon this the ancient plays his trump card; and with a hypocritical assumption of honest reluctance, tells the Moor that the lieutenant has confessed to him the intrigue, and that only fear of his captain's displeasure prevented him from killing him, directly he made such a confession. "But since the making you to know this, which concerns more you, than anyone else, causes me to have so unpleasant a reward: I wish I had held my tongue." To which the Moor answered, all agonized as he was, "If you do not make me see this, that you have told me, with my eyes, live assured, that I will make you know, that it would have been better for you, that you had been born dumb" (pp. 294, 295). Here we have the hint for the magnificent scene between Othello and Iago in the third act.

There is one point in the novel which Shakespeare did not adapt; Cinthio makes the ancient tell the Moor that it would be much more difficult to prove his accusation now that the lieutenant is not received by his captain on terms of friendship. The estrangement between them, and the great purity of Disdemona, made the ancient almost despair of being able to fix any guilt upon her. Being nearly at his wits' end, he hits upon the device of stealing the handkerchief, which he does during one of the many visits paid by Disdemona to his wife. Shakespeare showed his usual discretion in not adopting the device which the ancient employed, namely, to steal the handkerchief while Disdemona was caressing his little girl, who was only three years old. Having got the handkerchief, the ancient puts it at the head of the lieutenant's bed; the latter finds it next morning, and, recognizing it immediately, sets out to restore it to Disdemona. He has only just knocked at the door when, as fate would have it, the Moor

returns to the house, and hearing someone knock, asked who it was. On hearing his voice the lieutenant runs away, thereby increasing the wretched husband's suspicions. He sets the ancient to find out from the lieutenant what he could about his visit; and here comes in the incident of the Moor watching the conversation between the ancient and the lieutenant, the former by his gestures conveying the idea that he was listening to some very important revelations, though the conversation was really on indifferent matters. Of course the Moor believes the account of the conversation given him by the scoundrelly ancient, and determines to put his wife to the proof by asking her for the handkerchief; when she confesses with some agitation to having lost it, he makes up his mind to kill her. The other important incidents of the novel are mostly given in our notes. It only remains to notice that, in his story, Cinthio speaks of a lady in the house where the lieutenant lived, who was very clever at embroidering in muslin. But this lady is quite distinct from the "*meretrice colla quale egli si sollazza*," and in going to visit whom he is attacked and wounded by the ancient. The agitation and grief of Disdemona, on hearing of the serious wound by which the lieutenant had lost his leg, sealed her fate; and the Moor consults with the villainous ancient how to put her to death. It must be confessed that the mode they hit on is very unromantic. The ancient is concealed in a closet in the bed-room of the Moor and his wife, and when, as agreed upon, he makes a noise, Disdemona is told to get up and see what is the matter; on doing which the ancient rushes out, and gives her a violent blow with a stocking filled with sand. She calls to her husband for help, but is denounced by him as an adulteress. She has only time to protest her innocence, when the third blow puts an end to her life. Then they place her on the bed, and, having broken in her head, pull down the ceiling, so that she may seem to have been killed by accident.

The device succeeded so far that no suspicion arose as to the cause of the death of Desdemona; but as the narrator remarks "God would not let so great a wickedness remain unpunished." The Moor went about like one beside himself, seeking her in every room in the house. He began to conceive so great a hatred to the ancient that he could not bear the sight of him; and, had he not feared the justice of the Venetian senators, he would have openly killed him; but not being able to do this with safety to himself, he deprived him of his post, whence such a bitter hatred sprang up between them that the ex-ancient turned all his thoughts on how he could be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who had recovered from his wound and was walking about with his wooden leg, and told him that the time was now come when he could avenge himself for the loss of his limb; and that, if he would go with him to Venice, he would there tell him the name of the man who had so injured him. So the two went away together to Venice, and there the ex-ancient told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and how he had murdered his wife afterwards. The lieutenant immediately accused the Moor before the council, and the Moor was arrested and brought to Venice, where he was put to the torture. The Moor would not confess anything, so he escaped death; after a long imprisonment he was condemned to perpetual exile, and was finally slain by some of his wife's relations. The ancient returned to his own country; but having falsely accused one of his companions of murder, the accused man having protested his innocence under torture, the ancient was himself put to the rack, and so severely injured that he died in great agony: thus was Desdemona's innocence revenged.

From the above narrative we can form some idea of the skill with which Shakespeare adapted his material, and with what a marvellous pathos his genius invested the story of the unhappy Desdemona.

STAGE HISTORY.

The earliest allusion relating to the stage history of this play is that already quoted above in the Literary History (p. 4), referring

to its representation in 1610. In the accounts of Lord Treasurer Stanhope, 1613, among the payments made to John Heminges "for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the Lady Eelizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene severall playes," The Moor of Venice is one of the plays mentioned (Centurie of Prayse, vol. i. p. 103). The sum paid for the whole fourteen seems to have been £93, 6*s.* 8*d.*, equal to £6, 13*s.* 4*d.* for each play. The next reference is in the Elegy "On ye Death of ye famous actor R. Burbadge," published about 1618 or 1619, at line 15, where, among the characters represented by that actor, are

> Kind Leer, the *Greued Moore*, and more beside.
> —*Ut supra*, p. 131.

The genuineness of this line, together with the two preceding ones and the one following, was at first disputed; but this dispute was put an end to by the discovery of a Folio MS. in the library of the late Mr. Henry Huth, in which these lines are found, and which were proved by Dr. Furnivall to be genuine (see the Academy of April 19th, 1879). In 1629 Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels, and in his accounts of that year for the 22nd November is entered the sum of £9, 16*s.* 0*d.*, as received "from the kinges company being brought mee by Blagrave, upon the play of *The Moor of Venise.*" In the MS. Commonplace book of Abraham Wright, written in 1637, or earlier, there is the entry

> "*Othello* by Shakespeare.

A very good play, both for lines and plot, but especially the plot. Iago for a rogue, and Othello for a jealous husband, two parts well penned. Act 3, the scene between Iago and Othello, and the first scene of the fourth act, between the same, shew admirably the villanous humour of Iago when he persuades Othello to his jealousy" (*ut supra*, p. 219). On October 11th, 1660, Pepys saw this play at the Cockpit, with Burt as the Moor; and again on August 20th, 1666; but having lately read the Adventures of Five Hours,[1] he thought it on the latter occasion "a mean thing."

Downes gives the Moor of Venice as one of the three plays of Shakespeare included among the old stock plays of the company which opened a new theatre in Drury Lane, April 8th, 1663. The cast on this occasion was as follows: Brabantio = Cartwright, the Moor = Burt, Cassio = Hart, Iago = Major Mohun, Roderigo = Beeston, Desdemona = Mrs. Hughes, Emilia = Mrs. Rutter. No other characters are given. To Hart's name Davies appends a note, "that he became so superior to Burt that he took the lead in almost all the plays acted at Drury Lane; *Othello* was one of his master parts" (Downes, edition 1789, p. 15). It would appear that Betterton did not get an opportunity of acting Othello till the union of the two companies, The Duke's and The King's, in 1682; upon which union Hart retired, and the Moor of Venice was among the pieces revived in the first season. Downes says that the acting right of Othello was vested in Killigrew, and for that reason Betterton could not play the part before the coalition of the two companies; but, as Genest points out (vol. i. p. 405), "he evidently meant no more than that according to the established rule, the Duke's company were not at liberty to act Othello before the union" (of the two companies). To the Players' Quarto, 1695, already mentioned above in the Literary History, the following cast is appended, which may be compared with the one given above from Downes:—

The Duke of Venice. Mr. Lydal.
Brabantio, *a Magnifico, Father to* Desdemona. Mr. Cartwright.
Gratiano, *his Brother.* Mr. Griffin.
Lodovico, *their Kinsman.* Mr. Harris.
Senators.
Othello, *the Moor, General of the Army in* Cyprus. Mr. Hart.
Cassio, *his Lieutenant General.* Mr. Kynaston.
Jago, *Standard-bearer to the Moor; a Villain.* Mr. Mohun.
Roderigo, *a foolish Gentleman that follows the Moor in hopes to Cuckold him.* Mr. Beeston.
Montanio, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of* Cyprus. Mr. Wakon.
Clown, *Servant to the Moor.* Mr. Hayns.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Herald.

[1] Written, as Downes says, by Tuke, in conjunction with the Earl of Bristol; or rather translated and adapted from one of Calderon's plays.

Desdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to the Moor.* Mrs. Cox.
Emillia, *Wife to Jago.* Mrs. Rutter.
Bianca, Cassio's *Wench.* Mrs. James.
Attendants.

Betterton continued to act Othello often up to 1709. On March 3rd, 1705, he took his benefit in this character; and at one of his last appearances at Lincoln's Inn Fields, on March 24th, 1709, Betterton played Othello to the Iago of Colley Cibber, which latter must indeed have been a queer performance. Booth, who seems to have succeeded to Betterton in the character of Othello, was the Cassio on that occasion. In the next season Betterton, now past the age of seventy, appeared as Othello for the last time on September 15th, 1709. Booth seems to have held undisputed possession of the character of Othello till Quin appeared in that part for his benefit, March 12th, 1720. It is uncertain if this was his first appearance in the part, as he had already taken his benefit in the same tragedy on May 1st, 1716, at Drury Lane. He continued to play the part pretty frequently up to 1751. It is curious that he does not seem ever to have played any other part in the piece, and never even to have attempted Iago till March 11th, 1751, when he appeared, at Covent Garden, in the part of the ancient to the Othello of Barry and the Desdemona of Mrs. Cibber. During this period from 1720, Quin's principal rivals in the part of Othello appear to have been Mills and Delane; the latter being the more formidable of the two. It was not till March 7th, 1745, that Garrick made his first appearance in the part at Drury Lane. It was on this occasion that Quin, whose surly and envious nature never seems to have been softened even by the good things of the table, said to Dr. Hoadley when Garrick entered, "Why does he not bring the tea-kettle and lamp?" implying that he looked like one of the black boys whom ladies of fashion at that time were so fond of having among their retinue. However, before the end of the performance, Quin must have seen that the sneer was undeserved, though he had not the generosity to say so. It may be noted that Garrick restored the scene where Othello falls into the epileptic fit, or "trance," as it is euphemistically termed, which Quin on account of his unwieldy figure had omitted. But Othello was not one of Garrick's great successes; and, after Barry appeared on the scene, he was content to abandon the part to him, for the reason that he could not hope to rival him in that character any more than in Romeo; and, more than that, he showed his good sense by playing Iago frequently to the Othello of Barry, and once, at least, to that of Mossop, at Drury Lane, April 2nd, 1753.

There were one or two comic Othellos during the first half of the eighteenth century; notably when *le diable boiteux*, Samuel Foote, under the anonymous disguise of "a Gentleman," appeared in that character at the Haymarket on February 6th, 1744. This extraordinary performance was repeated three or four times at that theatre, notwithstanding that it was a total failure. On March 10th of the same year Foote perpetrated his murder of "The Moor" at Drury Lane; the Iago being Giffard and the Desdemona Mrs. Giffard. Another still more comical Othello was seen, at the Haymarket Theatre, on September 22nd, 1744, when that monkey-wittol, Theophilus Cibber, acted (!) Othello. It certainly was a part eminently unsuited to such a complaisant husband as he was; and it is almost to be wondered at that he did not hit upon the notion of ending the play differently by making Othello fall on Cassio's neck, in a transport of enthusiasm, and borrow one hundred pounds of him on the strength of his supposed intimacy with Desdemona. On 7th March, 1751, a distinguished amateur, in the person of Sir Francis Delaval, played Othello, while other members of his family took the parts of Iago, Cassio, and Desdemona; the performance was under the superintendence of Macklin; it was a great success and drew a crowded house, including several members of the royal family.

It would be impossible to notice one tithe of the performances of Othello. No play of Shakespeare's, except Hamlet, has been so constantly acted since the Restoration. No season seems to have passed, at either of the principal theatres, without a representation of Othello; and that in spite of the fact that the two prin-

cipal characters are so nearly equal in importance, that it is really very difficult to say which is the stronger one of the two. Otway's Venice Preserved is, perhaps, the only other play which contains two principal male characters so important as those of Othello and Iago. In the time of the old Patent Theatres there was not the same difficulty in casting such pieces as there is now, when theatres are so many and good tragedians so few. It would seem that Barry was certainly the greatest representative of Othello that appeared before Edmund Kean. Among the great actors who distinguished themselves in this part in the latter half of the eighteenth century, we may mention Powell, Sheridan, and Henderson: the latter did not attempt the part of Iago till near the end of his career, on November 10th, 1780, when he played the Ancient to the Othello of Wroughton. Macklin never seems to have appeared as Othello, but he played Iago frequently. On March 8th, 1785, at Drury Lane, John Kemble made his first appearance as Othello, with Bensley as Iago, and his great sister, Mrs. Siddons, as Desdemona; but certainly the Moor was not one of Kemble's great parts.

Othello enjoys the distinction, among the great tragedies of Shakespeare, of being the only one on which the desecrating claw of the adapter has never been laid. Even Hamlet was unfortunate enough to be improved by Garrick; but he left Othello alone. It does not seem even to have been transformed into an opera, till the great master Rossini set to most beautiful music a very fair libretto founded on Shakespeare's play, in which perhaps the most effective scene was that, almost universally omitted on the stage, in which Desdemona sings the charming willow song. Indeed, we may learn from our ancestors of the eighteenth century a lesson in reverence for Shakespeare's text, as far as Othello is concerned. It is clear that, on many occasions at least, the character of Bianca was retained in the cast, and with it that portion of act iv. scene 1 where Bianca, within hearing of the concealed Othello, taunts Cassio about the handkerchief (lines 152–168), which is essential to the plot of the tragedy; in fact so essential that it seems to me its omission is utterly unjustifiable.

Among other representatives of Othello it will suffice to mention Pope—who seems to have played the character very frequently,—Cooper, Young, and Elliston. George Cooke never seems to have played Othello; but Iago was among his most successful parts.

It was on May 5th, 1814, that Edmund Kean first appeared as Othello at Drury Lane; and on the 7th of the same month he played Iago for the first time. This latter character he repeated during the season seven or eight times to various Othellos. He was great in both these parts; but, by those who best appreciated him, his Othello was considered the finest effort of his genius. True, as Genest remarks, his figure was against him. The remarkable physical advantages possessed by a Barry or a Salvini were not his; but no one seems to have ever exceeded Edmund Kean in expressing the deep pathos of Othello. It was not that he made many so-called points, but throughout the performance there were delicate touches by which new beauties of the text were brought out. I have been told by a very fine judge of acting, who saw him at his best, that when he spoke that beautiful speech to Desdemona, iv. 2. 67–69:

> O thou weed,
> Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,
> That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst
> ne'er been born!

there was something marvellous in the music and deep pathos of the voice. Macready and Phelps both played Othello frequently, but neither made any great hit in the part. Gustavus Brooke, whose end was so sad and yet so noble, was, before his voice failed, very great in this part. Fechter followed up his remarkable success in Hamlet by an attempt to play Othello, in which he failed; but as Iago he was much more successful. On Monday, February 14th, 1876, Mr. Irving made his first appearance as Othello in London, this being the third Shakespearian production at the Lyceum Theatre, then under the management of Mrs. Bateman. Mr. Forrester was Iago, Mr. Brooke, Cassio; Miss Isabel Bateman, Desdemona; and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe)

played Emilia for the first time. The tragedy on that occasion ran for a considerable period, and Mr. Irving, following the example of Garrick, revived the "trance" scene, which proved quite a novelty to those who only knew the play from the acting version. On May 2nd, 1881, Mr. Irving appeared as Iago, for the first time, to the Othello of Mr. Edwin Booth (Miss Ellen Terry being the Desdemona, a most beautiful performance). Those who could not agree as to his Othello, were unanimous in considering Iago as one of his finest impersonations. During the engagement of Mr. Booth, up to June 15, he and Mr. Irving played the parts of Othello and Iago alternately. On April 1st, 1875, the great Italian actor Salvini appeared as Othello at Drury Lane in an indifferent Italian version of Shakespeare's tragedy. His performance excited the greatest enthusiasm, and no doubt it was a very fine piece of acting; but for reasons, some of which are given in notes 161, 202, I cannot admit that it was the Othello Shakespeare intended. (It is a curious fact, as showing the uncertain tenure of popular favour which the greatest actors may have, that when Salvini returned to England on two subsequent occasions, though his acting was equally good if not better—indeed his Lear was a magnificent performance—he played to comparatively empty houses.)

At the same time, Othello was being performed at Drury Lane; with John M'Cullough as the Moor, J. H. Barnes as Cassio, A. Harris as Roderigo, Mrs. Arthur Stirling as Emilia, and Miss Bella Pateman as Desdemona. Mr. Wilson Barrett revived the tragedy at the Lyric, May 22nd, 1897, and played Othello to the Desdemona of Miss Maud Jeffries. Miss Ellen Terry repeated her famous impersonation of Desdemona at the Fulham Theatre, August 22nd, 1898, with Frank Cooper as Othello, Louis Calvert as Iago, and Miss Geneviève Ward as Emilia. A very interesting and scholarly version of the part of the Moor was given by Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Lyric, December 15, 1902. Herbert Waring played Iago, Miss Lena Ashwell, Emilia; and Miss Gertrude Elliott, Desdemona. Mr. Benson and Mr. Tearle are among recent personators of Othello.

As to the question whether Othello should be represented as a blackamoor, or simply as "a tawny Moor," this is, perhaps, the best place in the Introduction wherein to treat of that much-disputed point. In favour of what may be termed the "negro" theory we have such expressions as that in i. 1. 66, "thick-lips;" and in the same scene, line 88, Iago calls Othello "an old *black* ram." A little further on, line 112, he compares him to a "*Barbary* horse," which would imply that he was a native of Northern Africa. Again, i. 2. 70, Brabantio talks of the "*sooty* bosom" of Othello. It is noticeable, however, that, before the Duke, Brabantio uses no such exaggerated expressions about the colour of Othello. In fact throughout the play he is alluded to generally as "the Moor;" and in i. 3. 291 the Duke says to Brabantio:

> Your son-in-law is far more fair than *black*.

Finally we have Othello's own words, iii. 3. 263; "Haply, for I am *black*," which have been often dwelt upon by those who wish to paint the Moor blacker than he was. It is not necessary to furnish proofs, at any length, of the undoubted fact that the word *black* was more often applied to a person of dark complexion than to a negro or blackamoor. (See Much Ado, note 175.) In this very play we have a notable instance of this use of the word in ii. 1. 132–134, where Desdemona asks Iago, when he is giving his cynical praises of women:

> How if she be *black* and witty?

to which Iago answers:

> If she be *black*, and thereto have a wit,
> She'll find a white that shall her *blackness* fit.

No one would seriously maintain that either Desdemona or Iago was referring here to a negress, or even to a person as dark as an Oriental. On the other hand, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the very peculiar theory, started first, I believe, by Mr. Rawdon Browne in 1875, that Othello was not a Moor at all, but simply a member of the Italian family of *Moro*, one of whom seems to have been Lord-

lieutenant of Cyprus about the year 1508. It is quite plain that Othello is not meant to be a European; and it is equally plain that he is not meant to be a negro, but probably a native of North-western Africa, of the same country whence the Moors came that conquered Spain; a handsome soldierly-looking man of dark complexion, but not black in the literal sense of the word; in fact like the Prince of Morocco in the Merchant of Venice (where the stage-direction to act ii. scene 1 is "Enter Morochus, a *tawny Moore* all in white), whom no one would think of representing as a negro. Such expressions as we have quoted above, coming from Roderigo, Iago, and Brabantio in his rage, must be regarded simply as the exaggerations of those who had each his own reason for hating the Moor.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It may be difficult to classify all the great tragedies of Shakespeare according to the master passion which animates them. We may hesitate as to whether Macbeth should be called the Tragedy of Ambition or of Remorse; whether Lear should be the Tragedy of Ingratitude or of Madness; while with regard to Hamlet we may find it impossible to agree as to what is the leading motive of that complex work. But with regard to Othello there can be no doubt that it is the tragedy of Jealousy; and, many as are the tragedies that have been inspired by this motive, there never has been, and there never will be, any dramatic work which can equal Shakespeare's Othello in the marvellous power of its deep and heart-searching pathos. It is strange that some critics seem to be disinclined to rank this tragedy among the highest of Shakespeare's works; but to me, I confess, the more I study it, the more it stands out as the greatest tragedy of human passion which has ever been written.

We may go back to the ancient classical tragedy of Greece for grander and more heroic subjects; the story of Œdipus, for instance, as told by Sophocles, inspires more awe and horror than does this tale of human weakness and human villainy; but there is no story that has ever been told, in ancient or modern times, which speaks more to the human heart, which beguiles more easily the very sternest of their tears, than this sad story of Othello and Desdemona.

What strikes us most about this tragedy, when we read it through, or see it acted—though mutilated, alas! of some of its essential parts—is the directness of the treatment. In this respect it resembles more, perhaps, Macbeth, and, in a lesser degree, Romeo and Juliet, than any of Shakespeare's other tragedies.

In Othello there are no episodes that distract us, even for a short time, from the main subject of the tragedy. All the incidents are compactly knit together; the story never halts, but steadily progresses. The devilish scheme of Iago advances gradually and surely. The disregard of consistency and probability as to time (of which striking instances will be found in the note on the Time of Action), adds to the effectiveness of the play. We are not allowed to perceive, or even to suppose, any long intervals between the various events of the tragedy; it is only after we have breathlessly followed the various incidents of the play to the final catastrophe, that we have time to wonder how it was that all this could have occurred in so short a time. Had Shakespeare cowered before the gloomy spectres of the unities, we might have had a very elegant and correct exercise in dramatic composition, but we should not have had the tragedy of Othello. As a storehouse of intellectual treasure, as a vast museum of suggestive thoughts clothed in the most beautiful language, Othello cannot compare with Hamlet; but on the other hand, there is more power of characterization in the former than in the latter; necessarily, because in Hamlet the hero is, as it were, the tragedy; there is no room for such an elaborate study as Iago by the side of the Prince of Denmark; but the nature of the story in Othello requires, side by side with the hero, a character of equal importance. Had Shakespeare attempted to sink Iago into a commonplace nonentity, a mere passive vehicle for the conveyance of suspicion, instead of making him, as he has done, an ever-watchful, in-

triguing tempter, he would have dwarfed the character of Othello, and hopelessly debilitated the tragedy. Even as the play stands, one cannot help feeling sometimes angry with Othello; but what would one have felt, had the character of Iago been less vigorous in conception and less perfect in execution than it is?

The villainous ancient is the keystone of the whole plot; and Shakespeare loses no time in bringing him on the scene. We learn at once that he hates Othello and that he is jealous of Cassio; the frankness with which he admits to Roderigo the motives which influence him, however imprudent it may seem, no doubt serves his purpose well by inspiring that weak-knee'd young gentleman with perfect confidence in the ancient's good faith, as far as he is concerned. In one of Iago's speeches we have a very clear exposition of his principles, such as they are (i. 1. 44–55):

> You shall mark
> Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
> That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
> Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
> For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
> Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
> Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
> Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
> And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
> Do well thrive by them, and, when they've lin'd their coats,
> Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
> And such a one do I profess myself.

This gives us only one side of his character, but it is a very important one, his perfect selfishness. The man is a thorough hypocrite, but the sort of hypocrisy he practises is not of that fawning kind which is calculated to disgust those who come in contact with him; it is the hypocritical assumption of bluffness, of plain dealing, of not caring what men think of him, but speaking the truth, or rather a specious imitation of it, whatever may be the consequences. If Iago had told Roderigo that it was admiration for his character that made him try and forward his suit with Desdemona, it is doubtful whether, fool as he was, Roderigo would have believed him. Towards the end of the same scene we are allowed to see another side of Iago's character, his devilish love of mischief. The delight he takes in irritating Brabantio, in taunting him in the coarsest language, and insulting him behind the shelter of the darkness, are very characteristic of the malignant devilry of his nature. In the next scene we see him with Othello; and, note well, there is no servility in his manner. He is a blunt, loyal friend, who is only prevented by his "conscience" —save the mark!—from killing the man who spoke so scurvily of his captain and friend. We see at once that this is just the sort of man who would inspire confidence in Othello, and throughout the play we find that Iago never makes the mistake of cringing to him; while he conveys the impression that he has the greatest respect and affection for his captain, he always manages to preserve his own self-respect and dignity. In the last scene of this act, when Iago is left alone with Roderigo, the way in which he manages "the snipe" is most artistic—if one may use the expression. While he gives free rein to his cynicism—a cynicism in which there is no affectation—he mixes with it so much good sense, from a worldly point of view, that he renders the bitter draught palatable to his dupe. Far better than any affected sympathy or kindly words of consolation is the oft-enforced worldly maxim, "Put money in thy purse." Iago, consummate actor as he is, can even moralize when it serves his purpose, as when he says (i. 3. 332–335): "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions." There is no touch of cant about this; it is simply part of the speaker's intellectual superiority to the young fool whom he is lecturing.

But it is in his soliloquies that we must look for the key of Iago's real character. Whenever he is with anyone else—except perhaps for a few moments with his wife—he is always acting some part or other. When he is alone, we think we shall see him at last as he really is; but is it so? Do we not rather see a man so steeped in hypocrisy that he cannot be genuine even to himself? Was his moral nature so

corrupted with pretending to be honest, that, when he sought the reality, he found only the pretence? Some such doubts will suggest themselves to us, as we read his first important soliloquy at the end of act i. Can it be that this man really believed that the Moor, whom afterwards he describes in another soliloquy (ii. 1. 298) as "of a constant-loving noble nature," had debauched his friend's wife? This is what Iago says here (i. 3. 394–396):

> I know not if 't be true;
> But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
> Will do as if for surety.

It certainly seems more probable that he is here trying to find a plausible excuse for the villainous treachery that he is contemplating, than that he really believed that there had been an intrigue between Emilia and Othello. Nothing in Othello's character renders such an intrigue probable; and anyone, who carefully reads the play, will observe that, when Othello and Emilia are alone together, there is not the slightest rag of evidence that any intimate relationship had ever existed between them. But we must not suppose that Shakespeare is here feeling, as it were, for a motive, which he afterwards drops because it does not serve his purpose. It is perfectly true to real life that such a character as Iago—a man who believes there is no real goodness in anyone, or if he does admit that there is any, it is only to scoff at it—that such a man should reap the punishment of his own evil deeds in being perpetually haunted by the notion that his own wife, or daughter, or friend, as the case may be, is false to him. Loyalty and purity have no existence for such miserable creatures; no man can come near their wives, but they suspect that he is intriguing with them; and it often happens that, with all their professed worldly wisdom, and what they are pleased to call their strength of mind, the most contemptible of all their dupes are really their own selves; and that the hearts, which no generous sympathy can touch, no loyal affection can warm, are slowly consumed with the canker of their own evil suspicions.

In the next act we see Iago in two more distinct phases of his character; first, as the professed cynic who has nothing good to say of any woman, especially of his wife. But Desdemona, gentle and pure-minded as she is, does not seem to feel any repugnance at Iago's caustic remarks on her sex; in her assumed gaiety of spirit she draws him out; and while he certainly does not stoop to pay her compliments, or to flatter her, his manner to her is never wanting in respect. It is evident that, however bitter Iago's tongue may be, Shakespeare never could have intended that his manner should be aggressive or brutal. One is inclined to ask why this man, who says so many disagreeable things, should be so much liked as he seems to be? Desdemona and Cassio both seem to be impressed with his honesty, and never to doubt his loyalty; so that there must have been something attractive about Iago; the actor has a very clear indication here, on the part of the author, that he must never play the part in the style of a villain. No one on the stage must suspect him; the audience only must be in his confidence.

It is evident that when Cassio kisses Emilia Iago's jealousy is aroused, though he does not choose to confess it; but in his soliloquy at the end of the scene ii. 1. 316 he acknowledges that he suspects Cassio, as well as Othello, in regard to his wife:

> For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too.

This is a very effective touch on the dramatist's part; for it increases Iago's hatred to Cassio, which is the motive uppermost in his mind throughout this act.

The other phase of Iago's character, to which we are introduced now, is that of the "good fellow" or boon-companion, a part which he plays very effectively; but though he sings a good song, and does something more than pretend to drink, he never loses his head: the skill with which he holds together all the clues of his villainous plot throughout this act is marvellous. Nothing can be more consummate than the art with which he turns Cassio's slip, into which he himself has entrapped him, to his own advantage. He strengthens his hold over Othello at the same

time that he makes the man, whose disgrace he himself has brought about, look to him as almost the only friend who can help him out of it. No wonder that, in the soliloquy at the end of this act, Iago's tone is one of jubilant exultation. But if this act is a triumph for Iago, it is a greater one for the dramatist; for it is a masterpiece of construction, by which what, in other hands, might have proved merely an episode, hampering the progress of the piece, really becomes one of the keystones as it were of the whole structure.

The diabolical art, with which Iago excites Othello's suspicion in the great scene in the third act, must be recognized by every one who reads the play, or sees it acted; but we may also note how the very fact that Iago succeeds in poisoning the noble nature of the Moor beyond his hopes, seems to have a distinctly brutalizing effect on him. True, there is little of humanity at all in his character; the amount of compunction he has shown throughout is small enough; but now he seems like a wild beast whose fury has been whetted by the taste of blood. He wantonly aggravates the agony of his victim; every one that stands in his way now, be it ever so slightly, must be destroyed. Only once does this devil seem to have the slightest touch of pity; and that is when he sees Desdemona weeping after Othello's to her incomprehensible cruelty. Even then it is, perhaps, rather because the sight of a beautiful woman in tears annoys him, than from any true pity, that he utters these words, iv. 2. 124:

> Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!

Of course this line may be taken as part of the consummate hypocrisy which he displays, throughout this scene towards Desdemona; but it has always seemed to me that there is just the slightest gleam of pity trying to penetrate the darkness of his heart at this moment. It certainly is but a gleam; for of all the villains Shakespeare has drawn, Iago is the most consistent to the end. Even Edmund in Lear, who is not a little akin to him in his ferocious love of evil for its own sake, does show some remorse in the end; but Iago never relents for one moment. His last words are:

> Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
> From this time forth I never will speak word.
> —v. 2. 303, 304.

Nor is this an empty threat; for we cannot believe that Iago, like his prototype in the novel, has any taint of cowardice in him. Liar, traitor, would-be murderer of the soul as well as of the body, he is; but a coward, morally or physically, no. A charming writer (Augustus Hare) has said that Iago is "the product of the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived on earth." Certainly of all devils in man's shape ever drawn he is the greatest. Other dramatists have created monsters of crime, but they are clumsy abortions by the side of this ultra-human fiend.

Othello's character does not admit of the subtle treatment which Shakespeare has lavished on that of his treacherous destroyer. Simplicity and straightforwardness are the characteristics of Othello. The tortuous scheming and studied hypocrisy of Iago could not have a better subject on which to work. Brought up in the camp, and habituated from his early childhood to the hardships of a soldier's life, Othello is absolutely ignorant of the world; and with that modesty, which is the characteristic of all noble natures, he distrusts his own judgment upon all matters except those which belong to his profession of soldier. His want of self-confidence really proves fatal to him. It is so often the contrary in this world, it is so much more frequent to find men, in every position in life, who are ruined by over-confidence in their own judgment, or by an exaggerated estimate of their own merits, that it is difficult for us to realize that there is a positive danger, to some natures, of falling into the other extreme; of so distrusting their own judgment, and underrating their own capacity, that they are apt to become the dupes, and, sometimes, the slaves of those to whom they look up as great authorities, and unerring guides in matters of which they believe themselves to be quite ignorant. Othello would never have given such easy credence to the cunning suggestions of Iago, unless he had formed not only an utterly false judgment of his honesty, but had unconsciously elevated him into the position almost of a

demigod, on account of his supposed knowledge of the world and of human nature; of which knowledge Othello believed himself to be utterly devoid.

But it is not only with regard to Iago that Othello's self-distrust helps to ruin the happiness of his life; it is clear that, in a lesser degree perhaps, but still to a considerable extent, Othello doubted himself to be worthy of Desdemona's love. The disparity of their ages, the difference of their colour and complexion, were never completely forgotten by him; it only required the stimulus of Iago's vile suggestions to rouse his memory of them into mischievous activity. Could Othello have suffered himself to dwell with a pardonable vanity upon the heroic attributes of his own character; could he have thought more of the great service he had done the state, of the feats of valour he had performed, he would not have found it so easy to have believed in the disloyalty of Desdemona; he would have been able to stay the progress of suspicion with the consoling reflection, self-conceited though it might be, that she could not possibly prefer Cassio to him. But the very nobility of the man's nature is Iago's best ally; and well does that scoundrel know it. When he insinuates that all women, especially the Venetians, are more or less frail; that their appetites are capricious; their love more akin to lust than to purer affection, he knows that these cheap and petty scraps of so-called worldly wisdom, which would have been swept aside by a man whose nature was more familiar with evil than that of Othello, will be received by him as the utterances of a philosopher of great experience, who has been unwillingly brought to believe ill of his fellow creatures.

And here we cannot help asking ourselves whether Iago would ever have gained his reputation for being such an honest, blunt, sensible fellow, with such a knowledge of the world, and such a disregard for its opinions, if he had been in the habit of speaking good rather than evil of his fellow creatures, and of looking rather for undiscovered virtue than for latent vice in the men and women around him? If we study carefully all that Iago says to the different characters in the play, do we find any traces of a good or noble nature in the man? When he talks to Cassio about Desdemona (ii. 3. 14–25) how contemptible is the tone of his remarks as compared with those of the lieutenant! Even with that poor creature Roderigo he contrasts unfavourably. That silly "snipe" has, in his small brain, some clean and manly thoughts; he has enough of the gentleman in him to be capable of thinking with respect of the woman that he loves, though she be another man's wife. Shakespeare does not write the morals of his plays in large round text for every one to read. They must be sought for beneath the surface, sometimes in the more or less indirect windings of that maze, the human character, which he drew so skilfully. But nowhere does he teach us a truer lesson than in this play, when he shows us how great was the influence of Iago on those around him, in spite of the fact that he did not really possess any noble qualities; not even that one, honesty, which he is at such pains to assume.

It is only natural that we should feel tempted to be impatient with Othello for the extravagant respect with which he bows to Iago's judgment, and for the implicit belief which he holds in the ancient's honesty; but we must remember that it is not fair to regard his conduct as if he had the same knowledge of Iago's real character that we have. Moreover Shakespeare, in the great scene of the third act, has been careful to ensure our sympathy for Othello by showing us that, if he does lend too ready an ear to the vile suggestions of Iago, yet all his impulses are those of a noble nature. What constitutes the dramatic power and pathos of this wonderful scene is the struggle that is taking place, in Othello's nature, between his chivalrous trust in, and his deep love for Desdemona on the one side; and, on the other, his misplaced but sincere confidence in the disinterested affection and honesty of his friend, his acute dread of any stain on his honour, and his over-distrust of his own merits already noticed, which makes him more prone to believe his wife's unfaithfulness. The actor is very much mistaken who fancies that this scene can be treated in

the same manner as most great scenes in tragedy; that is to say, as having a definite climax which must be worked up to, as being written in a gradual *crescendo;* that is the way in which ordinary dramatic poets and musicians work. Shakespeare and Beethoven proceed on a different principle; when they treat of the passions there is no gradual and regular progression; a *crescendo* comes when we least expect it; and on the other hand, when the highest note of passion seems to have been struck, we are surprised by a tender *adagio* movement, which changes our feeling of awe into one of infinite pity, and moves our souls to their very depths with a grief too mighty for tears.

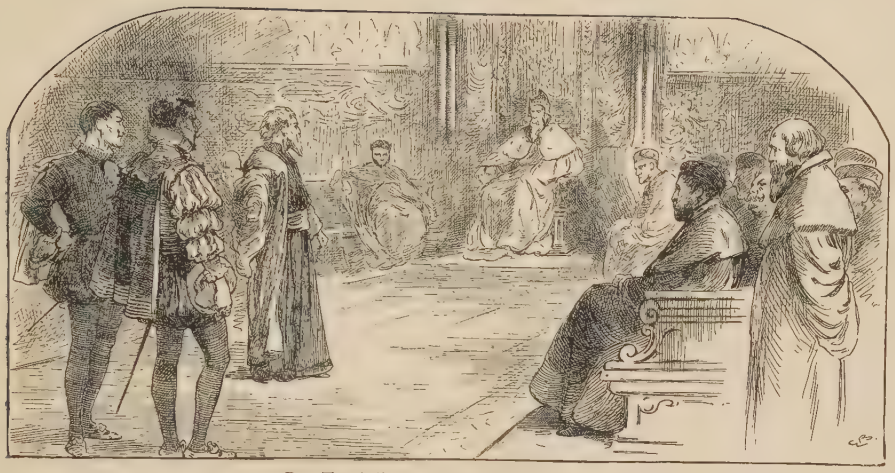
The very frankness and openness of Othello's nature makes him impatient of anything like inuendo or suspicion; and the carefulness with which Iago feels his way only serves to irritate him. This impatience of mere suspicion Othello expresses in the speech (iii. 3. 177–183); it would have been well if he could have kept to the resolutions expressed in the rest of this speech; but alas! he does not. When Othello re-enters (at line 333), the agony, which is caused by the state of doubt in which he is, shows how much he has overestimated his own strength of mind. His cry throughout this scene is for proof; and for that reason, if for no other, the omission of the greater part of the first scene of the next act, already alluded to, is the less excusable; and yet, by the end of the scene, he has almost accepted the fact of his wife's guilt without any real proof at all. In fact one is tempted to doubt whether Desdemona's estimate of Othello as being totally exempt from jealousy (see iii. 4. 26–30), and his own description of himself (v. 2. 345) as "one not easily jealous," are not both mistaken. But the fact is that, while not prone to jealousy of the meaner type, Othello's nature was one which, itself incapable of imagining evil of others, was equally incapable of putting aside the suspicions suggested by others. Of his own accord he never would have doubted Desdemona; on the other hand, he could not bring himself to doubt Iago.

But his love for Desdemona is so deeply rooted in his heart that he never succeeds in destroying it; it is always with him, pleading for mercy to the very last. The fury of hatred and revenge bursts out every now and then like a flame, and then dies down again, quenched by the pity which is ever welling up from his heart. At the very moment that he is killing her he loves her still; it is indeed more a sacrifice than a murder; he cannot let her live, less for her treason to him than to herself, the object of his love. She has violated the beautiful and pure shrine of his affection; and therefore she is condemned to death. The cry of anguish with which he flings himself on her dead body, when he finds out too late how he has been betrayed, thrills the heart of every one that hears it.

Desdemona is the very incarnation of purity; she may seem, to some, too weak in her very gentleness, contrasted as she is with Emilia who can chastise men "with the valour of her tongue." Desdemona, even when his cruelty outrages her before others, has no word of reproach for Othello. Astonishment, pain, a piteous bewilderment, which is long before it can find relief in tears; but indignation, resentment, much less any thought of hatred or revenge, she can never feel. As Emilia "unpins" her, before she lays herself down in the wedding sheets, which are to prove her shroud, she declares

> That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
> . . . . . have grace and favour in them.
> (iv. 3. 20, 21.)

There is no more exquisite picture of female purity than that scene, nearly always omitted on the stage (iv. 3. 60–106), in which we see that her mind cannot even conceive the idea of being false to her husband. He is to her always the "noble Moor;" he cannot kill her love any more than he can his own; and she well speaks of herself as a child, for her love is as that of a child, unquestioning in its obedience, unselfish in its every thought, pure and tender as the down on angels' wings, inalienable in its devotion.



Bra. Here is the man, this Moor.—(Act i. 3. 71.)

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this,—
Iago. 'S blood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city, 8
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
[A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;]
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle[1] knows
More than a spinster; [unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election:
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd[2] and calm'd 30
By debitor-and-creditor,[3] this counter-caster;]
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

[1] *Battle* = army.
[2] *Be-lee'd, i.e.* put on the lee-side of, and so dependent on.
[3] *Debitor-and-creditor*, referring to the system of double entry, which we owe to Italy.

And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.[1] 33
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 't is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter[2] and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd 39
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him, then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.—(Act i. 1. 41, 42.)

For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, 52
Do well thrive by them, and, when they've lin'd their coats,[3]
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
[For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:] 60
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full[4] fortune does the thick-lips owe,[5]
If he can carry 't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make[6] after him, poison his delight,

[1] *Ancient* (F. *enseigne*) = ensign or standard-bearer.
[2] *Letter, i.e.* recommendation.
[3] *Lin'd their coats* = "feathered their nests," in the modern phrase.
[4] *Full* = rich. [5] *Owe*, own. [6] *Make* = go.

Proclaim him in the streets; [incense her kinsmen:
And though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
Plague him with flies;] though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! 80
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; [for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst,[1] you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe.] Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I 've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100
To start my quiet;—
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you. 107
Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. [Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse;] you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. [*Impudently*] I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are [now making the beast with two backs].
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo. 120
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. [But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,[2]
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from[3] the sense of all civility, 132
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where.] Straight satisfy yourself:

[1] *Burst,* broken into.

[2] *Allowance,* approval.

[3] *From,* contrary to.

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast[1] him; for he's embark'd 150
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 159
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.*

Enter, below, Brabantio, *and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!— 170
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms 172
By which the property[2] of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please 179
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.[3]—
On, good Roderigo;—I 'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no cóntriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerk'd him[4] here under the ribs.
Oth. 'T is better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard[5] forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, 10
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might t' enforce it on—
Will give him cable.[6]
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory

[1] *Cast* = cast off, dismiss.

[2] *Property*, natural inclinations.
[3] *Officers of night, i.e.* the watch. [4] *Him, i.e.* Roderigo.
[5] *Full hard*, with difficulty. [6] *Cable, i.e.* scope.

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;[1] and my demerits[2]
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused[3] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends: 29
You were best go in.

Rod. your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier—(Act i. 1. 123-126.)

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul 31
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, *and certain Officers with torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
[It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already:] you have been hotly call'd for;

[1] *Siege* (F. *siége*), rank, station.
[2] *Demerits*, deserts.
[3] *Unhoused, i.e.* free, unmarried.

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out.
Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack:[1] 50
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He 's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear,[2] not to delight. 71

[1] *Carrack*, a large merchant vessel.
[2] *To fear*, *i.e.* [a thing] to cause fear.

[Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms; 73
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That waken motion:—I 'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.]
I therefore apprehend and do attach[3] thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?
First Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I 'm sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own; 97
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

The DUKE *and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition[4] in these news
That gives them credit.

[3] *Attach*, arrest. [4] *Composition*, *i.e.* consistency.

[*First Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not[1] on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim[2] reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure[3] me in the error, 10
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now,—what's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk; 20
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,[4]
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: — if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.]

[1] *Jump not, i.e.* do not agree.
[2] *Aim,* conjecture.
[3] *Secure me in, &c., i.e.* "I do not rely so much on the mistake (with regard to their numbers) as not to . . . " &c.
[4] *Brace,* preparation.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
First Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty recommends[5] you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
[*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
First Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.]
First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 50
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.[6]
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Duke and Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

[5] *Recommends,* commends himself to you.
[6] *Still itself, i.e.* never changes.

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 61
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son 69
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We're very sorry for't.
Duke. [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending 80
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest[1] action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round[2] unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature; [and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be.] I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
[Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern[3] seeming do prefer against him.]
First Sen. But, Othello, speak: 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.— 121
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd. 131
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;

[1] *Dearest* = chief. [2] *Round*, plain. [3] *Modern* = trivial.

Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly
breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance[1] in my travels' history: 139
Wherein of antres[2] vast and deserts idle,[3]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, [—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi,[4] and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.] This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

Oth. she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.—(Act i. 3. 163-166.)

She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels[5] she had something heard,
But not intentively:[6] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was
passing strange; 160
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

[1] *Portance*, demeanour, bearing.
[2] *Antres*, caverns. [3] *Idle* = untilled.
[4] *Anthropophagi, i.e.* man-eaters.
[5] *By parcels, i.e.* by pieces.
[6] *Intentively* = consecutively.

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA *with* IAGO *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up[1] this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181
To you I 'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you 're the lord of duty,—
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.
Bra. God b' wi' you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor: 192
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—[For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.]—I have done, my lord.
[*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,[2]
Which, as a grise[3] or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour. 201
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her[4] injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 211
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:[5]
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.] 220
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; [and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,[6] throws a more safer voice on you:] you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[7]
A natural and prompt alacrity 233
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference[8] of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort[9] 239
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.
Bra. I 'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts

[1] *Take up*, &c., = make the best of a bad business.
[2] *Sentence*, maxim.
[3] *Grise* (L. *gressus*), step.
[4] *Her*, *i.e.* fortune's.
[5] *Are equivocal*, *i.e.* tell both ways.
[6] *Mistress of effects* = which produces great results.
[7] *Agnize*, recognize. [8] *Reference*, *i.e.* assignment.
[9] *Accommodation and besort* = suitable accommodation.

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd 251
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will 261
Have a free way.
[Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys 269
Of feather'd Cupid seel[1] with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet[2] of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!]

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.— 280
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import[3] you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—[*To Brabantio*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted[4] beauty lack, 290
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour 299
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician. 311

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it. 321

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[1] *Seel*=blind. [2] *Skillet*, a cooking-pan. [3] *Import*, concern. [4] *Delighted*, *i.e.* which delights.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. [Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed-up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract[1] it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible[2] authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect[3] or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will.] Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and [I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;] I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour[4] with an usurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;[5]—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money: [—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.[6] She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice:] she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. —If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted;[7] thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. [There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered.] Traverse;[8] go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging. 382

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;[9]
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; 398
To get his place, and to plume up[10] my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,[11]

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1 *Distract,* diversify. 2 *Corrigible,* which can correct.
3 *Sect,* cutting: a gardener's term.
4 *Defeat thy favour, i.e.* change thy looks.
5 *Answerable sequestration, i.e.* corresponding withdrawal from her present attitude.
6 *Coloquintida,* colocynth or bitter-apple.

7 *Hearted* = rooted in the heart.
8 *Traverse,* a military term = march.
9 *Holds me well,* has a good opinion of me.
10 *Plume up* = make to triumph.
11 *Dispose,* bearing, demeanour.

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are. 408
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A seaport town in Cyprus. A platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.
Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?[1] What shall we hear of this?
Sec. Gent. A segregation[2] of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 11
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards[3] of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation[4] view
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, 21
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet. 24
Mon. How! is this true?
Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I'm glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.
Third Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort 31
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
Third Gent. Come, let 's do so; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance; 49
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[5]
[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

[1] *Mortise*, a term in carpentry = the joint of two timbers.
[2] *Segregation*, dispersion. [3] *Guards* = stars. See note 74.
[4] *Molestation*, disturbance.
[5] *In bold cure*, in a good way of being cured.

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise? 52
Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns within.*
Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.
Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd? 60

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts.—(Act ii. 1. 20-22.)

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential[1] vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.[2]

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?
Sec. Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. 'Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd[3] to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit 71
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath, 78
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

[1] *Essential, i.e.* true, unadorned. [2] *Ingener,* artist. [3] *Ensteep'd,* sunk under the water, submerged.

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel[1] thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught 89
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.
[*Within*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*
Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome:—[*To Emilia*] welcome, mistress:—
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners;[2] 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
[*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips 101
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.[3]
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors, 110
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
[Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.]
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
[You rise to play, and go to bed to work.]
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical. 120
Des. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it. 131
Des. Well prais'd! [How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto, 142
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.] But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on[4] the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud; 149

[1] *Enwheel*, compass.
[2] *Extend my manners, i.e.* not merely salute, but go so far as to kiss.
[3] *With thinking, i.e.* in thought, not aloud.
[4] *Put on*, challenge.

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change[1] the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what? 160
Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.[2]
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! —Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.
Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.[3] You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, [which now again you are most apt to play the sir[4] in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!] [*Trumpet within.*] —The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180
Cas. 'T is truly so.
Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy: 199
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.[5]
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well-desir'd in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel; 211
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*
Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. [If thou be 'st valiant, —as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,]—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court-of-guard:—first,

[1] *To change*, &c., the whole line means, *to make a bad exchange.* See note 84.
[2] *Chronicle small beer*, literally, make out tavern reckonings = keep accounts.
[3] *Courtship*, courtesy.
[4] *The sir*, the gallant.
[5] *As honest*, &c., a mild oath = *by my honesty.*

I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus,[1] and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? [When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant[2] and unforc'd position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper[3] and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and the woman hath found him[4] already.]

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most bless'd condition.[5]

Iago. Bless'd fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy. 261

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. [They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!]—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting[6] his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification[7] shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. [So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.]

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity. 290

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant-loving noble nature;
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; 300
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

[1] *Thus*, on thy lips, for secrecy.
[2] *Pregnant*, natural.
[3] *Slipper*, slippery.
[4] *Found him*, *i.e.* has found him out.
[5] *Condition*, character, disposition.
[6] *Tainting* = discrediting.
[7] *Qualification*, pacification. See note 91.

And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 310
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice,[1] whom I trash[2]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,[3]
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass, 318
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere[4] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction[5] leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial: —so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices[6] are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] [Come, my dear love,— 8
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.—]
Good night.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: [he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.]
Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.
[*Iago.* And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.] 21
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you. 39
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified[7] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

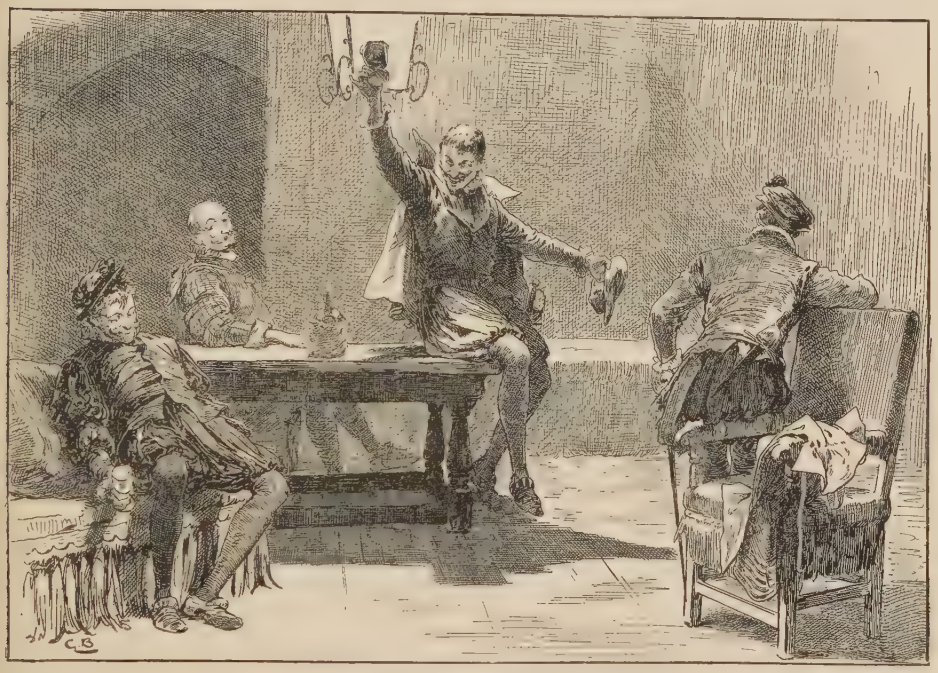
[1] *This*, &c., *i.e.* Roderigo. [2] *Trash*, *i.e.* restrain, hold in.
[3] *Putting on*=instigation [4] *Mere*, utter.
[5] *Addiction*, natural inclination.
[6] *Offices*, *i.e.* the servants' offices or rooms.
[7] *Qualified*, diluted with water.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in. 48

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd



Iago. [*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.—(Act ii. 3. 71-75.)

Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements[1] of this warlike isle— 59
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence[2] do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *followed by* MONTANO, *Gentlemen, and Servant with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse[3] already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! 70

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[1] *The very elements, i.e.* the quintessence; or, as others explain it, = "as quarrelsome as the elements (fire and water)."

[2] *Consequence, i.e.* what follows.

[3] *Rouse,* a large glass = (as we say), "enough to drink."

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-belli'd Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. 81

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.[1] 90

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
T is pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 100

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. [*Drops his handkerchief; in trying to pick it up, falls on his knees.*]—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

All. Excellent well.

[1] *I'll do you justice, i.e.* I'll pledge you.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,[2]
The one as long as th' other: 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 131
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,[3]
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 139
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft[4] infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise? [*Cry within,*—"Help! help!"

Re-enter Cassio, *driving in* Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave to teach me my duty! 151
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen[5] bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking Roderigo.*

[2] *Equinox, i.e.* equal, counterpart.

[3] "He will lie awake for two rounds of the clock," *i.e.* twenty-four hours.

[4] *Ingraft,* rooted.

[5] *Twiggen,* wicker.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.[1]
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny! [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo,[2] ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

[*Oth.* What is the matter here?
Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. [*Faints.*
Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!]
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this? 169
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for[3] his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.[4]—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now, 179
In quarter,[5] and in terms[6] like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men— 182
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;[7]
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, yóu are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, yóu were wont be civil;[8] 190
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure:[9] what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion[10] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me— 199
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way:—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210
And he that is approv'd[11] in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage[12] private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous.[13]—Iago, who began 't? 217
Mon. If partially affin'd,[14] or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

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1 *Mazzard*, head.
2 *Diablo*, contracted from *Diabolo* (Span.), the devil.
3 *To carve for*, *i.e.* to supply food for, to indulge.
4 *Propriety*, regular or proper state.
5 *Quarter* = concord.
6 *Terms* = expressions (towards one another).
7 *Peevish odds*, foolish quarrel.
8 *Civil* = well-ordered.
9 *Censure*, judgment.
10 *Spend your rich opinion*, *i.e.* waste your great reputation.
11 *Approv'd*, *i.e.* convicted by proof.
12 *Manage* = to bring about, to originate.
13 *Monstrous*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
14 *Partially affin'd* = taking sides from interested motives.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?—(Act ii. 3. 259.)

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:— 240
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince[1] this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.— 249

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.
Des. [What's the matter?]
Oth. All's well now, sweeting; [come away to bed.]—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona: 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. [*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*
Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 260
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: [you are but now cast in his mood,[2] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion:] sue to him again, and he's yours. 277
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? [and speak parrot?[3] and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian[4] with

[1] *Mince*, lessen.
[2] *Cast in his mood, i.e.* dismissed from office in his anger.
[3] *Speak parrot, i.e.* talk foolishly.
[4] *Discourse fustian, i.e.* talk bombastically.

one's own shadow?]—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible? 288

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! [that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!]

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 300

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient[1] is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—[I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—] confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: [this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay[2] worth naming, this crack of[3] your love shall grow stronger than it was before.] 331

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake[4] for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what 's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal[5] to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? [For 't is most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function.[6]] How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,[7]
They do suggest[8] at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals[9] him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

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[1] *Ingredient, i.e.* that which is mixed in the cup; the ingredients.

[2] *Lay,* wager. [3] *Crack of* = flaw in.

[4] *To undertake* (my cause), = assume the office of mediator. [5] *Probal,* another form of probable.

[6] *Function,* power of action.

[7] *Put on, i.e.* encourage. [8] *Suggest,* tempt.

[9] *Repeals,* recalls, as it were, from banishment.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.[1] My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio: 381
[Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:]
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on; 390
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that 's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general." [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves,[2] to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 21
[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets.[3] There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke

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[1] *Cry* = the pack; cf. the phrase, "in full cry."

[2] *Of all loves* = by all that is lovable; or, by all your love for him.

[3] *Quillets*, nice distinctions, subtleties.

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 41
Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity,[1] and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you, 50
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see 't?
Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*]

[1] *Affinity, i.e.* connections.

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. I know 't,—I thank you. You do love my lord: 10
You 've known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness[2] stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it 21
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame,[3] and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;[4]
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.
Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave. 30
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I 'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

[2] *Strangeness,* unfriendly behaviour, estrangement.
[3] *I 'll watch him tame, i.e.* "I 'll tame him by keeping him awake."
[4] *Shrift,* confessional.

Enter OTHELLO, *with papers in his hand, and* IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. [*Turning suddenly to him*] What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. [*Looks at papers—pause*] Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That hé would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 't was he.
[*Goes to table, and seems in deep thought.*
Des. How now, my lord! 41
[*Othello starts, then kisses her on the forehead.*
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;[1]
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,[2]
I have no judgment in an honest face: 50
I prithee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner, then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; 60
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: [in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello:] I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering[3] on. What! Michael Cassio, 70
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
[*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit 79
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:]
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with Emilia.*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, 90
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

[1] *i.e.* "accept the submission or atonement that he now makes."
[2] *Cunning*, design, or perhaps = knowledge.
[3] *Mammering*, hesitating; see note 138.

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed! 101
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord!
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that, 109
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: 120
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just
They 're close delations,[1] working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this: 130
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they 're vile and false,—
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets[2] and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful? 141
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance ám vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble 150
Out of his scattering[3] and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

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[1] *Delations,* informations; see note 142.

[2] *Leets* = days for trial in *courts leet.*

[3] *Scattering,* careless, flighty.

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. 161
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate,[1] loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves! 170
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless[2] is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon 178
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate[3] and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Not from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy! 193
Iago. I'm glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:

[1] *Certain of his fate, i.e.* who knows the worst.
[2] *Fineless* without limit
[3] *Exsufflicate,* inflated.

I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't: 200
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming, 209
To seel[4] her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft:—but I'm much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion. 220
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches 229

[4] *To seel* = to blind.

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position[1] 234
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Des. Faith, that 's with watching; t will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.—(Act iii. 3. 285-287.)

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless 242
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour [*Returning.*
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment[2]
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. 256

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,[3]

[1] *In position* = directly, formally.

[2] *Entertainment, i.e.* that you should receive him back.

[3] *Haggard* = a wanton. See note 153.

Though that her jesses[1] were my dear heart-
strings, 261
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers[2] have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much;—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief

Iago. Why, what 's that to you?—(Act iii. 3. 315.)

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. [Yet, 't is the plague of great
ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague[3] is fated to us
When we do quicken.[4]]—Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I 'll not believe 't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous[5] islanders 280
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 't will
away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and
she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I 'm very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:[6]
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the
token,— 293
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en
out,[7]
And give 't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you. 301
Iago. A thing for me!—it is a common
thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give
me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!

[1] *Jesses*, the leather thongs tied round the hawk's legs and held by the falconer. [2] *Chamberers* = effeminate men.
[3] *Forked plague, i.e.* cuckold's horns.
[4] *Quicken, i.e.* come into being.

[5] *Generous*, of noble birth.
[6] *Napkin*, handkerchief.
[7] *Ta'en out* = copied.

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stol'n it from her? 310
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what 's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not you acknown on 't;[1]
I have use for it. Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air 322
Are to the jealous confirmations strong

Oth If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more.—(Act iii. 3. 368 369.)

As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,[2] 330
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 340
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. [I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

[1] *Be not you acknown on 't, i.e.* "Feign ignorance about it."
[2] *Mandragora,* mandrake = a powerful opiate.

So I had nothing known.] O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, 351
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;[1]
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, 377
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I 'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, 389
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
[Behold her topp'd?]

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
[It is impossible you should see this, 402
Were they as prime[2] as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk.] But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances—
Which lead directly to the door of truth—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living[3] reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office: 410
But, sith I 'm enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;" 420
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry ["O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then

[1] *Remorse*, pity.

[2] *Prime*, lascivious.

[3] *Living*, conclusive.

Cried] "Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!" 426

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 430
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;

Oth. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words—(Act iii. 3. 460-462.)

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted[1] with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I 'm sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,— 442
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'T is gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted[2] throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

[1] *Spotted* = embroidered.

[2] *Hearted*, seated in the heart.

Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! 451
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven, 460
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip[1] us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, 470
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
[Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil.] Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA [*and Clown.*]

[*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?[2]
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He 's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified[3] by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well. 20
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born 30
Drew[4] all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—

[1] *Clip*, encompass. [2] *Lies*, lodges.
[3] *Edified*, used purposely in an affected sense = instructed.
[4] *Drew*, *i.e.* as the sun *draws* vapours from the ground.

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout; 41
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady—(Act iii. 4. 36.)

Des. I 've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
'That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, 30
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is 't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70
The sun to course two hundred compasses,[1]
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is 't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way? 80
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come; 90
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
[*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!]
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before. 100
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I 'm most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
[They 're all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they 're full,
They belch us.]—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio *and* Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness![2] go, and impórtune her
Des. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you 110
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: [I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, 120
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.]
Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank[3] of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will 130
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry

[1] *Number'd in the world*, &c., *i.e.* lived 200 years.

[2] *The happiness!* *i.e.* how lucky that she is there!

[3] *Blank*, aim.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something, sure, of state,—
[Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice 141
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—]
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. ['Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy 149
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome[1] warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.]
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy[2]
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

[*Enter* Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. 172
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? 173
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,[3]
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[4]
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause: 182
Is 't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore? 192
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition,[5] nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.[6]
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you; 199
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.[7] [*Exeunt.*]

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[1] *Unhandsome*, unfair. [2] *Toy*, whim, fancy.

[3] *In a more continuate time*, *i.e.* when I am less interrupted. [4] *Take out*=copy.
[5] *Addition*, title to honour.
[6] *Soon at night*=this very night.
[7] *Be circumstanc'd*, *i.e.* obey circumstances.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthóriz'd kiss.
Iago. [Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:]
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:— 19
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That[1] 's not so good now.
Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced[2] or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd, 30
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Faith, that he did—[I know not what he did.]
Oth. What? what?
Iago. [Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her;] what you will.
Oth. [Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—] Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour;—first, to be hang'd, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!
Cas. What's the matter? 50
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his[3] quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? [have you not hurt your head?

[1] *That, i.e.* what Iago has just said.
[2] *Convinced,* overcome.
[3] *His*=its.

Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man! 62
Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.]
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
[Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper[1] beds
Which they dare swear peculiar:[2] your case is better. 70
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a sécure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[3]
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
A passion most unfitting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave[4] yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope with your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you 're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, 94
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101
And his unbookish[5] jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. [*Aside*] Look, how he laughs already!
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me. 112
Oth. [*Aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. [*Aside*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 120
Oth. [*Aside*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer![6]
Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!
Oth. [*Aside*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that win.
Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.
Cas. Prithee, say true.

[1] *Unproper*, common.
[2] *Peculiar, i.e.* peculiar to themselves, their own.
[3] *List*, limit, *i.e.* of self-control.
[4] *Encave, i.e.* hide in a recess.
[5] *Unbookish*, ignorant. See note 187.
[6] *Customer*, loose woman.

Iago. I am a very villain else. 129

Oth. [*Aside*] Have you scor'd[1] me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,— 140

Oth. [*Aside*] Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—(Act iv. 1. 143, 144.)

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'T is such another fitchew![2] marry, a perfum'd one. 151

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out[3] the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse:[4] wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't. 161

[1] *Scor'd;* branded (?). See note 190. [2] *Fitchew,* polecat.

[3] *Take out,* copy.

[4] *Hobby-horse,* loose woman.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. [*Aside*] By heaven that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else. 171

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*Coming forward*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice? 181

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.]

Oth. [I would have him nine years a-killing.] —A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: —so delicate with her needle!—[an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—] of so high and plenteous wit and invention!— 201

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand-thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

[*Oth.* I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.]

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: —I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind[1] again:—this night, Iago. 219

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:[2] you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the packet, and reads.*

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord? 239

Oth. [*Reads*] "This fail you not to do, as you will—"

Lod. He did not call: he 's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

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[1] *Unprovide my mind, i.e.* make my mind waver.

[2] *Let me be his undertaker,* let me deal with him.

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone[1] them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this. 252
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay t' offend you.
[*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together: 273
You 're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

[1] *Atone*, reconcile.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full[2] senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
[*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain? 280
Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven he were!]
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create[3] this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so, 290
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I 'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter Othello *and* Emilia.

Oth. [*Sarcastically*] You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

[2] *Full, i.e.* met in full number.
[3] *New-create*, cause, originate.

Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord. 10
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.—(Act iv. 2. 31-33.)

There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives 18
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough;—yet she 's [a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,]
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I've seen her do 't.

Enter Desdemona *with* Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function,[1] mistress;

[1] *Function,* service.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Emilia.*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import? 31
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,—
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false? 40

Oth. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,[1]
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; 50
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure for the time, for scorn,
To point his slow and moving finger at!—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell! 64

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 70

Oth. [Was this fair paper,[2] this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon?] What committed!
[Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—] What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord 83
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, [not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth.] Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—[*Raising his voice*]
You, mistress, 90
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!
[We 've done our course;] there 's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

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[1] *Calling back, i.e.* from Cyprus.

[2] *This fair paper,* Desdemona's face.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water.[1] Prithee, tonight
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here 's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you? 110
Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink 120
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.[2]
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I 'm sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!

[1] *Water, i.e.* tears. [2] *Callat,* mistress.

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches, 125
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue, 131
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie,
There 's no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions[3] thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. [*Aside to Emil.*] Speak within door.[4]
Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side[5] without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

[3] *Companions,* fellows, in a bad sense.
[4] *Speak within door, i.e.* speak lower.
[5] *Seamy side, i.e.* the wrong side.

Delighted them in any other form; 155
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160
But never taint my love. [I cannot say "whore,"—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might th' addition[1] earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.]

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
[Hark, how these instruments summon to supper! 169
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:]
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st[2] me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd. 182

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well. 194

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobb'd[3] in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now. 204

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's metal in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines[4] for my life. 222

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate[5] as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

---

[1] *Addition,* title.

[2] *Daff'st,* puttest me off.

[3] *Fobb'd,* deceived.

[4] *Engines,* machinations.

[5] *Determinate,* conclusive.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,[1] and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high[2] supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 250

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfi'd. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look 't be done.

Des. I will, my lord. 10

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:[3]
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I 've laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;"
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I 've much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side, 32
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked bare-footed to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

Des. [*Singing*]
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her [moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—
[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:— 50
[*Singing*]
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It 's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*]
I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court more women, you 'll couch with more men.—

[1] *Harlotry*, another form of harlot.
[2] *High*, quite, fully.
[3] *Incontinent*, immediately.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.
Des. I've heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!— 60
Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.—(Act iv. 3. 94-97.)

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world 's a huge thing:
It is a great price
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring,[1] nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition;[2] but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world. 79
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the van-

[1] *Joint-ring*, a ring made to divide into two parts.

[2] *Exhibition*, allowance or reward.

tage[1] as would store the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;[2]
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having[3] in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections, 101
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I. *Cyprus. A street.*

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk;[4] straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'T is but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies. [*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. [I 've rubb'd this young quat[5] almost to the sense,[6] 11
And he grows angry.] Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd[7] from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril: 21
No, he must die:—be 't so: I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 't is he.—Villain, thou diest! [*Rushes from his post and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I 'm maim'd for ever. — Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

[*Enter* Othello, *at some distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.]

Rod. O, villain that I am!

[*Oth.* It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30

Oth. 'T is he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

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1 *To the vantage, i.e.* if they got the opportunity.
2 *Foreign laps,* the laps of women other than their wives.
3 *Having,* possessions.
4 *Bulk,* a projecting part of a building.
5 *Quat,* pimple; *i.e.* Roderigo.
6 *Sense* = the quick. 7 *Bobb'd,* obtained by cheating.

Thou teachest me:—Minion,[1] your dear lies dead, 33
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at some distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?[2] murder! murder!
Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.]
Cas. O, help!
[*Lod.* Hark! 40
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan:—it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.]
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
[*Lod.* Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.]

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

[*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on[3] murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.]
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously? 53
Cas. Iago? O, I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
[*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]
Rod. O, help me here! 60
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs Roderigo.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town![4]—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?—
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is't, brother? 70
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
[Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago. Who is't that cried!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. A notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No. 80
Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus: I've been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;]
Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice? 91

[1] *Minion, i.e.* Desdemona.
[2] *Passage* = Passengers.
[3] *Cries on, i.e.* cries continually.
[4] In the stage version Lodovico and Gratiano enter here.

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
[*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon; 93
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I 'm glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*]
O, that 's well said;—the chair:—
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

Cas. I 'm maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!—(Act v 1. 27.)

I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*]
For you, mistress, 100
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale?—
O, bear him out o' th' air.—
[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness[1] of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.] 110

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?

[1] *Gastness*, ghastliness.

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark 112
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
[*To Bianca*] Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—[*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes[1] me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

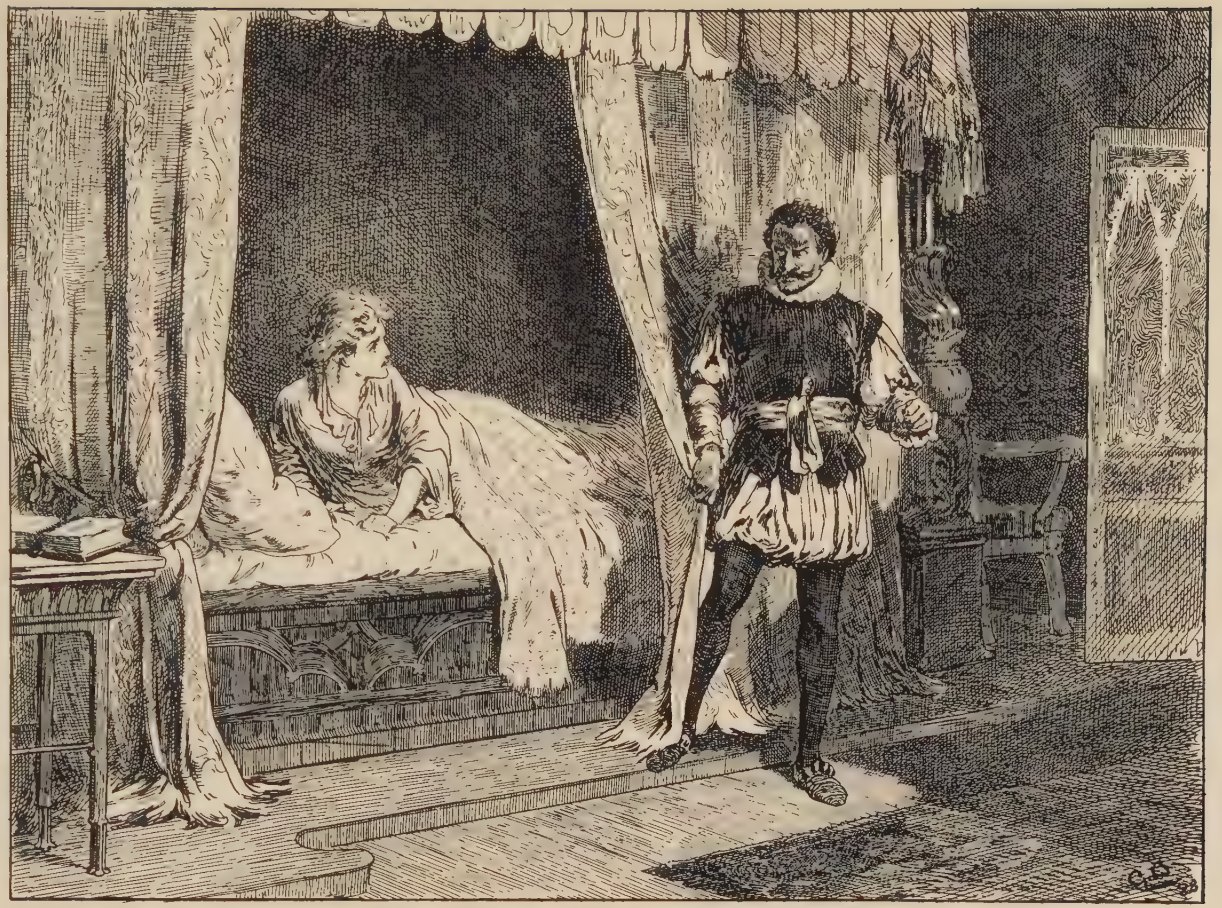
SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle.*

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning. Enter* OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, 10
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose, 13
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.— [*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and that's the last: 19
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;[2]
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
[*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth.] Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear. 39
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They're loves I bear to you.

[1] *Fordoes*, undoes.

[2] *Heavenly, i.e.* (an affliction) sent by heaven.



OTHELLO
Act V Scene 2 line 33

Des Talk you of killing ?
Oth Ay I do

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest. 41
Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed. 51
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand. 62
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart.
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. [He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord? 69
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No,] his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.[1]

[1] *Ta'en order for 't, i.e.* seen to it.

Des. O, my fear interprets:—what, is he dead? 73
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
Oth. Out, strumpet, weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,— 81
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!
[*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, so.
Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!]
Oth. Who 's there?
Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 90
Oth. Yes:—'t is Emilia:—by and by.[2]—She's dead.—
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour! 98
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.[3]
Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*

[2] *By and by,* in a moment.
[3] *At alteration* = at the change.

Enter EMILIA.

What 's the matter with thee now?
Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done!
Oth. What, now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont, 110
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.— 119
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody,—I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'T was I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil! 131
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband! 140
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me first:
[An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.]
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iterance,[1] woman? I say thy husband. 150
[*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband:] dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst: 160
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives —Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

[*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general!]
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you 've done well, 169
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

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[1] *Iterance*, repetition.

Gra. What is the matter? 171
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did. 180
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. [Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
Mon. Gra. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth. 189
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon 't,[1]—I think,—I smell 't;—O villany!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?] I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece, 201
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

[1] *I think upon't;* she recollects the circumstance of the handkerchief.

Gra. Poor Desdemon! I'm glad thy father's dead: 204
[Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.[2]]
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
[*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'T will out, 't will out:—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?]
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle—
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. [Villanous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.]
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.— 232
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[*Othello offers to stab Iago, but is disarmed by Montano: Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.*

[2] *Reprobance,* reprobation, eternal perdition.

[*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.]
Mon. ['T is a notorious villain.] Take you this weapon, 239
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave.
[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. [What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.—
[*Singing.*
Moor, she was chaste;] she lov'd thee, cruel Moor; 249
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:[1]—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
[Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.]
Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain 260
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,[2]
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man[3] but a rush[4] against Othello's breast, 270
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 281
Oh! oh! oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio *carried in a chair, and Officers with* Iago, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet,[5]—but that 's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
[*Othello is disarmed.*
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die. 290
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay. 298
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

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[1] *The ice-brook's temper, i.e.* tempered in the icy brook.
[2] *Butt*=end.
[3] *Man*, aim.
[4] *Rush*, as though in a mock tournament.
[5] *I look down, &c., i.e.* in order to see if his feet are cloven.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook 311
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now 321
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us: 330
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;— 339
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.
[*Stabs himself with a dagger.*
[*Lod.* O bloody period![1]
Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon; 360
For he was great of heart.
Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan[2] dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.] 371
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Period*, end.
[2] *Spartan;* the Spartans were taken as types of obstinacy.

NOTES TO OTHELLO.

NOTE ON DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The names of the actors are found in F. 1 at the end of the play:

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.
Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

In F. 4 they are given, before the play itself, with a few unimportant differences of spelling; but there *Iago* is written *Jago.* All the Ff. misspell *Roderigo, Rodorigo.* Qq. spell the name rightly. Of these names *Gratiano* has been used already in the Merchant of Venice; *Lodovico,* in the anglicized form of *Lodowick,* we have had, in Measure for Measure, as the assumed name of the Duke when disguised as a Friar. *Roderigo* we have had in Twelfth Night, ii. 1. 17, as the name taken by Sebastian, where Ff. also spell it *Rodorigo. Desdemona* would, in Italian, be accented, probably, on the antepenultimate. In Ff. it is often abbreviated to *Desdemon,* as in iii. 1. 56; iii. 3. 55, &c. *Emilia* is spelt *Emillia* or *Emilla* in Qq., but always in Ff. *Æmilia.* The latter, as the name of the wife of Ægeon, occurs in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 342, &c. In Winter's Tale *Emilia* is the name of one of the ladies attendant upon the Queen, Hermione.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

The difficulties as to the space of time covered by the events of this play are numerous, and have been pointed out by Mr. Daniel in his admirable Time Analysis of this play (see New Shak. Soc. Trans. 1877–1879, Pt. II. pp. 224–232). In the first place we learn that Iago and Roderigo have been long acquainted, and that Iago has been borrowing money from Roderigo, apparently on the strength of pretending to support his courtship of Desdemona. This implies that the acquaintance or friendship between Emilia and Desdemona must have existed before the latter's marriage to Othello; which, considering their respective social positions, does not appear very probable. There must be an interval between acts i. and ii.; but there can be none, except of a few hours, between the next acts, as the incidents are evidently continuous, and cannot have occupied more than forty-eight hours. Yet we find Roderigo complaining, both at the end of act ii. scene 3, and again in act iv. scene 2, that he has been put off by Iago with some excuse or other, has spent nearly all his money, and has given him jewels enough to deliver to Desdemona, which would "half have corrupted a votarist." Again, in act iii. scene 4, we have Bianca reproaching Cassio with keeping a week away from her (line 173):

> What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

and to make no mistake about it, she adds "Eight score eight hours;" yet he cannot have been on the island more

than two days. This note of time can only be explained by supposing that Bianca was Cassio's mistress in Venice, and had followed or accompanied him to Cyprus. Still greater is the difficulty as to the recall of Othello from Cyprus; for the letters of recall must have been sent before the senate could even have known that he had reached the island. There are other minor points of difficulty which it is not necessary to specify. Suffice it to say that there are allusions, which will be easily recognized by the reader, implying a longer period of married life, as far as Othello and Desdemona are concerned, than is possible consistently with the text of the play. It is useless to try and reconcile these discrepancies and contradictions by a system of "double time," or by any similar device. The fact is, Shakespeare did not care about such matters; and the absence of any change of scenery on the stage made all details as to lapse of time of much less importance than they would be now. All the difficulties mentioned above may be explained by the fact that Shakespeare founded his play on the story, in which Othello and Desdemona are supposed to have lived together as husband and wife for some time before leaving Venice, and the events which take place in Cyprus are certainly not confined to two or three days.—F. A. M.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 4–6:

> *'S blood, but you will not hear me:*
> *If ever I did dream of such a matter,*
> *Abhor me.*

These lines are arranged as by Steevens (1793); in Qq. lines 5 and 6 are printed as one line. The oath *'S blood* is only found in Q. 1; F. 1 prints the passage thus, in two lines:

> But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
> Of such a matter, abhorre me,

which F. 2, F. 3 substantially follow. F. 4 prints the passage thus:

> But you'll not hear me.
> If ever I did Dream
> Of such a matter, abhor me

2. Line 10: OFF-CAPP'D *to him.*—So the Folio. The Quartos have *oft capp'd.* In either case *to cap* will convey the idea of *showing respect to.*

3. Line 13: *with a* BOMBAST *circumstance.*—*Bombast* is here used adjectivally, in the sense of *fustian;* elsewhere —Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 791, and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 359, where the prince hails Falstaff as a "creature of *bombast*"—the word is a substantive. Properly *bombast* means *cotton-wadding;* Greek βόμβυξ = silk, cotton (Skeat).

4. Line 16. NONSUITS *my mediators.*—Lord Campbell comments upon this line as a good instance of Shakespeare's "proneness to legal phraseology." "*Nonsuiting,*" he says, "is known to the learned to be the most disreputable and mortifying mode of being beaten: it indicates that the action is wholly unfounded on the plaintiff's own showing, or that there is a fatal defect in the manner in which his case has been got up: insomuch that Mr. Chitty, the great special pleader, used to give this advice to young barristers practising at *nisi prius:* 'Always avoid your attorney when nonsuited, for till he has a little time for reflection, however much you may abuse the judge, he will think that the nonsuit was all your fault.'"—Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, pp. 90, 91.

5. Lines 16, 17:

> *for, "Certes," says he,*
> *"I have already chose my officer."*

Some editors print "For certes" as though it were a single phrase, equivalent to *for certain.* The *for,* however, does not, I think, make part of what Othello is supposed to reply. Compare the Tempest, iii. 3. 29, 30:

> If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
> *For, certes,* these are people of the island.

6. Line 19:

> *a great* ARITHMETICIAN,
> *One Michael Cassio, a* FLORENTINE.

Apart from the fact that *Florence* was a great trading town, there may be some allusion to the economical and thrifty ways for which the *Florentines* were famous. "If any," says Peacham, "would be taught the true use of money let him travel to Italy! for the Italian, the *Florentine* especially,, is able to teach all the world, Thrift!"—Peacham's The Worth of a Penny, 1641, Arber's English Garner, vi. p. 263. Iago, as a Venetian, expresses contempt for a native of Florence.

7. Line 21: *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair* WIFE.—The reference, clearly, is to Cassio, and the *fair wife* may be Bianca; further I cannot see, and nothing that has been written on the line offers the least explanation of what to me appears to be almost inexplicable. Can it be that Iago is speaking, with mocking self-satire, from his own personal experience of a *fair wife?* From time to time he poses as the jealous husband; he affects to doubt the loyalty of Emilia; he, too, has been *damned* in the possession of a beautiful consort; and so as he utters the line does he think of his own hard case, and laugh ironically, or perhaps look the martyr? For it must be remembered that Iago is not merely the personification of deceit towards others: he occasionally tries to deceive himself, the last triumph and victory of the deceiver's art; and this may be one of his daring touches of self-deception. It does not, however, much matter whether we regard the line as said seriously or ironically: the point I would suggest is, that the speaker, in speaking the words, really refers to himself. I need scarcely say that emendations have been numerous. Coleridge was inclined to read *life;* Grant White prints *wise;* and the heroic Hanmer, *ausus immane nefas,* ventured on *a fair phiz,* the last word surely in Bœotian bathos.

[The elaborate explanation given by Arrowsmith (Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 39), and quoted by Dyce, that the words *fair wife* are to be connected with Iago's comparison of Cassio to a *spinster* just below (line 24), and that they are equivalent to saying that Cassio is no more a soldier than a *fair wife,* is too intricate for general comprehension. Certainly Mr. Verity's explanation above seems far more plausible; though quite possibly, as some commentators have pointed out, there is an allusion here to the rumoured marriage of Cassio and Bianca (see iv. 1. 118–133), a union which could not but socially *damn* him; or Iago may imply that Cassio is

completely under petticoat government, and therefore not fit to be an officer in any position of trust. Staunton objected that this line can have no reference to Bianca, because "there is no reason for supposing that Cassio had ever seen Bianca until they met in Cyprus." But surely the relations between Cassio and Bianca could not have arisen in so short a time as elapsed between his arrival in Cyprus, and the events in acts iii. and iv. of this play. However, on this point there are many difficulties. Othello does not seem to have known anything of Cassio's connection with Bianca till he sees him talking to her (iv. 1). In iii. 4. 193–195, Cassio gives a reason for not wishing Othello to see him with Bianca; he says he does not wish

To have him see me woman'd.

Again, if Iago knew of this connection of Cassio and Bianca, and that it would be likely to prejudice him with Othello, why did he not mention it before? The answer to this is that it would not have suited his plot to have done so, as it was his object to make out that Cassio was in love only with Desdemona. Part of the confusion as to Bianca's connection with Cassio may have arisen from the fact that Shakespeare combined in her the two women mentioned in Cinthio's story. See Introduction, p. 5. —F. A. M.]

8. Line 24: *unless the bookish* THEORIC.—For *theoric* = theory, cf. Henry V. i. 1. 51, 52:

So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this *theoric.*

For the same words, retaining the same forms and used with the same antithesis, see Heywood's English Traveller, i. 1. 1–3:

Oh friend, that I to mine own *notion*
Had joined but your *experience!* I have
The *theoric,* but you the *practic.*
—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 157.

"*Theoric* of war" comes in All's Well, iv. 3. 163.

9. Line 25. *the* TOGED *consuls.*—So the Quarto of 1622. The Folio has *tongued.*

10. Line 31: *this* COUNTER-CASTER.—Alluding to the practice of making calculations with *counters,* or small metal disks, which are several times referred to in Shakespeare; *e.g.* As You Like It, ii. 7. 63; Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 28.

11. Line 45: *Many a duteous and* KNEE-CROOKING *knave.* —This is not unsuggestive of Hamlet, iii. 2. 66:

And *crook* the pregnant hinges of the *knee.*

"*Hinge* thy *knee*" is amongst the maxims which Apemantus impresses upon Timon of Athens (iv. 3. 211).

12. Line 63: *In* COMPLIMENT *extern.*—Qq. and Ff. all print here "in *complement* extern." On the question of identity of *complinent* and *complement* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 11. Some editors adhere to the spelling of the old copies, and explain the words thus: "in outward completeness." This is intelligible enough, though somewhat tautological. But if we read, as most editors, including the Cambridge, do, *compliment,* the meaning must be "in external or outward compliment," or "ceremoniousness," or "in conventional expression of politeness."

13. Line 65. *I* AM *not* WHAT I AM. — Compare Sonnet cxxi. line 9:

No, *I am that I am,* and they that level, &c.

Iago, I suppose, means that he will conceal his true character and not be what to others he is, *i.e. seems to be.*

14. Line 66: *does the* THICK-LIPS *owe.* — Coming from the jealous Roderigo the epithet, obviously, must not be pressed. Upon the question of Othello's nationality see Introduction.

15. Line 67: *If he can* CARRY 'T *thus!*—That is, "succeed in this way." The phrase occurs again in Lear, v. 3. 36, 37:

and *carry it* so
As I have set it down;

where the sense is rather "contrive it;" and in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 3. For Shakespeare's vague use of *it* with verbs, see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, page 150.

16. Lines 70, 71:

And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies.

This sentence is certainly not very intelligible. At first sight there appears to be some confusion of idea; for a *fertile climate,* in the sense of one where the vegetation is luxuriant, is generally more productive of insect pests than a cold and sterile one. But the association of ideas in Shakespeare's mind may have been a mixed one. For instance, some sorts of flies are particularly plentiful in sandy soil; and again, where there are much blight and many insect pests, vegetation suffers; but perhaps one must not inquire too curiously into Iago's exact meaning. Delicacy of expression or of thought was certainly not his distinguishing characteristic. *Though* may possibly be a mistake here caused by the *though* in the next line having caught the copyist's eye, or it may be equivalent to "as" or "because."—F. A. M.

17. Lines 72, 73:

Yet throw such CHANGES *of vexation on 't,*
As it may lose some colour.

So Qq. Ff. read *chances,* which I cannot but think, though it is rejected by most editors without any remark, may be the right reading. *Chances* is used frequently by Shakespeare in the sense of "accidents," as by Othello in the speech below (i. 3. 134). Is it not possible that the commentators may have been misled by the *lose some colour* in the next line, and so have too hastily preferred the *changes* of Qq. to the *chances* of Ff.?—F. A. M.

18. Line 76: *by night and negligence.*—This is an elliptical expression, the meaning of course being "in time of night and through negligence;" *by* being used in a double sense. Iago does not stop here to pick and choose his expressions. He wants to urge Roderigo on to instant action, to make him his instrument in annoying Othello. Roderigo throughout the scene is inclined to hang back; having been rejected as a suitor for Desdemona's hand by her father. He does not like the task that Iago sets him; and therefore it is necessary that the latter should keep pushing him forward, and thrusting him into the most prominent position. For, though Brabantio does not seem to know Iago here, it is possible that he might recognize

him by sight as Othello's ancient; and therefore Iago shades his face with his hat, in order that his features may not be recognized, and disguises his voice, taking at the same time a malicious delight in the whole incident. Roderigo is doing his dirty work for him; and Brabantio —for whom he feels almost as much contempt as he does for "the snipe," of whom he is making such "sport and profit," —is humiliated, and can be insulted with comparative impunity.—F. A. M.

19. Line 106: *My house is not a* GRANGE.—*Grange* is from the Low Latin *granea*, a barn, *i.e.* a place where corn, *granum*, is kept. The word appears sometimes to have conveyed the idea of loneliness and isolation (see Measure for Measure, note 134); cf. Heywood's English Traveller, iii. 1:

> And indeed
> Who can blame him to *absent himself from home,*
> *And make his father's house but as a grange?*
> —Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 195.

According to Warton *grange* was used, in this sense, especially in the eastern and northern counties. It is superfluous to mention "the moated *grange*" in Measure for Measure, which Tennyson has described for us at length in his wonderful poem. Milton, by the way, probably recollected the etymology of the word when he wrote in Comus (175): "teeming flocks, and *granges* full." Hunter has an interesting note on the subject (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. pp. 345, 346); he might, however, have remarked that the modern conception of *grange* as any country house is associated with the word quite early. For instance Cotgrave has "*Beauregard:* A summer house or *graunge;* a house for recreation or pleasure." Again, Nash in his tract, Christ's Teares over Jerusalem, speaking of the plague, remarks that the poor must remain in the city, while "ritch men haue theyr country *granges* to fly to" (Nash's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. iv. p. 246). In the ballad, too, of Flodden Feilde I find the word used of the Cheshire country-seat of the Egerton family.—See Bishop Percy's Folio MS., edited by Prof. Hales and Dr. Furnivall, vol. i. p. 338.

20. Line 112: *your* NEPHEWS *neigh to you.—Nephew* (Lat. *nepos*) here = grandson; cf. Marlowe, Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 335:

> Sleep, my sweet *nephew*, in these cooling shades.
> —Works, Bullen's ed. vol. ii. p. 329.

See I. Henry VI. note 135.

21. Line 124: *At this* ODD-EVEN *and dull watch o' the night.*—The time, that is, when one hardly knows whether, strictly speaking, it is night or day; 2 P.M., for instance, is the *odd-even* of the night; the day has begun, but the night is not over. How any one can find a difficulty in the expression passes my understanding; yet it has been not a little discussed. We have exactly the same idea in Macbeth, iii. 4. 126, 127.

> *Mach.* What is the night?
> *Lady M.* Almost *at odds with morning,* which is which.

22. Line 126: *a knave of common hire, a* GONDOLIER.—So the Folio; the 1632 Quarto has *gundelier;* in the Quarto of 1622 only the first line and the last three lines of this speech are given. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *gundeler;* in any case he intended the word to be pronounced as a trisyllable. See Sidney Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, p. 218. In As You Like It, iv. 1. 38 "swam in a *gondola*" baffled the printer's skill.

23. Line 138: *Of* HERE *and* EVERY WHERE.—For the adverbs used as substantives compare Lear, i. 1. 264:

> Thou losest *here,* a better *where* to find.

24. Line 159: *Lead to the* SAGITTARY *the raised search.*—What was the *Sagittary?* The subject has been much discussed. According to Knight, the reference is to "the residence at the Arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army. The figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place." Knight's theory is scarcely tenable. In the first place, his description of the figure appears to be incorrect; the latter, says the American critic, Mr. Rolfe, is "*not* over the gates, but is one of four statues standing in front of the structure. It represents a man holding a bow (not 'drawn') in his hand, but is in no respect more conspicuous than its three companions. If Shakespeare was ever in Venice he probably saw the statue, but we cannot imagine why it should suggest to him to call the place the *Sagittary*" (Furness' Variorum edn., Othello, p. 26). Again, the Arsenal was the most conspicuous building in Venice; no Venetian would require to be guided there; still less could any one in the employ of the government have a difficulty in finding his way thither. Yet in scene 3, line 121, Othello sends Iago with the attendants to show them where the *Sagittary* was:

> Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

This is scarcely consistent with the theory that the *Sagittary* was a part of the Arsenal. I may mention, too, an incidental point of evidence, *viz.* that Coryat in his Crudities gives (vol. i. pp. 278–283) a minute and detailed account of the Arsenal, and had the *Sagittary* formed a portion of the latter, it would hardly have passed without mention. Perhaps, after all, the name was a mere invention on the part of Shakespeare; in which case it is a thousand pities that he has not had the satisfaction of laughing at the tortures to which he unwittingly subjected generations of editors.

25. Line 183: *And* RAISE *some special officers of night.—Raise* = rouse, as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 4:

> The villain Jew with outcries *rais'd* the duke.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

26. Line 5: *I had thought t' have* YERK'D *him.—Yerk* here = "to strike sharply;" in Henry V. iv. 7. 83, the sense is *kick:*

> *Yerk* out their armed heels.

Compare Lyly's Sapho and Phao, i. 1: "I am afraid she will *yerke* me, if I hit her" (Lyly's Works, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 159). Cotgrave has: "*Ruer des pieds;* to kicke, winse, *Yerke.*" *Jerk* and *yerk* are obviously the same word; cf. Cotgrave: "*Fouetter;* to scourge, lash, *yerk* or *jerke.*" There is a third word *jert,* given by Cotgrave (s.v. *attainte*) and connected with the more familiar pair. I find it in Nash's Summer's Last Will and Testament: "When I *jerted* my whip and said to my horses but *Hay*" (Nash's Prose Works, edited by Grosart, in Huth Library, vol vi. p. 125). Skeat *sub voce jerk* should be consulted.

27. Line 12: *That the* MAGNIFICO *is much belov'd.*—Compare The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 282, where the Clarendon Press editors quote from Florio, "*Magnifico*, nobly-minded, magnificent. Also a *Magnifico* of Venice;" see note 247 to that play. In The Return from Parnassus, iii. 4, we read:

> Where it shall dwell like a *magnifico*.
> —Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

Coryat, by the way, tells us that all the "gentlemen of Venice . . . are called *Clarissimoes*" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. ii. p. 32). On the other hand, in Peacham's curious tract, The Worth of a Penny (1641), I find the following: "Go into other countries, especially Italy! the greatest *magnifico* in Venice will think it no disgrace to his *magnificenza* to go to market" (Arber's English Garner, vol. vi. p. 274). At Milan *clarissimo* appears to have been the term in use; cf. Dekker's Honest Whore, Part I. i. 2: "before any *clarissimo* in Milan" (Dekker's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 98).

28. Lines 22–24:

> *and my demerits*
> *May speak,* UNBONNETED, *to as proud a fortune*
> *As this that I have reach'd.*

Unbonneted must, I think, mean *with the bonnet taken off; i.e.* as a sign of respect. How does this fit in with the general drift of the passage? Othello is protesting against the idea that he is a mere adventurer, "an extravagant and wheeling stranger," who has had the luck to win a distinguished position at Venice. I am, he says, of noble birth: if I have succeeded I deserved to: my fortune may be great, but my qualities (*demerits*) are equal to my fortune, or nearly so: using a metaphor, I say that my demerits can speak to, address, accost—what you will—my fortune, whom, for the moment, we will personify; though, of course, as a slight sign of respect, they would do so *unbonneted.* I believe, therefore, that *unbonneted* is the right reading, and that it is thrown in parenthetically and ironically; and this explanation is, I think, supported by the fact that in the Folio the word is placed in brackets. *And bonneted* (Theobald), *e'en bonneted* (Hanmer), are the best of the corrections. [We must notice here the explanation given by Fuseli "At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the toge, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day" (Furness, p. 33), and therefore the meaning is that Othello was equal in rank to Brabantio as far as birth went, and that he could, without the addition to the dignity of which the *bonnet* was the sign, speak to "as proud a fortune" as that he had reached. But I think that Mr. Verity's explanation given above is much the simplest, and, in confirmation of it, we may notice the modest affectation of the word *demerits*, instead of, as we should have expected, *merits.* Othello's words may be thus paraphrased: "The lack of merit in me is not so great, but that I may, with no other than the ordinary marks of courtesy, claim the honour of an alliance with one of the rank of Brabantio's daughter." But it is just possible that Shakespeare might here, with pardonable carelessness, have used *unbonneted* in exactly the opposite sense to that which it generally has, that is to say, as="without taking the bonnet off."—F. A. M.]

29. Line 28: *For the* SEA'S WORTH.—We have an equally vague reference to the "sea's rich gems" in Sonnet xxi. line 6. Perhaps, as Hunter suggests, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the fascinating idea of "treasures buried in the deep" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. p. 282). Compare Richard III. i. 4. 26.

30. Line 46: *The senate sent about three several* QUESTS.—As we should say, "search-parties." "*Questing* hounds" was a very common name for sporting dogs, a fact which Otway remembered when he wrote (in The Soldier's Fortune, iv. 3): "Lie still, lie still, you knave, close, close, when I bid you; you had best *quest*, and spoil the *sport*, you had!" (Otway's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 257). Cotgrave has: "Queste: A *quest*, inquirie, search, inquisition, seeking."

31. Line 50: *boarded a land* CARRACK.—*Carrack* is properly a Portuguese word signifying any kind of large merchant vessel. Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of *carracks.*" So Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, part I. i. 1. 11, 12:

> If their *carracks*
> Come deeply laden.
> —Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 81.

And in Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. pp. 11-31, there is an account of a "Voyage, in a Portuguese *carrack*, to Goa, in 1583 A.D."

32. Line 51: *If it prove* LAWFUL PRIZE.—"Shakespeare gives us very distinct proof that he was acquainted with Admiralty law, as well as with the procedure of Westminster Hall . . . the trope (*i.e.* 'lawful prize') indicating that there would be a suit in the High Court of Admiralty to determine the validity of the capture" (Lord Campbell, Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, pp. 91, 92).

33. Line 63: *thou hast* ENCHANTED *her.*—I do not think that any one has noted the imitation of this and the following scene which occurs in Massinger's A Very Woman, v. 3. To me it is quite clear that Massinger remembered Brabantio's words when he wrote the following dialogue, the speakers in which are the father (the Viceroy), his daughter (Almira), a physician (Paulo), and the Duke.

> *Vice.* (to Almira). O thou shame
> Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
> With what an impious violence thou tak'st from him
> His few short hours of breathing!
> *Paul.* Do not add, sir,
> Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.
> *Vice.* From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low
> And base affections in thee? *What strange philtres*
> *Hast thou received? What witch with damned spells*
> *Deprived thee of thy reason?* Look on me,
> Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,
> From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
> Thou dost prepare thyself.
> *Duke.* Good sir, take comfort;
> The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.
> *Paul. This villain (for such practices in that nation*
> *Are very frequent) it may be, hath forced,*
> *By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,*
> *This frenzy in her.*
> —Cunningham's Massinger, p. 523.

Many touches in Massinger show that he was well read in the works of Shakespeare.

34. Line 68: *The wealthy* CURLED DARLINGS *of our nation.*—For some mysterious reason curling the hair appears to have been a mark of affectation; cf. Lear, iii. 4. 87: "A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that *curled* my hair," where Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Harsnet's Declaration, p. 54: "Maynie the Actor, comes mute upon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his hair *curled up.* Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes up the spirit of pride." Stubbes, too, brands the practice "of *curling* and laying out of . . . naturall heyre" as "impious and at no hand lawfull," as "the ensigne of Pride," and a mark of "wantonnes to all that behould it" (Anatomie of Abuses, New Shakspere Society publications, part i. p. 68). So Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 160. *Darlings*, we may note, appears as *deareling* in the Folio. The singular must, I think, have been an error of the printer; the form *deareling* was, perhaps, in current use. In Elizabethan English the word appears to have borne an offensive sense, to have been, in fact, equivalent to *paramour.* This is clear from a passage in Stubbes' Anatomie, where lovers who have been previously described as *paramours* are referred to as *dearlynges;* and Dr. Furnivall in his admirable index quotes from Huloet, 1552: "*Darlynge*, a wanton terme used in Veneriall speach, as be these: honeycombe . . . swetehert, true love. *Adonis* . . . *delitiæ—suavium.*" See Anatomie of Abuses, part I. pp. 88 and 356; and Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iv. canto viii. liv. 5:

which keeper is this Dwarfe, her *dearling* base.

35. Line 75: *That* WAKEN MOTION.—*Waken* is Hanmer's emendation of the text; the folio and quartos read *weaken.* Retaining *weaken*, Ritson interprets: "impair the faculties." I doubt whether *motion* can bear any such meaning. *To waken motion* would simply mean *excite motion or passion*, the natural effect of such drugs as Brabantio has hinted at. For *motion* = passion, cf. i. 3. 334, 335: "we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." The A. S. form of *weak* was *wác:* is it possible that in Shakespeare's time *weaken* and *waken* were confused in pronunciation, or even that they were spelt alike? Theobald substituted *weaken notion*, explaining *notion* in the sense of "understanding," "judgment," as in Lear, i. 4. 247–249:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his *notion* weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking?

Compare also Macbeth, iii. 1. 83: "a *notion* craz'd;" and Coriolanus, v. 6. 107. Theobald's emendation is adopted by Pope, Johnson, Capell, and others.

36. Lines 78, 79:

a practiser
Of ARTS INHIBITED.

We may remember that a very severe statute against witchcraft had been passed in the first year of James's reign; see As You Like It, v. 2. 78, with note.

37. Line 83: *were it my* CUE.—That is, "were it my part to fight." For *cue*, see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 151.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

38. Line 8: *A* TURKISH *fleet, and bearing up to* CYPRUS.—Upon the historical points which are here raised I shall venture to borrow Knight's note; it is as follows: "The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus in 1471, when it assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the Republic to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed (until, of course, 1880) a part of the Turkish Empire. Nicosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first act must be at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known, when in III. ii. Othello says: 'I will be walking on the works.'" Upon the capture of Cyprus by the Turks Howell has something to say in his Instructions for Forraine Travell (1642): "She (*i.e.* Venice) hath continued a *Virgin* . . . nere upon *twelve* long ages, under the same forme and face of Government, without any visible change or symptome of decay, or the least wrinkle of old age, though, her too neer neighbour, the *Turk* had often set upon her skirts and sought to *deflowre* her, wherein he went so farr that he took from her *Venus joynture* [I meane the Iland of Ciprus,] which she long possessed, and was the sole Crown she ever wore" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 42, 43). Later on (page 45) Howell speaks of Venice as "the greatest rampart of Christendome against the *Turk by Sea.*" Turning to Coryat's Crudities I find the following: "And for the space of many yeares they (the Venetians) possessed the whole island of Cyprus, situate in the Mediterran Sea . . . they were expelled againe by the Turkes *An* 1571" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. ii. pp. 66, 67). It may be worth while to note that the first act of Dekker's Old Fortunatus takes place in Cyprus; so, too, does the whole of Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

39. Line 14: *The Turkish* PREPARATION.—Used of a force ready for action, as in Coriolanus, i. 2. 15:

These three lead on this *preparation.*

So Lear, iv. 4. 22.

40. Line 35: *Have there injointed them with an after fleet.*—From Knolles' Historie of the Turks it would seem that this detail is historically correct.

41. Line 48, 49:

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

In the novel we are merely told that "the Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. ii. p. 286).

42. Line 64: SANS *witchcraft.*—Mr. Aldis Wright in a note on The Tempest, i. 2. 97 ("A confidence *sans* bound")

suggests that *sans* may first have been used in purely French phrases, such as "*sans* question," Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 91; "*sans* compliment," King John, v. 6. 16. Afterwards it appears to have established itself in English as a recognized preposition, Cotgrave giving "Sans: *Sanse*, without"

43. Line 82: *the* SOFT *phrase of peace.*—Compare iii. 3. 264:

> And have not those *soft* parts of conversation;

and Coriolanus, iii. 2. 82, 83:

> Hast not the *soft* way which, thou dost confess,
> Were fit for thee to use as they to claim.

The epithet conveys the idea of effeminacy.

44. Lines 91, 92:

> *what drugs, what charms,*
> *What* CONJURATION.

The trial of Othello, Lord Campbell remarks, is conducted precisely as though "he had been indicted on Stat. 33, Hen. VII. c. 8. for practising '*conjuration*, witchcraft, enchantment, and sorcery, to provoke to unlawful love;'" a sufficiently pointed reference to the terms of the act of parliament (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 92). For the omission of *with—with* what drugs, &c., see Abbott, p. 136.

45. Lines 107–109:

> *Without more wider and more overt test*
> THAN THESE *thin habits and poor likelihoods*
> *Of* MODERN *seeming* DO *prefer against him.*

So Ff.; Qq. have "These *are*," and *you* instead of *do* in the next line. As to the exact meaning of *habits* here it is rather difficult to determine. It may mean "externals" or "clothes" in a figurative sense; but Singer makes the very plausible suggestion that it may also be a Latinism from *habita* = "things, considered, reckoned, as in the phrase *habit* and repute; *i.e.* held and esteemed." *Modern* is used in its not uncommon Shakespearian sense of *hackneyed, commonplace.* So "*modern* instances," As You Like It, ii. 7. 156; "*modern* ecstasy," Macbeth, iv. 3. 170; "a *modern* quill," Sonnet lxxxiii. line 7.

46. Line 135: *Of moving* ACCIDENTS *by flood and field.*—*Accidents* often bears the general sense of events, experiences; *e.g.* Edward III. v. 1:

> And I must sing of doleful *accidents.*
> —Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare, Tauchnitz ed. p. 72.

47. Line 139: *And* PORTANCE *in my travels' history.*—So Coriolanus, ii. 3. 232:

> The apprehension of his present *portance;*

i.e. demeanour, bearing. The word occurs frequently in Spenser; *e.g.*

> And her prowd *portaunce* and her princely gest.
> —Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto ii. stanza xxvii. l. 2.
> But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd.
> —Ibid. book ii. canto iii. st. v. l. 7.

See Globe ed. of Spenser, pp. 92, 165. For *travels* the Folio has *travellours*, i.e. *traveller's*, which Delius adopts.

48. Lines 143–145:

> *And of the Cannibals that each other eat,*
> *The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads*
> *Do grow beneath their shoulders.*

These, obviously, are touches borrowed from contemporary books of travel; they may be illustrated by various references. Humber, for instance, in the pseudo-Shakespearean drama of Locrine remarks, iii. 6:

> Would God we had arriv'd upon the shore
> Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell;
> *Or where the bloody Anthropophagi*
> *With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights.*
> —Tauchnitz ed. p. 168.

There is a similar allusion in Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, part I. section xxxvii: "Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, *Anthropophagi, and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves;*" and Shakespeare may have read the second chapter in the seventh book of Holland's translation (1601) of Pliny's Natural History. With the second part of the lines given above cf. The Tempest, iii. 3. 46, 47:

> or that there were such men
> *Whose heads stood in their breasts;*

in illustration of which the commentators quote from Maundevile's Travels: "And in another Yle, toward the Southe, duellen folk of foule (*i.e.* ugly) Stature and of cursed kynde, that hau no Hedes: and here Eyen ben in here Scholdres" (Halliwell's ed. p. 203). Furness in his note on this passage (Variorum Othello, pp. 56, 57) brings together a number of similar passages which it would take too much space to reproduce.

49. Lines 162, 163:

> *yet she wish'd*
> *That heaven had made her such a man.*

Possibly *her*=*for her; i.e.* Desdemona wished "that heaven had made such a husband for her;" more likely, however, she wished "she had been such a man as was Othello."

50. Line 167: *She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd.*—This line is a perfect criticism upon Desdemona's feeling towards Othello. Her love is the love of blinded and blinding admiration: she is carried away by the romance of Othello's great deeds: it is a picturesque passion, not the perfect union of two equally-balanced natures. Hence, without the serpentine craft of Iago to hurry on the tragedy, time might have brought its disillusion and despair.

51. Line 180: *My noble father, &c.*—Desdemona's speech is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part i. v. 2. 386–394.

52. Lines 202, 203:

> *When remedies are past, the griefs are ended*
> *By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.*

The rhyme in this speech is obviously intended to emphasize the sententious moralizing of the duke.

53. Lines 218, 219:

> *I never yet did hear*
> *That the bruis'd heart was* PIERCED *through the ear.*

Warburton, thinking that *pierced* must mean *wounded*, substituted *pieced*. *Pierced*, however, =*reached*, or *penetrated.* Malone aptly quotes from the Faerie Queene, bk. iv. cviii. st. 26:

> Her *words* . . .
> Which, *passing through the eares*, would *pierce the heart.*

54. Line 225: *opinion, a sovereign* MISTRESS *of effects.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 50–52:

> affection,
> *Mistress* of passion, sways it to the mood
> Of what it likes or loathes.

The old form of the word was *maistres*, and in the lines just quoted the two Quartos and the Folio all read *masters*, an error, probably, for *maistres*.

55. Line 227: *be content to* SLUBBER.—*Slubber* is here equivalent to *sully*. Elsewhere the word means "to slur over," "do carelessly;" so Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 39:

> *Slubber* not business for my sake.

Cotgrave gives "*boiffer*, to bungle up or *slubber* over things in haste;" for which sense, perhaps, compare a couplet in the anonymous sonnets entitled Zepheria (1594):

> My *slubb'ring* pencil casts too gross a matter,
> Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze.
> —Arber's English Garner, v. p. 66.

56. Line 230.—Mr. Irving here marks in his own acting edition (not published) a very suggestive stage-direction: *Look at Desdemona first;* as if to show that Othello felt what a sacrifice he was making in leaving her at that moment, on their very wedding night.—F. A. M.

57. Line 238: *place and* EXHIBITION.—*Exhibition*=allowance, as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 69; see note 33 of that play. This use of the word is too common to need illustration; cf. however, for a good instance, The London Prodigal, i. 1:

> What, doth he spend beyond the *allowance* I left him?
> How! beyond that? and far more? Why, your *exhibition* is nothing.
> He hath spent that, and since hath borrowed. —Tauchnitz ed. p. 220.

58. Line 239: *accommodation and* BESORT—*Besort* here =fit attendance. It occurs as a verb in Lear, i. 4. 272:

> such men as may *besort* your age;

i.e. suit, become.

59. Line 250: *and* STORM *of fortunes.*—*Violence and storm* must be taken as a single phrase; but the latter is curious. The 1622 Quarto has *scorne of Fortunes;* one would have been relieved had it read *scorn of fortune*.

60. Line 252: *Even to the very* QUALITY *of my lord.*—By *quality* Desdemona surely means the very *nature, character* of Othello. I should not have thought it necessary to note the point, had not some editors interpreted the word to mean *profession;* as though Desdemona wished to say: "I will be as much a soldier as my lord is." *Quality*, where it signifies a *profession*, is generally used of the actor's calling; cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 363. So in Massinger's play The Roman Actor, Aretinus, speaking to Paris (the actor), says, i. 3:

> Stand forth.
> In thee, as being the chief of thy *profession*,
> I do accuse the *quality* of treason.
> —Cunningham's Massinger, p. 197.

Compare again The Picture, ii. 1:

> How do you like the *quality*?
> You had a foolish itch to be an *actor*,
> And may *stroll* where you please.
> —Ibid. p. 293.

Quarto 1 has *utmost pleasure* in place of *very quality*.

61. Lines 264, 265:

> *Nor to comply with heat—the young* AFFECTS
> *In* ME *defunct—and proper satisfaction.*

Me is a slight and necessary correction of the text; the old reading was *my*. *Affects* is equivalent to *passions*. Two curious imitations of the passage have been pointed out. Compare The Bondman, i. 3:

> Let me wear
> Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,
> That look no further than your outward form,
> Are long since *buried in me*.
> —Gifford, Massinger, ii. p. 30.

So again, Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn, i. i.:

> While our cold fathers,
> *In whom* long since their *youthful heats were dead*.
> —Vol. x. p. 20 (ed. Dyce).

The arrangement of the lines in our text is that first given by Capell, as suggested by Upton, and followed by Dyce, the Cambridge edd., and others. Qq. read

> heate, the young affects
> In *my* defunct,

which Ff. follow, except that they have no comma after *heat;* and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substitute *effects* for *affects*. Pages of commentary have been written on this passage, and the emendations proposed would alone fill half a column of one of our pages. It is difficult to see what all the "pother" has been about; nor are Othello's words a fit subject to expatiate on at any length. He says later in the play, as Theobald pointed out, when debating with himself the reasons which may have alienated Desdemona's affection from him (iii. 3. 265, 266):

> or, for I am declin'd
> Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much.

This makes the meaning of this previous passage perfectly clear, which we take to be that Othello is a man who has learned to restrain his passions, to be their master instead of being mastered by them;—at least so he believes. Perhaps the word *proper* may be taken here to=selfish.

62. Lines 293, 294:

> *Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:*
> *She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.*

This Parthian arrow, which may well rankle in Othello's heart, is a fine touch; it is the first suggestion he hears that Desdemona may be faithless, and the suggestion comes from her own father. Compare the warning which Mowbray gives the king in Richard II. i. 2. 201–205, after the latter has pronounced sentence of his banishment:

> No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
> My name be blotted from the book of life,
> And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
> *But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;*
> *And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.*

"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so, Shakspere, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them" (Lectures on Shakspere, Bohn's ed., 1884, p. 387). We can imagine Othello afterwards recurring again and again to Brabantio's words.

63 Line 328: *or* MANURED *with industry.*—That is, cultivated with industry. Milton twice uses the word in exactly the same way:

> That mock our scant *manuring.*
> —Paradise Lost, bk. iv. 628.

And bk. xi. 28, 29:

> Which, his own hand *manuring*, all the trees
> Of Paradise could have produced.

Compare too Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses, part i. p. 36: "God . . . placed him (man) in Paradise terestrial, commaunding him to tyl and *manure* the same" (Furnivall's ed. in New Shakspere Society Publications). The derivation is obvious: *main, œuvre.*

64. Line 344: *never better* STEAD *thee.*—That is, "stood thee in good stead." So The Tempest, i. 2. 164, 165:

> necessaries,
> Which since have *steaded* much.

Compare too Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 7.

65. Line 355: *as bitter as coloquintida . . . therefore put money in thy purse.*—I have taken the reading of the 1632 Quarto; it differs—for the better—in various small points from the earlier Quarto and from the Folio. *Coloquintida* is more familiar under its other name *colocynth* as a common ingredient in aperient or liver pills. It is never prescribed alone, and in large quantities is said to be dangerous. It is made from the fruit of the *Citrullus Colocynthus* or bitter-apple, a kind of cucumber.

66. Line 363: *a* SUPERSUBTLE VENETIAN.—The shrewdness of the Venetians was proverbial. Howell tells us that Venice "hath subsisted thus long as much by *Policy* as *Armes*, as much by reach of *Wit*, and *advantage of treaty*, as by open *strength*, it having beene her practise ever and anon to sow a piece of *Fox* tayle to the skinne of *S. Marks Lyon*" (Instructions for Forraine Travell, Arber's Reprint, p. 43). This is a testimony to the Venetian's political sharpness. By *supersubtle*, however, as applied to Desdemona, Iago doubtless meant cleverness in finding ways of being faithless to Othello; and we may remember the contemporary proverb that "the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of *Venice* Glass; which implies *Beauty*, but Brittleness withal" (Howell's Letters, ed. 1754, p. 56). Readers of Ascham will recollect the very unflattering picture of Venice, and indeed of Italy generally, which he draws in the Schoolmaster; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 77–86. Coryat, too, gives us no very edifying account of Venetian society: he finds it necessary to dissertate for several pages on the courtesans of Venice, of whom the number "is very great" (see his Crudities, vol. ii. pp. 38–50).

67. Line 389: *Thus do I ever . . .* —Upon this speech of Iago's, which in the final couplet closes with a crescendo of passion, I must borrow Coleridge's criticism: "Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakspere has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal" (Lectures on Shakspere, Bohn's ed., 1884, p. 388).

68. Line 392: *I hate the Moor.*—It is a question what in the play are the exact motives that influence Iago; in the novel his passion for Desdemona is undoubtedly the main incentive to his villainy. See Introduction p. 6.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

69. *A* SEAPORT TOWN *in* CYPRUS.—The scene of the action is Famagusta; see what has been said in note 38. Sir John Maundevile has something to tell us about Cyprus, "righte a gode Ile and a fayr and a gret, and it hathe 4 princypalle Cytees within him. And there is an Erchebysshope at Nichosie, and 4 othere Bysschoppes in that Lond. And at Famagost is on of the princypalle Havenes of the See, that is in the World: and there arryven Cristene Men and Sarazynes and Men of alle Nacioun . . . And besyde Famagost was Seynt Barnabee the Apostle born" (The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Kt., Halliwell's ed. (1883), pp. 27, 28).

70. Line 3: *'twixt the* HEAVEN *and the main.*—Q. 1 reads *haven*, a reading adopted and strongly defended by Malone. Steevens suggested that Shakespeare might have written *heavens.* If the Gentleman, who had been on the look-out from the rocky promontory which partly defends the harbour of Famagusta, could not discern a sail even on the horizon, it must be confessed that the announcement of Cassio's arrival, a few lines further on (22), rather staggers one; but if, as is often the case in stormy weather, no one could see far from the shore, the vessel might have been tolerably near to the *haven* without being visible; and the reading of Q. 1 would be the more probable of the two. In support, however, of the reading of Ff., we may quote the passage from Paradise Lost:

> As when far off at sea a fleet descried
> *Hangs in the clouds* —Book ii. 636, 637.

But would not the more poetical expression of "the *heaven* and the main" suit Montano better than the somewhat prosaic First Gentleman.—F. A. M.

71. Lines 7–9:

> *If it hath* RUFFIAN'D *so upon the sea,*
> *What ribs of oak, when* MOUNTAINS MELT *on them,*
> *Can hold the mortise?*

We are reminded at once of "the *ruffian* billows" in II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 22. In line 8 Q. 1 reads: "the *huge* mountaine mes lt;" a misprint for "mountaines melt" (a transposed *s*). Pope adopted the slightly altered form "huge *mountains* melt." *Mortise* is the cavity cut in one piece of timber to receive the "tenon" or projecting part from another. Heavy timbers are generally fastened together by two of these *mortises* and tenons. The word is apparently used by Shakespeare, in a general sense, for that sort of joint which is still called "a *mortise* joint." He does not use the noun elsewhere; but in Hamlet, iii. 3. 19, 20, we find the verb:

> To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
> Are *mortis'd* and adjoin'd.

72. Line 12: *The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds.*—The exaggerated language in this passage is not unsuggestive of The Tempest, i. 2. 2–5. Compare, too, The Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 85–90.

73. Line 13: *with high and monstrous* MANE.—A magnificent metaphor, which the last-century editors entirely lost by reading, with F. 2 and F 3, *main*. Qq. give *mayne*. Knight restored it to the text.

74. Lines 14, 15:

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the GUARDS *of th' ever-fixed* POLE.

For the idea compare Lear, iii. 7. 59–61:

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And *quench'd the stelled fires.*

The *ever-fixed pole* is the pole-star, referred to in Much Ado, iii. 4. 59, Sonnet cxvi. lines 7 and 8, and Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 60–62, the epithets "true-fix'd" and "resting" being applied to it in the last-mentioned passage. Upon the reference to *the guards*, a correspondent of Notes and Queries writes as follows: "They (*i.e.* the guards) are the two stars β and γ Ursæ Minoris, on the shoulder and foreleg of the Little Bear, as usually depicted, or sometimes on the ear and shoulder. They were more observed in Shakespeare's time than now for the purposes of navigation. Norman's Safeguard of Sailers, 1587, has a chapter, 'Howe to Knowe the houre of the night by the Guards.' They were even made the subject of mechanical contrivances for facilitating calculation, one of which is described in The Arte of Navigation, trans. by Richard Eden from the Spanish of Martin Curtis (or Cortez) 1561, consisting of fixed and movable concentric circles with holes, through which to observe 'the two starres called the Guardians, or the mouth of the horne'" (Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol. viii. p. 83).

75. Lines 25–28:

The ship is here put in,
A VERONESA *Michael Cassio,*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore.

F. 1 reads:

The ship is heere put in: A *Verennessa, Michael Cassio.*

That is to say, *Verennessa* qualifies *Michael Cassio*. Theobald saw the error, Cassio not being a native of Verona, and changed the punctuation, so as to make the epithet refer to the *ship*. The question then arises—how are we to interpret *Verenessa*, or, as Qq. have it, *Veronessa*, of a vessel? "A ship of Verona" sounds rather impossible, Verona being inland; also four lines back it was "a noble ship of *Venice*." There are two fairly feasible explanations: one, that Verona was a dependency of Venice, and so might have had to supply the vessel, which for this reason could have been called a Veronese boat; the other, that *Veronessa* is the *name* of the ship. In the latter case I should propose to read *La* Veronessa, a suggestion which others, I daresay, have made. Perhaps the *L* dropped out through some confusion with the next line, which begins with the same letter. Elze has an ingenious theory, that we should read *verrinessa*, a word which apparently is not actually found in any Italian author, but which might quite well exist, being a substantive formed from the nautical word *verrinare=perforare, to cleave;* a *verrinessa* would therefore signify, in our phrase, a *cutter*.

76. Line 43: *Thanks* TO *the valiant of this warlike isle.*—So the Quarto of 1622, except that for *warlike* (the Folio reading) it gives *worthy*. The Folio has:

Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike isle.

77. Line 65: *does tire the* INGENER.—The Quarto of 1622 reads *does beare all excellency;* the Folio, *do's tyre the ingeniuer; ingeniuer* may, as Steevens suggested, be a misprint for *ingener*, a vague word, signifying any one possessed of great natural gifts. Cassio means that no artist could possibly do justice to Desdemona, if he tried to describe her charms.

78. Line 70: *Traitors* ENSTEEP'D *to clog the guiltless keel.*—The 1622 Quarto reads *enscerped*, a misprint, perhaps, for *enscarped*, which would be forcible enough. *Ensteeped* will mean *submerged*, referring to the sands.

79. Line 72: *Their* MORTAL *natures.—Mortalis*, it may be observed, never in classical authors bears the sense of "deadly;" this use of the word is only found in patristic Latin, a point noted by Keightley in his comment on the second line of Milton's Paradise Lost:

the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose *mortal* taste
Brought Death into the world. —Book i. 1–3.

80. Line 96: *See for the news.*—Q. 1 reads *So speaks this voice*, which might have been meant to be equivalent to such an expression, on the part of Cassio, as "So say I."

81. Line 120: *if not* CRITICAL.—That is, censorious; so *critic* in Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 131; and Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 170, "*critic* Timon."

82. Line 132: *if she be* BLACK *and witty.*—For the Elizabethan dislike of dark complexions, see Love's Labour's Lost, note 132; and Troilus and Cressida, note 14.

83. Line 149.—*She that was ever fair, &c.*—For the rhyme in this speech see note 52.

84. Line 156: *To change the* COD'S HEAD *for the salmon's tail.*—This means, as Steevens explains, "to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare;" and he quotes from Queen Elizabeth's Household Book, in the 43rd year of her reign, to show that *salmons' tails* were part of the perquisites of the master cook. Singer adds as an illustration an Italian proverb: "E. meglio esser Testa di Lucio che coda de Sturione." According to Furnell (quoted by Furness), by *salmons' tail* Iago means Othello. There is no doubt a great deal of personal application in this rhymed speech. Mr. Booth (the actor) suggests that a glance at Roderigo, during the last line of the speech, would imply that Iago was referring to Desdemona; for Roderigo was one of the *suitors* who had been *following* her for some time. On this point Dr. Furness makes a very sensible suggestion. He asks if Roderigo should not be disguised in this act, and refers to Iago's advice to Roderigo (i. 3. 346) to "defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard." In this very scene (line 273) Iago tells Roderigo that Cassio does not know him; and this is strange, for, as Dr. Furness remarks, it is scarcely possible that Cassio and Roderigo should not have met in Venice. But, ingenious as this suggestion is, I doubt if it would be practicable to carry it out on the stage.—F. A. M.

85. Line 161: *and* CHRONICLE SMALL BEER.—That is, score the reckoning in a tavern. Iago takes up Desdemona's own word—"to make fools laugh *i' the alehouse.*" But his meaning is that women at the best, are only fit to suckle children and to look after the house expenses.

86. Line 184: *O my fair warrior!*—Steevens thought that in this he saw some imitation of the French sonneteers; pointing out that Ronsard frequently calls his mistress *guerriere;* and was followed by Southerne, who imitated him. But, as Furness observes, Southerne was not born till nearly five or six years after Shakespeare's death; and it is evident that *fair warrior* refers to Desdemona's determination to follow Othello to the *wars,* instead of remaining "a moth of peace."

87. Line 191: *If it were now to die,* &c.—This is the classical idea, that a man should die in the very moment of his utmost happiness; otherwise "call no man fortunate till he is dead." Scholars will recollect the story of Cleobis and Bito; see Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. i. pp. 165, 166.

88. Line 246: *a* SLIPPER *and subtle knave.—Slipper,* the older form of *slippery* (which F. 2 and F. 3 read), occurs not infrequently. Compare Spenser, The Shepheards Calender, November:

> O' trustless state of earthly things, and *slipper* hope
> Of mortal men.
> —Spenser's Works, Globe ed. p. 482.

Nares refers us to The Paradise of Dainty Devices, E. 3:

> You worldly wights that have your fancies fixt,
> On *slipper* hope.

89. Line 259: PADDLE *with the* PALM *of his* HAND.—Compare The Winter's Tale, i. 2. 115:

> But to be *paddling palms* and pinching fingers;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 185.

90. Line 263: *an* INDEX *and obscure prologue.*—See Troilus and Cressida, note 88.

91. Line 282: *qualification.*—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word; and it is here used in a sense totally obsolete. Baret gives "to *Qualifie* one that is angry. *Tranquillum facere ex irato;*" and again, under *appease,* he gives *to qualifie* in the same sense; but he does not give the substantive anywhere in this sense. Under *appaisement* Cotgrave gives "a pacification . . . *qualifying;*" and in Sherwood, 1650 (the English dict. appended to Cotgrave), *qualification* is given, and as the French equivalent, among other words, we find *mitigation;* and *mitigation* is rendered by Cotgrave *qualification.* Johnson explains the latter part of the sentence as="not to retain some bitterness." This, in spite of Mr. Furness's objection, seems certainly to be the meaning. Iago's object was to create mutiny or discontent among the people of Cyprus, which should be composed only by the dismissal of Cassio. It is a curious commentary on the supposed cleverness of Iago that the senate should have chosen Cassio to replace Othello in the command.—F. A. M.

92. Line 312: *If this poor* TRASH *of Venice, whom I* TRASH.—The Quarto of 1622 has "whom I *crush;*" the Folio and the second Quarto, "whom I *trace.*" The change, *trace* to *trash,* gives good sense. To *trash* a hound was to check his speed by placing on his neck a collar weighted with lead. Upon the origin of the word in this connection Skeat throws no light. Warburton read *brach of Venice;* cf., however, "I do suspect this *trash*" in v. 1. 85.

93. Lines 314, 315:

> *I'll have our Michael Cassio* ON THE HIP;
> *Abuse him to the Moor in the* RANK GARB.

For *on the hip* see Merchant of Venice, note 82. [Ff. read "in the *right* garb;" but the reading of Qq. is generally preferred, and is explained by Steevens as meaning "grossly," that is, "without mincing the matter." It appears to me that whichever reading we adopt the sense must be pretty much the same. Mr. Furness most ingeniously and eloquently defends the reading of the Ff. (to which Knight adheres), and says that he should have expected "in *a rank* garb," if we take *rank* to mean "coarse." Malone, whom Schmidt follows, thinks that *rank* means here "lascivious;" and refers to the well-known passage in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 81, 82:

> the ewes, being *rank,*
> In end of autumn turned to the rams,

with which we may compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 24: "lust and *rank* thoughts;" and it is very possible Iago means to say that he will accuse Cassio, or rather *abuse* him as "a lascivious fellow," a sense which the next line, perhaps, tends to confirm. But *rank* may mean only "immoderate," or even simply "great;" as in the passage in As You Like It, iv. 1. 85: "I should think my honesty *ranker* than my wit." For *garb* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 390: "the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this *garb.*"—F. A. M.]

ACT II. SCENE 2.

94. Line 3: *the* MERE *perdition of the Turkish fleet.—Mere,* the Latin *merus,* sometimes, as here, means *complete, entire;* cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 265:

> Engag'd my friend to his *mere* enemy.

95. Line 6: *his* ADDICTION *leads him.*—This is the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3. Ff. have *addition;* Q. 1 reads *mind.* An anonymous conjecture quoted by the Cambridge edd. would combine the two latter readings as *mind's addiction.* Shakespeare uses *addiction* in one other passage only, in Henry V. i. 1. 54:

> Since his *addiction* was to courses vain.

96. Line 9: *All* OFFICES *are open.*—The rooms, says Halliwell, appropriated to the upper servants of great families. Compare Macbeth, ii. 1. 14; so "Unpeopled *offices*" in Richard II. i. 2. 69, where, however, the idea may be rooms generally; and see note 56 of that play.

97. Line 11: *till the* BELL *have told eleven.*—The reference, probably, is to the *watch-bell* of the fortress. Conceivably, however, Shakespeare is here throwing in a touch of local colour, and the *bell* in question may be the one referred to by Dekker in Old Fortunatus, i. 1: "this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word, in spite of my teeth, ay, and she shall have it because she is a woman, which kind of cattle are indeed all echo, nothing but tongue, and are like *the great bell of St. Michaels*

in Cyprus, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep" (Dekker, Mermaid ed. p. 294). I hope the suggestion is not too far-fetched.

ACT II. Scene 3.

98. Line 31: *a brace of* CYPRUS GALLANTS.—Andelocia in Dekker's Old Fortunatus, i. 2, has a poor opinion of the "curled darlings" of the island: "I doubt for all your bragging, you 'll prove like most of our gallants in Famagosta, that have a rich outside and a beggarly inside, and like mules wear gay trappings, and good velvet foot cloths on their backs, yet champ on the iron bit of penury—I mean, want coin" (Dekker's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 310). [It is worth noticing, in this short dialogue between Iago and Cassio, how strongly the modesty and clean-mindedness of the latter are contrasted with the immodesty and dirty-mindedness of the former.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 57: *Three* LADS *of Cyprus.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *else* for *lads.* Delius most ingeniously suggests that this may have been meant for *Ls.*, the abbreviation for *Lords.* Collier's Old Corrector altered it to *elves.* Dyce, in his second edition, adhered to the Folio, comparing John, ii. 1. 276: "Bastards, and *else;*" *i.e.* "and such like;" but in his third edition he adopted the reading of Qq. It is quite possible that the reading of Ff. may be the right one; "three *else*" being equivalent to nothing more than "three others (besides Roderigo)."

100. Line 60: *with* FLOWING *cups.*—Compare Henry V. iv. 3. 55:

> Be in their *flowing* cups freshly remember'd.

101. Line 66: *they have given me a* ROUSE.—"A *rouse,*" says Gifford, "was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the company formed a *carouse.*" Apparently Gifford connected the words etymologically: really they are quite distinct. *Carouse,* according to Skeat, is the German *garaus,* "right out; used of emptying a bumper." *Rouse,* on the other hand, is (says Skeat) "really a Danish word; such a bout (of drinking) being called the Danish *rowza.*" Skeat's derivation, by the way, of *carouse* is given in Blount's Glossographia, *s.v.* For *rouse* cf. Massinger's Duke of Milan, i. 1:

> Your lord, by his patent,
> Stands bound to take his *rouse;*

and The Bondman, ii. 3:

> We'll talk anon; and then *rouse!*
> Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed.
> pp. 65, 111, and 642.

102. Line 68.—Steevens commented on the fact that Montano, who is described in the list of dramatis personæ given in F. 1 as *Governour of Cyprus* (that is to say before Othello arrived), seems rather out of place in the present scene, where he is taking part in festivity not very dignified. In Booth's arrangement of the play he makes Montano enter later (at line 123), just in time to see Cassio stagger off drunk. (See Furness, p. 129.) But Montano is necessary to the dramatic action of the scene; and there is nothing unseemly in his joining, on such an occasion, in a little festivity as long as it was kept within proper bounds, especially as he himself is perfectly sober all the time.—F. A. M.

103. Line 71: *And let me the canakin clink, clink.*—Halliwell-(Phillipps) quotes, from The Knave in Grain new Vampt [a comedy acted with great success "many dayes together" at the Fortune], Quarto, 1640, by J. D., what appears to be a reference to this scene:

> *Lod.* Clinke, boyes.—*Toma.* Drinke, boyes.—
> *Stult.* And *let the cannikin clinke,* boyes.

He adds that "the song itself does not appear to have been discovered" (see Furness, p. 130). Shakespeare treats old ballad snatches a trifle unceremoniously: is he by any chance here giving a free version of a song found in Thomas Ravenscroft's Pammelia; Music's Miscellany or mixed Variety of Pleasant Roundelays, 1609? I reproduce the stanzas as printed in the notes to Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 191:

> Come drink to me,
> And I to thee,
> And then shall we
> Full well agree.
>
> I 've lov'd the jolly tankard,
> Full seven winters and more;
> I lov'd it so long that I went upon the Score.
> Who loveth not the tankard,
> He is no honest man;
> And he is no right soldier,
> That loveth not the can.
>
> *Tap the cannikin, troll the cannikin,*
> *Toss the cannikin, turn the cannikin!*
> *Hold now, good son, and fill us a fresh can,*
> *That we may quaff it round from man to man.*

Mr. Bullen does not notice the resemblance which this bears to the Othello fragment. Iago's stanza, it may be added, was set to music by Lindley in his Dramatic Songs of Shakspere, 1816. Two other compositions are mentioned by the editors of the volume (1884) on Shakespeare's songs in the publications of the New Shakspere Society, page 52. Since writing the above I have noted the refrain "tap the cannikin" in Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, ii. 3, where Lacy, disguised as a Dutchman, sings a stanza which ends

> *Tap eens de canneken,*
> Drincke, Schone Mannekin.
> —Dekker's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 21.

[Ff. print line 74 thus (substantially):

> O, man's life's but a span;

which, if it did not interfere with the setting of the song, is decidedly preferable to the reading of the Qq.—F. A. M.]

104. Lines 79, 80: *your* DANE, *your* GERMAN, *and your swag-belli'd* HOLLANDER.—References to the drinking faculties of the three nations here mentioned are common enough. Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 92, with note 61 to that play; and Hamlet, i. 4. 17–20. So, to go outside Shakespeare's Works, Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

> In *Germany and Holland,* riot serves;
> And he that most can *drink,* most he deserves;
> —Tauchnitz ed. p. 106.

and Heywood, Rape of Lucrece, iii. 3: "Thou shouldst *drink well,* for thou hast been in the *German wars;*" also same play, iii. 5, Valerius' song—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. pp. 373, 384; and Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici:

> L'Espagnol superbe, et *l Alleman yvrogne:*
> Part ii. section iv.;

and Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, ii. 2:

> *drink* more in two hours
> *Than the Dutchmen or the Dane* in four and twenty.
> —Cunningham's Massinger, p. 231.

Also Middleton's The Spanish Gipsy, i. 1. 5: "it 's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a *German sober.*"

105. Line 82: *Is your* ENGLISHMAN *so* EXPERT *in his* DRINKING?—*Expert* is the reading of Q. 1. Ff. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *exquisite.* Shakespeare here and in the Hamlet passage (i. 4. 17–20) is satirizing the growing vice of drunkenness in England, a vice which many writers regarded as an importation from the Netherlands. See a very curious paper on *Drinking-Customs in England* in Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature, Chandos ed. ii. pp. 292–300. Disraeli gives the following extract from Nash's Pierce Pennilesse: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spit at him, and warned all our friends out of his Company" (Pierce Pennilesse, 1595, sig. F2). Camden in his History of Queen Elizabeth, bk. iii., writes to the same effect; likewise Peacham in the Compleat Gentleman, 1622, p. 123: "But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands . . . the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equall them or not; yea, I think rather excell them" (quoted by Furness, Variorum Othello, p. 131).

For what follows the commentators refer us to Beaumont and Fletcher, The Captain, iii. 2:

> *Lod.* Are the Englishmen
> Such stubborn drinkers?
> *Piso.* Not a leak at sea
> Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
> Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
> *Able to knock a Dane down.*
> —Dyce's ed. ii. p. 267.

Lilly speaks to much the same effect in Sapho and Phao, iii. 2:

> O! that's a roring Englishman,
> *Who in deepe healths do's so excell,*
> From *Dutch* and French *he beares the bel.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 188.

It may be added that a severe statute against drunkenness was passed in 1607—4 James I. chap. v.—the terms of which are given in the notes to Furnivall's edition of Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part i. p. 285; while for further information on the whole subject the reader must be referred to Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

106. Line 86: *to overthrow your* ALMAIN.—*Almain* = *German*, occurs very frequently. The following are some of the instances that I have noted, substantive and adjective; Edward III. i. 1:

> to solicit too
> The Emperor of *Almaigne* in one name.
> —Tauchnitz ed. p. 6.

> We Germans have no changes in our dances,
> An *Almain* and an upspring, that is all.
> —Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, iii.1.
> Chapman's Works, ed. 1874, p. 397.

"Sclavonians, *Almain* rutters" (Tamburlaine, part II. i. 1. 22), and the same expression in Doctor Faustus, i. 1. 219—Bullen's Marlowe, i. pp. 112 and 219. The use was not merely literary; Master John Newbery, writing from Goa, 20th January, 1584, to a friend in London, says: "All nations do and may come freely to Ormus; as Frenchmen, Flemings, *Almains*" (Arber's English Garner, iii. 180). The word held its own in England till at least the end of the seventeenth century; for instance, Dryden in his Epistle to Etheredge has the couplet:

> But spite of all these fable-makers,
> He never sowed on *Almain* acres.
> —Etheredge's Works, ed. 1888, p. 404.

Cf. too, Dryden's Play The Assignation, ii. 1.

107. Line 90: *I 'll do you justice.*—Steevens explains this as="I will drink as much as you do." Compare II. Henry IV. v. 3. 76, where Falstaff says to Silence, the stage-direction being [*seeing him take off a bumper*]: "Why, now you have *done me right.*"

108 Line 92: *King Stephen was a worthy peer.*—The stanzas are taken from a ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which Percy printed in his Reliques. In the reprint of Bishop Percy's Folio MS. by Professor Hales and Dr. Furnivall the song appears under a different name—"Bell my Wiffe"—with the substitution of King Harry for King Stephen; and the editors remark that the dialect and general character of the piece imply a northern origin; also that it is really a political song, "a controversy between the Spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism" (vol. ii. p. 321). I give their version of what Iago sings:

> King Harry was a verry good k[*ing;*]
> I trow his hose cost but a Crowne;
> he thought them 12d. ouer to deere,
> therfor he called the taylor Clowne.
> he was king and wore the Crowne,
> and thouse but of a low degree;
> itts pride *that* putts this cumtrye doune;
> man! put thye old Cloake about thee!
> —Ut supra, p. 324.

The popularity of this old song is shown by the number of references to it which occur. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 221–223: "O *King Stephano!* O *peer!* O *worthy Stephano!* look what a wardrobe here is for thee!" So Dekker's Guls Hornbook (1609): "his breeches were not so much worth as *K. Stephen's,* that cost but a poore noble" (Dekker's Prose Works, Huth Library, ii. p. 210); and Greene's Quippe for an Vpstart Courtier, 1592. This last reference is worth giving in full: "I tell thee sawcy skipiack," says the *laudator temporis acti,* "it was a good and a blessed time here in *England,* when K *Stephen* wore a pair of cloth *breeches* of a Noble a Paire, and thought them passing costlye: then did hee count Westminster hal to little to be his dining chamber, and his almes was not bare bones, instead of broken meat, but lusty chines of beefe fel into the poore mans basket" (Greene's Works, Huth Library, vol. xi. p. 234). Here the point of the allusion is obvious: the speaker pours contempt on his own times, looking back to the old and happy far-off days when the world went so very well.

Though possibly, as we have said, of northern origin, the song is not mentioned in Scotch literature earlier

than 1728, when it is given by Allan Ramsay in his Tea-Table Talk. The music of it, based, says Chappell (ii. 505), upon the old tune of Green Sleeves, will be found in Caulfield's Collection, vol. ii. p. 68.

As to the reading, I have followed the 1622 Quarto. The Quarto of 1630 and the Folio both have:

King Stephen *was* and a worthy Peere.

For the redundant *and*, so common in ballad poetry, compare the song at the end of Twelfth Night.

109. Lines 113–120.—In Hawkins's Life of Edmund Kean (vol. ii. p. 360) will be found a most interesting anecdote of the great actor, which shows how careful he was to study his facts from nature, and also that he did not limit his interest in any play to the part which he played himself. Sitting in the public room of an inn, a friend who was with him asked Edmund Kean when he studied? Pointing to a man at the other end of the room, who was very much intoxicated, he answered, "I am studying now; I wish some of my Cassios were here." Then he went on to explain that in this drunken scene, instead of rolling about ridiculously, Cassio should "try to stand straight when it was impossible," and he said that the only man who ever played this scene properly was Holland. Furness also quotes from Booth: "The traditional 'business,' said to be Charles Kemble's, cannot be improved upon. Cassio drops his handkerchief, and in his effort to recover it, falls on his knees; to account for this position to his companions, he attempts to pray. His clothes being awry, his sword has slipped to his right side, and this confuses him for a moment as to which is his right or his left hand."—F. A. M.

110. Line 135: *He 'll watch the* HOROLOGE *a double set.*—We have explained this in the foot-note as Johnson explained it, supposing that the dial of the ancient clocks was, like ours, divided into twelve hours only; but Halpin, in his Dramatic Unities (p. 18), says that the Italian *horologe* had twenty-four hours upon its dial-plate; and Halliwell quotes a description by Admiral Smythe of an ancient clock similarly divided. Halpin absolutely bases an argument on this with regard to the Time Analysis of the play; but surely, as Furness remarks, we are not to take Iago here literally. This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses the word *horologe*, nor does it seem to be of common occurrence in the dramatists of his time; but it is used by Chaucer and by Heywood in his Epigrammes upon Proverbs, edn. 1598. O. back.

The deuill is in *th' orologe*, the houres to trye,
Search houres by the Sunne, the deuils diall will lie.
The deuill is in *th' orologe*, now cheere in boules:
Let the deuill keepe our clocks, while God keepe our soules.

Steevens quotes from The Devil's Charter, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

my gracious lord,
By Sisto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.

From these passages and others it would seem that *horologe* was always used of a clock and never of an hour-glass.

111. Line 152: *I'll beat the knave into a* TWIGGEN *bottle.*—Qq. read "*wicker* bottle;" F. 1 hyphens the word thus, *Twiggen-Bottle.* Booth, quoted by Furness, says that this means "I will slash him till he resembles one of those Chianti flasks covered with straw net-work"—such as Cassio probably had just been drinking out of; but this, though very ingenious, is a little far-fetched. The whole passage down to line 156 is printed as prose in Qq., but as nine irregular lines in F. 1. Our text is arranged as in the Globe and in Dyce; but I must confess it seems ridiculous to me to attempt to arrange such a passage as verse at all.—F. A. M.

112. Line 164:

Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[Faints.

It is very difficult to know how to print this line. F. 1 has:

I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Q. 1 has:

Zouns, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death:

Q. 2

I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4

I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

The omission of *Zouns* by Q. 2 and Ff. is of no importance. The difficulty is to decide whether the words "He dies" at the end of the line in F. 1 are really a stage-direction, which, as often happens, has got into the text; or whether they are part of the text, and are meant to indicate that, at this point, Montano, ceasing to act on the defensive, as he has done throughout, vigorously attacks Cassio. The fact that Q. 2, which was most probably printed from a theatre copy of the play, has the words *he faints* in italics, makes it probable that the words "He dies" in F. 1 (printed in roman) were originally a stage-direction. On the other hand, if, at this point, Montano has fallen, half-fainting, into the arms of those near him, it is difficult to understand the reason both for Othello's exclamation in the next line, and for Iago's speech (lines 166–168). True it is that the action is very rapid here, and that Iago might continue crying out to Cassio and Montano to stop, after all necessity for doing so had ceased, in order to emphasize his own zeal in the cause of order. But there is nothing inconsistent with what follows in Montano, at this point, vigorously attacking Cassio. All that he says afterwards is that he acted in self-defence. (See lines 203, 204.) But this would have been equally true, even if he had been driven, by the violence of his adversary's attack, to drop a purely defensive attitude. As Dr. Furness remarks, it does not do to inquire too closely in a scene which depends so much upon hurried action; but I think that the probable explanation may be that this line (164) has got out of its place; or, at any rate, that Iago's speech (lines 166–168) is intended to be spoken immediately after Othello's entrance; for clearly that speech cannot be spoken if one of the combatants is in a passive and fainting condition.—F. A. M.

113. Line 170: *Are we* TURN'D TURKS.—In Hamlet, iii. 2. 287, the phrase *turn Turk* means *to change completely;* so, too, in Much Ado, iii. 4. 57; cf. also Sedley's Bellamira, iv. 6: "I will *turn Turk*, but I will avoid wine hereafter." In the present passage the expression derives fresh point from the following reference to the Ottomites. It is as though Othello wished to say—not merely have we changed our natures entirely; but by the change we have become like the very people who, if they could, would do us mortal harm.

114. Line 173: *to* CARVE FOR *his own rage.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 19, 20:

> He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
> *Carve for* himself.

This is the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses this expression, which Schmidt renders "to indulge, to do at a person's pleasure." It arose from the fact that *to carve for one's self* was a thing one could not often do in Shakespeare's time; as a *carver* was to be found in the retinue of every gentleman of any means, and at every ordinary, so that the privilege of helping one's self to the choicest morsels was not often enjoyed.—F. A. M.

115. Lines 179–181:

> *friends all but now, even now,*
> IN QUARTER, *and* IN TERMS *like bride and groom*
> *Devesting them for bed.*

There has been much dispute as to the meaning of the word *quarter* here. Johnson explained it "In their quarters, at their lodging" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329); but that it could not be. Malone corrected this to "on our station," comparing Timon, v. 4. 59–61:

> not a man
> Shall pass his *quarter*, or offend the stream
> Of regular justice in your city's bounds.

Henley says that the *quarter* referred to "was *that apartment of the castle assigned to the officers on guard*, where Othello, after giving Cassio his orders, had, a little before, left him" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329). In support of the meaning given in our foot-note Schmidt quotes from Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 108:

> So he would keep *fair quarter* with his bed;

and he compares John, v. 5. 20: "keep *good quarter* and good care to-night." Reed quotes from The Dumb Knight, iii. 1: "Did not you hold *fair quarter* and commerce with all the spies of Cypres?" As regards the use of *terms*, Schmidt would render that word here "relation, footing," comparing Lear, i. 2. 171: "Parted you in good *terms?*" and again Cymbeline, iii. 1. 80: "if you seek us afterwards in other *terms* (*i.e.* as an enemy), you shall find us in our salt-water girdle." According to this interpretation *in terms* would simply equal our common expression *on terms;* but on the whole the meaning given in our foot-note seems preferable.

116. Line 182: *As if some* PLANET *had* UNWITTED *men.*—That the planets exercised a malignant influence was a common superstition in Elizabethan times, often referred to by Shakespeare; *e.g.* Hamlet, i. 1. 162:

> The nights are wholesome; then *no planets strike.*

So Coriolanus, ii. 2. 117, 118:

> *struck*
> Corioli like a *planet.*

Cf. Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 14; and the use, still surviving, of *moon-struck.*

117. Lines 188, 189:

> Oth. *How* COMES *it, Michael, you* ARE *thus forgot?*
> Cas. *I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.*

Qq. read:

> How *came* it Michael you *were* thus forgot.

But there does not seem any necessity for the past tense. For a similar use of the verb *to be* with an intransitive verb, compare below, iii. 3. 265, 266:

> or, for I *am declin'd*
> Into the vale of years.

Booth, in his acting copy, marked *you* here as to be emphasized. In Fechter's acting-edition the following stage-direction is inserted after *pardon me* in the next line: *Cassio speaks thickly, stops short, and then in deep humiliation.* We have indicated the pause in the text by a break.—F. A. M.

118. Line 195: *And* SPEND *your rich opinion.*—That is, *waste.* Perhaps, too, there may be some reference to the technical use of *spend* as a hunting term; cf. Venus and Adonis, 695:

> Then do they *spend* their mouths.

For *opinion*=reputation, compare above, i. 3. 225, and Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 102: "this fool gudgeon, this *opinion.*"

119. Line 206: *having my best judgment* COLLIED.—Properly *collied* signifies *blackened*, as with coal; so Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 145: "in the *collied* night;" see note 25 to that play. The word is well illustrated by Cotgrave, who gives "*charbonner* . . . to *collowe*, to bleach, or make black with a coal: *charbonneux* . . . coaile, full of coales: *charbonné* . . . *collowed*, smeered, blacked with coales." Here the sense is "having obscured my judgment." Qq. read *coold*, an obvious misprint; while Collier's emendation, *quelled*, is quite unnecessary.

120. Lines 216, 217:

> *In night, and on the court* AND *guard* OF *safety!*
> *'T is monstrous.*

So Qq. and Ff.; but this reading is vigorously attacked by Theobald, who altered it to "court *of* guard *and* safety," an emendation which Malone adopted, supporting it by a long note, in which he pointed out that the expression "court *of* guard" was a recognized phrase for the guard-room, quoting from this very play, ii. 1. 220: "The lieutenant to-night watches on the *court-of-guard.*" He also compares line 167 above:

> Have you forgot all *sense of place* and duty?

in which Qq. and Ff. both misprint: "all *place of sense* and duty." Certainly the slight transposition, which Malone so ably supports, is a very plausible one; and I cannot see that Steevens does much to support the reading of the old copies when he quotes Bottom's ridiculous line from Midsummer's Night's Dream, iii. 1. 192:

> I shall desire you *of* more acquaintance.

Malone says that the expression *guard of safety* is nonsense; but could it not mean the "keeping watch over the security of the town?" Certainly the preposition *on* seems to support the old reading. Cowden Clarke explains the passage "in the very spot and guarding place of safety." As to *monstrous*, which we have marked in a foot-note to be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was undoubtedly often printed *monsterous*, and so Capell printed it. According to Furness (p. 143), "There is also a third spelling, *monstruous*, found in Surrey's poems, and in the Faerie Queene, I. ii. line 366 ed. Grosart."—F. A. M.

121. Line 247: *doth* MINCE *this matter.*—That is, *lessen,*

extenuate the matter. We may compare the French *mincer, mince* = small.

122. Line 254: *Lead him off.*—Malone thought that this was a stage-direction which had got into the text, and it certainly looks very like it. It is exactly in the style of such directions as we find marked in the margin of MS. plays, which are generally couched in the imperative mood. It is not a very elegant expression in Othello's mouth, and better expressed by a gesture on the part of the actor.

123. Line 263: *I have lost the immortal part of myself.*—It may be worth while to point out how completely the scene through which he has just passed has sobered Cassio; after a brief spell of frenzy he is himself again, and feels only too well what this terrible interval has cost him. Iago's speech may be compared or contrasted with his words in the next act, scene 3, lines 155–161.

124. Line 268: *there is more* SENSE *in that than in reputation.*—Qq. read *offence*, which an anonymous commentator (apud Cambridge edd.) suggested was a misprint for *of sense.* Singer adopts the reading of Qq., pronouncing the reading of Ff. "an evident mistake;" but surely most commentators would exactly reverse that pronouncement. Iago is ridiculing Cassio's sensibility as to his reputation, and he says that there is more *sense;* i.e. *feeling*, in a bodily wound than in a wound to your reputation.

125. Line 276: *to* AFFRIGHT *an imperious lion.*—Some commentators find that this word does not suit the sense. Staunton proposed *to appease;* but surely Iago's meaning is that Othello has punished Cassio to *frighten* the fiercer spirits in Cyprus from committing a similar offence.—F. A. M.

126. Line 330: *against any* LAY.—For *lay* = wager, stake, see II. Henry VI. v. 2. 26, 27:

> *Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!
> *York.* A dreadful *lay!*

Compare, too, The Honest Whore, part I. i. 4:

> *Cas.* I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him and galls him.
> *Pio.* Done, 'tis a *lay.*
> —Dekker, Select Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 108.

127. Line 358: *They do* SUGGEST.—*Suggest*, in the sense of *tempt*, occurs not infrequently; cf. Sonnet cxliv. lines 1, 2:

> Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still.

128. Line 361: *That she* REPEALS *him.*—For *repeal* = recall, cf. Richard II. ii. 2. 49:

> The banish'd Bolingbroke *repeals* himself.

So Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 51; and elsewhere.

129. Line 392: *And bring him* JUMP *when he may Cassio find.*—That is, "exactly *when.*" So Hamlet, i. 1. 65: "*jump* at this dead hour," where Ff. read *just;* and see note 11 of that play.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

130. Line 1: *Masters,* PLAY *here.*—Alluding to the old custom of waking people the morning after their marriage with a song or piece of concerted music. See Romeo and Juliet, note 144; and as an instance in point compare the following from Lilly's Mother Bombie, v. 3:

> *Syn.* Come, fellowes, 'tis almost day, let us have a fit of mirth at *Sperantius'* doore, and *give a song to the bride.*
> *Nas.* I beleeve they are asleepe, it were pittie to awake them.

And again in the same scene:

> *Bed.* . . . what shall we sing?
> *Syn.* The Love knot, for that's *best for a bridall.*
> Sing—*Good morrow, faire bride, and send you joy of your bridall.*
> —Works, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133.

Ritson says that hautboys were the wind-instruments used.

131. Line 2: *and bid* "Good morrow, general."—*Good morrow, general,* ought, I think, to be printed this way, though the marks of quotation are wanting in the Folio.

132. Lines 3, 4: *have your instruments been in* NAPLES, *that they speak i' the nose thus?*—This must be a reference to the Neapolitan Pulcinella, although in the earliest accounts of that old-world hero the extreme nasalism which we now associate with Mr. Punch is not mentioned. Punch, by the way, does not appear to have found his way to England till 1662, when, on May 9th, Pepys saw "the famous Italian puppet-play" in Covent Garden; cf., too, Evelyn's Diary, August 21st, 1667. England's most distinguished exponent of the "pity and terror" of Pulcinella was the Powell whom the Spectator immortalized, March 16th, 1710. France had its Jean Brioché, friend, patron, and possessor of illustrious Fagotin, *le singe de Brioché.* Shakespeare, I suppose, heard of the Neapolitan entertainment from some traveller-friend; or was he ever in Italy? [A very unpleasant explanation is given by some commentators of this sentence; but there can be little doubt that the allusion is to the *nasal tone* so very prevalent both in the speaking and singing of Neapolitans. Everyone who has been at Naples for two or three days, and has heard any of the national melodies sung in the streets,—such as the well-known *Santa Lucia,*—will remember how disagreeable this *nasal* twang is. Having been present myself, during a long residence at Naples, at several great musical functions—as it is the fashion to call them—I can testify that this singing *through the nose* is not limited to the street singers; it often mars one's enjoyment of music otherwise well rendered.—F. A. M.]

133. Line 13: *he desires you,* OF ALL LOVES.—So Q. 1; Ff. have *for love's sake.*—The same phrase occurs in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 119: "Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves;*" and Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 2. 154: "Speak, *of all loves!*"

134. Lines 42, 43:

> *I never knew*
> *A* FLORENTINE *more kind and honest.*

There is a pleasant sketch of Florentine character in Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the person of Frescobald, the merchant. It must not, of course, be supposed, that Cassio calls Iago a *Florentine,* which would be in direct contradiction with v. 1. 89–91; he merely wishes to say, "I never knew any one kinder, even among my own countrymen."

ACT III. Scene 3.

135. Lines 12, 13:

He shall in STRANGENESS *stand no further off*
Than in a politic distance.

Qq. have "in *strangest.*" The Cambridge edd. record the very plausible anonymous conjecture "in*'s strangest.*" Shakespeare is rather fond of the use of the word *strange* and *strangeness* in this sense. Compare the well-known line in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 102:

I should have been more *strange*, I must confess,

that is, "distant;" and, more apposite to the passage in our text, II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 5:

The *strangeness* of his alter'd countenance.

136. Line 23: *I'll* WATCH *him* TAME.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 174; and to the instance there given add the following from The London Prodigal, i. 1:

I' faith, brother, like a mad, unbridled colt,
Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tam'd with an iron bit,
The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild.
—Tauchnitz ed. p. 227.

Probably the reference is the same in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.

137. Line 54: To *suffer with him.*—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "*I* suffer with him," a reading preferred by Malone, Steevens, and many other editors. If it be adopted there should be a semicolon at the end of the previous line. The reading of Q. 1 perhaps makes Desdemona's sympathy with Cassio a little more marked.

138. Line 70: *Or stand so* MAMMERING *on.—Mammer*= to hesitate, is an uncommon word. Latham gives two good instances of its use: one in A World of Wonders (1608), p. 326: "if he stand in amaze and *mammering* to hear such gibberish;" the other in Drant's Translation of Horace (1567): "when she daynes to send for him, then *mammering* he doth doate" (ii. 3). And to these Halliwell adds a reference from Lyly: "I stoode in a great *mamering*, how I might behaue myself" (Euphues, Arber's ed. p. 299). Wedgwood appears to treat the word as a corruption of *stammer*.

139. Line 90: *Excellent* WRETCH!—This is the reading of the old copies, which Theobald, Hanmer, and some others, quite unnecessarily, altered to *wench*. *Wretch* is used still, in some parts of England, as a term of endearment. Halliwell (Archaic and Provincial Dict.) gives it as being still so used in Gloucestershire. Those who prefer *wench* quote from below, in this play, v. 2. 272: "O ill-starr'd *wench!*"

140. Lines 91, 92:

and when I love thee not,
CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

So Venus and Adonis, 1019, 1020:

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black *chaos comes again.*

Steevens first quoted the above; and Hunter, in his New Illustrations (vol. ii. p. 282), notices this as one of the many passages in this play which remind us of Venus and Adonis and of the Rape of Lucrece. Singer says the original idea is to be found in Hesiod's Theogony, where Chaos ceases when Love appears.

141. Lines 106, 107:

HE ECHOES *me,*
As if there were some monster in HIS *thought.*

This is said aside. The Folio reading is far less graphic:

Alas, *thou ecchos't* me,
As if there were some monster in *thy* thought.

Delius follows the Folio; like Dyce, I have kept to the text of the 1622 Quarto.

It is quite clear, I think, that Ford had this scene in his mind's eye when he wrote the passages in the third act (scene 3) of Love's Sacrifice, in which D'Avolos rouses the suspicions of the Duke. Here, for instance, is a typical speech:

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I 'll know 't, I vow I will.
Did I not note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half spoke? your 'wells, if all were known'?
Your short 'I like not that'? your girds and 'buts'?
Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide:
Tell me, what is't? by honour's self I 'll know.
—Mermaid edn. of Ford, pp. 338, 339.

There is much in Ford's drama that suggests comparison with Othello.

142. Line 123: *They're close* DELATIONS.—The sense required is "secret informations;" cf. *delator* in Latin, meaning an *informer*. According to Minsheu, *dilate* and *delate* are synonymous, and *dilations* is the reading of the Folios in the present passage. It may be noted, too, that in Hamlet, i. 2. 38, the Quartos (except the imperfect one of 1603) give *delated*, while Ff. read *dilated*. As to the sense, no exactly parallel use of the word appears to be forthcoming. In Bacon *delate*=to carry, convey; in Minsheu's Dictionary *delate*=to speak at large, *i.e.* as we should say, to *dilate*. But I can see no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the classical meaning of the word: there must be many Latinisms in his vocabulary which are not found in the works of his contemporaries.

143. Line 135, 136:

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts?

Q. 1 has:

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,
Utter my thoughts?

Q. 2 has the same, except that it has a colon after *thoughts* instead of a note of interrogation. Ff. have, by mistake:

I am not bound to that: All slaves are free:
Utter my thoughts?

The reading in our text is that usually adopted: but it is quite possible that the reading of Q. 2 may be the right one, and that *Utter my thoughts* may be part of the same sentence, that is: "I am not bound to do that all slaves are free not to do," viz. *utter my thoughts.*

144. Lines 140, 141:

Keep LEETS *and law-days, and in* SESSION *sit*
With meditations lawful?

That is, no heart is so absolutely pure that some unchaste thoughts may not be found in it, sitting, as it were, in

council by the side of good and noble ideas. Shakespeare is using his favourite legal imagery, which displeased Warburton as "wretchedly forced and quaint." The Court Leet was one of the Manorial Courts which were the outcome of the private jurisdictions of *Sac* and *Soc.* To enter into its history would be beside the purpose of a commentary; the judicious reader may consult on the subject Bright's History, i. p. 76, or Feilden's admirable Short Constitutional History of England, p. 64; to say nothing of Stubbs. *Session,* as in Sonnet xxx. lines 1, 2:

> When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past.

145. Line 157: *Who steals my purse steals trash,* &c.—The thought developed in these lines is simple enough, and to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to some one else for it would be truly ridiculous. Still, as an interesting parallel, the passage which Hunter quotes from Wilson's Arte of Rhetoric (1585) is worth inserting; it is as follows: "The places of Logique help oft for amplification. As, where men have a wrong opinion, and think theft a greater fault than slander, one might prove the contrary as well by circumstances as by arguments. And first, he might shew that slander is theft, and every slanderer is a thief. For as well the slanderer as the thief do take away another man's possession against the owner's will. After that he might show that a slanderer is worse than any thief, because a good man's name is better than all the goods in the world, and that the loss of money may be recovered, but the loss of a man's good name cannot be called back again: and a thief may restore that again which he hath taken from him, but a slanderer cannot give a man his good name which he hath taken from him. Again, he that stealeth goods or cattle robs only but one man, but an evil-tongued man infecteth all their minds unto whose ears this report shall come" (p. 126). See Hunter's Illustrations, ii. p. 283.

146. Line 166:

> *It is the* GREEN-EY'D *monster, which doth* MOCK
> *The meat it feeds on.*

Green-eyed as applied to jealousy is a conventional epithet, like the Latin *lividus;* cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 110; we still speak of a person as being *green with envy.* Elsewhere in Shakespeare jealousy is yellow; cf. The Winter's Tale, ii. 3, 106, 107, and Merry Wives, i. 3. 113. *Mock* is difficult, and some editors adopt the emendation *make;* the sense then is simple enough: jealousy itself *invents* causes of suspicion, and, feeding on them, grows greater. Perhaps the idea intended by *mock* is, that the jealous man plays with appearances and signs which seem to him to point to evil much as a cat plays with its victim. Some commentators explain that *the meat it feeds on* is the victim of jealousy, *i.e.* the jealous man himself. What argues rather strongly in favour of *make* is Emilia's diagnosis of jealousy in the next scene, lines 159–162. Still the reading of the copies is not impossible. [May not *mock* mean here to "imitate," "feign?" Compare III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 255:

> For *mocking* marriage with a dame of France:

and Tim. i. 1. 35:

> It is a pretty *mocking* of the life.

It seems to me that *mock* in this sense is more expressive than *make;* for it implies, what is true, that jealousy is self-conscious, that it knows the food on which it lives is false, a delusion, not a reality.—F. A. M.]

147. Line 170: *yet* STRONGLY *loves.*—So Qq. The Folio has *soundly,* with which compare Henry V. v. 2. 105: "if you will love me *soundly* with your French heart."

148. Line 186: *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.*—The sense appears to be: these accomplishments are accessions to virtue—they add to the grace and beauty of virtue, as though Shakespeare had written:

> Where these are, virtue is more virtuous.

149. Line 210: *To* SEEL *her father's* EYES *up close as* OAK.—We have already had *seel;* see i. 3. 270. It is a term borrowed from falcoury, *seeling* being a process which gave way to the more humane custom of *hooding* the hawk. The word is used in Macbeth, iii. 2. 46: "*seeling* night;" and again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 112: "The wise gods *seel our eyes.*" Cotgrave has: "*siller les yeux:* to seele, or sow up, the eyelids;" and Furness (Variorum Othello, pp. 76, 77) quotes from Turbervile's Book of Falconrie, 1575, a rather gruesome account of the process. Skeat connects with O.F. *cil,* eyelid, L. *cilium,* eyelid, eyelash; and *celare,* to hide. He remarks that the word should not be confused with *ceiling,* which is identical with *ciel*=heaven, *cœlum,* &c.

Close as oak does not seem to have much point, and Staunton's suggestion—"close as *hawk's*"—is certainly worth mentioning.

150. Lines 227, 228:

> Oth. *And yet, how nature erring from itself,—*
> Iago. *Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—*

This passage is an extremely subtle one from the actor's point of view. It is evident that Iago interrupts Othello here, eagerly availing himself of something more than his mere words, some gesture, or tone in his voice, which indicates that he is recalling some circumstance that tells against Desdemona's truth and loyalty. Booth says that in line 227 Othello refers to his colour, and adds that his father "indicated this by a glance at his hand as it passed down before his eyes from his forehead."

But it is doubtful whether Othello is not rather referring in his mind to those strange inconsistencies in human nature, more especially in that of women; the inconsistencies that manifest themselves often in evil deeds, which their fellow-creatures, with their limited power of reading the human heart, cannot reconcile with their habitual conduct. In line 228 Booth gave what was, as far as I know, quite an original interpretation. Instead of making the words *to be bold with you* an apologetic parenthesis, as they are usually interpreted, he took them to refer to the *boldness* of Desdemona with Othello, which was in direct contradiction to the character of her given by her father, i. 3. 94–96:

> A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blush'd at herself.

This is an ingenious but surely rather a strained interpretation. Iago has quite sufficient to go upon if Othello's

speech is explained as I have explained it above; and he would naturally preface his reminder that Desdemona has rejected many matches with men of her own clime, complexion, and degree, with some apologetic expression. If the elder Booth's interpretation were the right one we should rather expect *nor* instead of *not*.—F. A. M.

151. Line 240: *Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.*—This line requires to be given with the greatest significance on the part of the actor; for here Othello takes the first step on the road to self-degradation, and he cannot, with his naturally frank and noble nature, do so without a feeling of shame. To set on his wife's confidant and friend to act as a spy upon her is a meanness to which, unless his nature had been poisoned by jealousy, he never could have sunk. It is, perhaps, his consciousness of the contemptible nature of the step that he is taking which makes him so anxious, at this point, to get rid of Iago.—F. A. M.

152. Lines 250–252:

Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that.

Compare with these lines, and indeed with the scene generally, the following extract from Cinthio's story: "He (the ensign, *i.e.* Iago) determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design (*i.e.* of making Othello jealous of Cassio); and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant (Cassio) for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the meantime the Moor had observed to the ensign that his wife teazed him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery, which he began by saying: 'Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company.' 'And why?' said the Moor. 'Nay,' replied he, 'I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife; but if you watch her properly, you will understand me.' Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Wherepon, when his wife some time afterwards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, particularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, 'It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection'" (*ut supra*, pp. 290–292).

153. Line 260: *If I do prove her* HAGGARD.—Properly a *haggard* was an untrained hawk. Often, however, it was used in a slang sense to mean a loose woman; so Courtall remarks in She Would If She Could, iii. 1: "I protest, yonder comes the old *haggard*" (Etheredge's Works, ed. 1888, p. 161). See Much Ado, note 170.

154. Lines 262, 263:

I'd WHISTLE *her* OFF, *and* LET *her* DOWN *the* WIND,
To PREY AT FORTUNE.

I borrow here Johnson's note: "Falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*."

155. Line 266: *into the* VALE OF YEARS.—Gray, I suppose, remembered this when he wrote in the Ode on Eton:

Lo! in the *vale of years* beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,

"*Vale* of life" in his Elegy has rather a different sense.

156. Line 276: *Even then this* FORKED *plague*.—See Troilus and Cressida, notes 24 and 39. "Make me a knight o' the *forked* order," says a character in Wilson's fine play, The Cheats, v. 2 (Wilson's Works (ed. 1874), p. 91).

157. Lines 277–279:

Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe't.

"Divine!" says Coleridge. "The effect of innocence and the better genius" (Lectures on Shakspere, Bohn's ed. p. 392).

The sight of Desdemona banishes for a moment doubt and suspicion; Othello is restored to his better nature.

158. Line 296: *I'll have the work* TA'EN OUT.—Here, and in the next scene, line 180, *take out*=copy. Compare Middleton's Women Beware Women, i. 1:

She intends
To *take out* other *works* in a new sampler.
—Middleton's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 266.

159. Line 330: *Not poppy, nor* MANDRAGORA.—There is a dissertation on the "herbe Mandragoras" in Pliny's Natural History; it "*cureth*," we are told, "*weeping and watering eies;*" also, "it may be used safely enough for to *procure sleep*" (Holland's Pliny, ed. 1632, vol. ii. p. 235). Shakespeare refers to it again as a soporific in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 4–6; the Duchess of Malfi, in that superlatively great scene (2) of the fourth act of Webster's masterpiece, says:

Come, violent death,
Serve for *mandragora to make me sleep.*
—Webster and Tourneur in the Mermaid Series, p. 210

and Burton includes "*mandrake* . . . and *syrup of poppy*" in his list of sovereign simples for sleeplessness (Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. ii. sec. 5, mem. 1, sub. 6, ed. 1881, p. 456). Compare, too, the following:

The *Mandrake* cald in Greeke *Mandragoras*,
Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
The juyce that freshly from the roote doth passe,
Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus:*
'T is good for *paine engendred in the eies;*
By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.
—Chester's Love's Martyr (A Dialogue), New Shakspere Society Publications, p. 82.

The Sybil in Lilly's Sapho and Phao remarks (ii. 1), amongst a series of valuable precepts, "sow next thy vines *Mandrage*," with the idea presumably that the produce of the vineyard should prove more than ordinarily sleep-inducing; see Lilly's Dramatic Works, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 172. Further references to the same purport will be found in

Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 284, 285. As to *poppy*, everyone will remember Keats'

sound asleep,
Drowsed with the *fume* of *poppies*.
—Ode to Autumn.

160. Line 354: *and* CIRCUMSTANCE *of glorious war!—Circumstance*=elaborate detail. "So singular a use of the word," says Hunter, "requires something to show that it was not without precedent. Take the following from Langley's Translation of Polydore Virgil, where we find that the Romans celebrated their dead 'with great pomp and *circumstance*.' Fol. 122. b." (New Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 286). For another instance of this use (which, after all, is not so very rare) of *circumstance*, cf. The Woman in the Moone, i. 1. 13, 14:

All these, and all their endlesse *circumstance*,
Here I survey.
—Lilly's Works, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. p. 153.

In Hamlet, i. 5. 127, the sense is, "without any circumlocution;" so again in The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 154:

To wind about my love with *circumstance*.

161. Lines 359–373.—In this passage Othello reaches the climax of his passion. It is here that the actor produces his greatest effect; though the whole scene is full of effects most various and subtle. Edmund Kean used to take hold of Iago by the throat at line 359; while Booth and other actors deferred this action till line 368. It is better, perhaps, to follow Edmund Kean, as both the speeches, 359–366, 368–373 are spoken in what may be called "the white heat" of passion. During the last speech Othello forces Iago on to his knee, in which position the latter speaks the first two lines of his speech beginning *O grace*, rising at line 375. It was at this point of the scene that Salvini, when in England, roused his audience to the greatest enthusiasm; but with all respect to that great actor, whose Othello was a performance full of beauties, I think that his reading of this whole scene was entirely wrong. He seemed to me to sacrifice much of the subtlety, variety, and intensity of all that went before in order to attain his climax here, which he did by throwing Iago on the ground and putting his foot upon him, and then starting back with an expression of loathing on his face. This was very powerful, and to those who did not understand one word of the language Salvini was speaking, it was very effective; but surely, even in his rage, Othello would have too much respect for Iago to treat him thus; when, in the fury of his passion, he has taken him by the throat and forced him on to his knees, it seems as if the next moment he is appalled at the effects of his own violence.—F. A. M.

162. Line 386: HER *name, that was as fresh.*—So the Quarto of 1630; in Q. 1 (1622) the speech is wanting. The Folios give "*my* name," with a full stop after *proof*. *My* must, I think, be wrong, because of the words *mine own* two lines lower down, and because Othello would hardly apply such vauntful language to himself. Moreover, the whole passage is concerned with Desdemona; the transition to Othello would be very awkward.

163. Lines 433–435:

Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

It may be convenient to give here Cinthio's account of the handkerchief episode; the variations from Shakespeare speak for themselves: "I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's (Iago's) house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him: and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did." Iago, having got possession of the handkerchief, tells Othello that Cassio had boasted to him (Iago) that Desdemona had made him (Cassio) a present of the "napkin;" Othello determines to question Desdemona; "if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign (Iago) had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at this question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, 'I cannot conceive,' said she, 'what is become of it! have not you taken it?'—'Had I taken it,' replied he, 'I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it and this time more at your ease.' Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for murder. . . . The Moor . . . did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true (*i.e.* that his wife was guilty), and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant (Cassio). Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief (which Iago, I should note, had secretly left in Cassio's lodging) determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant" (*ut supra*, pp. 296–301).

164. Line 435: SPOTTED *with strawberries.*—As we should say, embroidered; cf. Coriolanus, i. 3. 55:

What are you sewing here? A fine *spot*, in good faith.

165. Line 442: *O, that the slave had forty thousand lives*—We have the same idea in Locrine, iii. 1:

> The Hun shall die, had he *ten thousand lives:*
> And would to God he had *ten thousand lives*
> —Tauchnitz ed. p. 159.

Forty thousand, we may note, is merely an indefinite number; Elizabethan writers use *four* and *forty* in exactly the same vague way. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 160, 161:

> You know, sometimes he walks *four hours* together
> Here in the lobby.

Hanmer changed the reading to *for hours*, but the Clarendon Press editors aptly quote Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, "laughing and gibing with their familiars *foure houres* by the clocke" (Arber's Reprint, p. 307). Observe, also, Sonnet ii. line 1:

> When *forty* winters shall besiege thy brow.

The idea may be the same in one of Spenser's sonnets (lx.), Globe ed. of Works, p. 582.

166. Line 447: *from* THE *hollow* HELL.—So the Folios. Qq. read *from thy hollow cell*, which the Globe edition prints. The version of the Quartos gives a good antithesis to line 445:

> All my fond love thus do I blow to *heaven*.

167. Line 453: *Like to the* PONTIC SEA, &c.—Steevens suggested that these lines were based upon the following passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History: "And the *Sea Pontus* evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus." Holland's translation was published in 1601: Othello can scarcely be referred to an earlier date than 1601; it is quite possible therefore that Steevens's conjecture was correct, and that Shakespeare did owe his knowledge to Pliny. On the other hand, it may simply have been a piece of popular geography—one of the curious facts reported by some Elizabethan adventurer of the type of Mr. Edward Webbe. The lines are wanting in the Quarto of 1622.

168. Line 460: *by yond* MARBLE HEAVEN.—Shakespeare applies *marble* to the sky in three other passages, Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 191; Cymbeline, v. 4. 87, and, same scene, 120. The epithet is magnificent, and only the dullest of commentators would care to dissertate on the possible meanings which it could bear. Milton's "pure *marble* air," Paradise Lost, iii. 564, was probably a reminiscence of the classical and etymological use of the word = *glittering;* he may even have recollected Sophocles' "*marble* (*i.e.* bright) radiance of Olympus" (Antigone, 610). *Marmoreus* is frequently said of the sea in Virgil.

169. Line 463: *you* EVER-BURNING LIGHTS *above.*—A variation on "these blessed *candles of the night*" in Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 220, with which in turn may be compared Macbeth, ii. 1. 5 (see note 89 of that play); Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9; and Sonnet xxi. line 12.

170. Line 471: *And will upon the instant* PUT *thee* TO 'T.—That is, test you; cf. Coriolanus, i. 1. 232, 233:

> They have a leader,
> Tullus Aufidius, that will *put you to't.*

So Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 101.

171. Line 480.—Here, in the acting edition, act iii. ends; and act iv. commences with line 24 of the next scene.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

172. Line 26: *Full of* CRUSADOES.—Not a Venetian coin, otherwise Coryat would probably have mentioned it in the account he gives of the money current at Venice. According to Grey, the *crusado* was a Portuguese coin, worth about three shillings; it was so called from the cross stamped on it, and varied in value, according to some authorities, from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. It is rather curious that Elizabethan writers should use in this way the names of foreign pieces; cf. Old Fortunatus, ii. 2: "See'st thou this *crusado?*" (Dekker's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 328), and The White Devil, iii. 1:

> I have houses,
> Jewels, and a poor remnant of *crusadoes.*
> —Webster's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 51.

173. Lines 46, 47:

> *the hearts of old gave* HANDS;
> *But our* NEW HERALDRY *is* HANDS, *not* HEARTS.

This is the passage upon which Warburton fastened as approximately fixing the date of the composition of the play. He found here a satirical allusion to the creation of baronets by James I. in 1611. It is very probable that this allusion only existed in Warburton's mind; for, as Steevens pointed out, it was very unlikely that Shakespeare would introduce any sneer at the honours instituted by James I., a prince whom, on the contrary, he seems to have desired to flatter rather than to satirize. In Warner's Albion's England (edn. 1596, p. 282) occurs the line:

> My hand shall never give my heart, my heart shall give my hand.

Compare also The Tempest, iii. 1. 89, 90:

> *Fer* . . . here's *my hand.*
> *Mir.* And mine, with *my heart in't.*

As Knight says, the *new heraldry* might simply have referred to the practice of quartering the arms of husband and wife, or, as Dyce suggested, the heraldic term *to give arms* so resembles *to give hands* that the similarity of the two phrases might have suggested to Shakespeare the word *heraldry.*

174. Line 56: *Did an* EGYPTIAN *to my mother give.*—*Egyptian* is, perhaps, equivalent to *gypsy*, a very common use of the word. So in the travels of John Eldred ("the first Englishmen who reached India, overland") we have a description of some Arabs whom he came across at Feluja: "Their hair, apparel, and colour were altogether like to those vagabond *Egyptians*, which heretofore have gone about in England" (Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. p. 162). Again, in Randolph's Hey for Honesty, v. 1, Mercury sings:

> From *Egypt* have I come,
> With Solomon for my guide:
> By chiromancy I can tell,
> What fortunes thee betide;

to which one of the characters replies, "Well, thou art an arrant *gipsy*" (Randolph's Works, Hazlitt's ed. ii. p. 479). It is, perhaps, superfluous to note that *gypsy* is only a corruption of *Egyptian*, popular tradition assigning Egypt

as the original home of the gypsies, whereas most authorities are now agreed that they came from India. Ben Jonson speaks of "a *Gypsan* lady, and a right beldame," in The Sad Shepherd, ii. 1 (Works, Routledge's ed. p. 497). The association of magic with the *gypsies* is common enough.

175. Lines 70–72:

> *A* SIBYL, *that had number'd in the world*
> *The sun to course two hundred compasses,*
> *In her prophetic* FURY *sew'd the work.*

Here and in I. Henry VI. i. 2. 56 *sibyl* is used correctly as a substantive; in Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 116, and elsewhere the word is treated as a proper name. *Fury* is said in the sonnets of poetic inspiration, *e.g.* Sonnet c. line 3; so "poet's *rage*," Son. xvii. line 11.

176. Line 122: *To* FORTUNE'S ALMS.—The construction of the passage is rather loose, though the sense is clear enough; Cassio means that he will have to depend on such scraps of kindness as fortune may throw to him. Pope changed to *arms;* he must have forgotten Lear, i. 1. 281: "At *fortune's alms.*"

177. Line 128: *within the* BLANK.—As we should say, "within the range." *Blank*, of course, is the centre of a target.

178. Line 161: *But* JEALOUS *for they're* JEALOUS: *'t is a* MONSTER.—Compare line 166; the verse is a good instance of what one may call verbal irony.

179. Lines 174, 175:

> *and lovers' absent hours,*
> *More tedious than the dial eight score times?*

It is one of the love-symptoms noted by Democritus Junior that the lover when he is gone from his lady "thinks every minute an hour, every hour as long as a whole day, ten days a whole year, till he see her again" (The Anatomy of Melancholy, part III. sec. 2, mem. 3, reprint (Chatto & Windus), 1881, page 555).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

180. Line 1: *Will you think so? &c.*—The opening of this scene is difficult, and I cannot think that the distribution of the speeches is satisfactory. So far as I can understand the sense, it is this. Iago has been arguing, with subtlest hypocrisy, that after all there may be no harm in the connection existing between Desdemona and Cassio; pretending to make things look as well as possible for Desdemona, he fans the flame of Othello's jealousy. Grant that there had been a kiss—will Othello think that any evil was intended? Grant that there had been other things (of which he has told Othello *before* they come on the stage), may not these things have been done in pure innocence? Iago's part is, first to tell Othello that something has happened, and then to offer a damning palliation of the offence; Othello all the while dissents. I would suggest some such arrangement as the following:

> *Iago.* Will you think so?
> *Othello.* Think so, Iago! What,
> To kiss in private!
> *Iago.* (*Ironically*) An unauthóriz'd kiss.
> *Othello.* Or! to be naked with her friend in bed
> An hour or more—not meaning any harm:
> Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!

The repetition in line 5 seems to me pointed. The *kiss in private* and the *naked in bed* represent, I believe, what Iago has told Othello before they appear on the scene. Iago has been hypocritically suggesting that the incidents are blameless in themselves, and now Othello replies. As the text stands I can trace no sequence of thought.

[Other commentators, Lettsom, for instance, and Deighton, think also that these lines are not properly distributed. Mr. Verity's arrangement above is a very ingenious one; but the question is, would it be effective, or even intelligible, on the stage? An audience can understand Othello answering such a suggestion as Iago makes in lines 3, 4; but they would hardly understand if Othello spoke all these three lines, that is, from 3 to 6, that he was referring to what had passed between him and Iago before the scene opened; at least the words *not meaning any harm* must be given to Iago. All through the first part of this scene Iago is suggesting to Othello—or more than suggesting, telling him as facts—certain things which Cassio and Desdemona have done, which most decidedly imply that there was a guilty connection between them, and, at the same time, he pretends they afford no proof of guilt. He could not have adopted any more certain means of incensing Othello against both his wife and Cassio; for the very supposition that such familiarities were consistent with innocence would be an insult to his common sense. I think that it would be better, therefore, from a dramatic point of view, to leave lines 3 and 4 to be spoken by Iago; but the words *What, to kiss in private?* might certainly form part of Othello's speech, the *What* especially being very awkward as coming from Iago. The condition of Othello, at this point, must be borne in mind. He is on the brink of an epileptic attack, and, as is invariably the case before such attacks, he would find a difficulty in following out any consecutive line of thought.—F. A. M.]

181. Line 21: *As doth the* RAVEN *o'er th'* INFECTIOUS HOUSE.—*Infectious=infected, i.e.* where a sick person is lying. The superstition here referred to is a very old one; many similar passages might be quoted; for example, The Jew of Malta, ii. 1. 1, 2:

> Thus, like *the sad presaging raven, that tolls*
> *The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.*
> —Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 35.

Again, Peele's David and Bethsabe:

> Like as *the fatal raven, that in his voice*
> *Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths;*

where, as Dyce shows (Greene and Peele, p. 469), Peele was really translating some lines by Du Bartas; and Webster's The White Devil, iii. 1:

> *Flam.* How *croaks the raven?*
> Is our good duchess *dead?*
> *Lod. Dead.*
> —Webster's Works, in Mermaid ed. p. 59.

Compare also Macbeth, i. 5. 39–41.

182. Line 37: *that*'s FULSOME.—Properly *fulsome* only means *abundant;* cf. Richard III. v. 3. 132:

> I, that was wash'd to death with *fulsome* wine.

Then comes the idea of *overfulness* and so of *offensiveness*. See Merchant of Venice, note 91.

183. Line 38: *To confess, and be hang'd.*—This seems to have been a common proverb. Compare Marlowe's Jew of Malta, iv. 2: "Blame not us but the proverb, *confess and be hang'd*" (Works, vol. i. p. 253, edn. 1826); and again Halliwell quotes from Shirley's Love Tricks (iv. 6): "*Ruf.* Did you hear him confess it? *Bub.* Here 's right *confess and be hang'd* now."

184. Lines 39, 40: *Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some* INSTRUCTION.—Warburton proposed to alter *instruction* to *induction*, and he says that the state of Othello's mind is compared to an eclipse when the earth is darkened by the *induction* of the moon between it and the sun. But surely this is very far-fetched; although *induction*, in the sense of "groundwork of fact," would suit the sense of the passage well enough, if not better than *instruction;* but *induction* is used by Shakespeare invariably in the sense of "introduction" or "prelude," *e.g.* in Richard III. i. 1. 32:

> Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous;

and same play, iv. 4. 5:

> A dire *induction* am I witness to.

Some commentators, following Sir Joshua Reynolds' explanation, would make Othello refer to Cassio's dream, iii. 3. 413–426. There can be little doubt that Othello refers to the horrible feeling of growing mental darkness and oppression of the brain which immediately precede an epileptiform attack. Nothing can be more true to nature than the broken exclamations of this speech of Othello's, which Pope, in his blundering nambypambyism, called "trash." One can see the unhappy victim, his whole frame trembling with passion, his hand holding his head, into which, creeping from the spine, comes that terrible sense of numbness in the brain, accompanied, as it were, by a feeling of intense mental distress, which those who have suffered from epileptiform attacks know too well. It may be as well to notice here that the stage-direction in the Folio, *Falles in a traunce*, which is generally followed (substantially) in modern editions, is not so suitable to the circumstances as the direction in Q. 1, which simply is, *He fals downe.* Epilepsy and epileptiform attacks, which latter were not at that time distinguished from the more serious disease, were both called in Shakespeare's time "the falling sickness," a very apt name. The suddenness with which the unhappy sufferer falls to the ground in such attacks is one of the most characteristic features, and one which has led to fatal accidents in too many cases.—F. A. M.

185. Lines 51, 52:

> *My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:*
> *This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.*

The dramatic significance of this epileptic seizure, which Shakespeare now makes Othello undergo, has been almost entirely passed over by most commentators, except in its bearing upon the question of the Time of Action of the play. If we are to take Iago's words here literally, they certainly cannot but confirm the other indications (see note on Time of Action) that a much longer space of time is covered by the play than is included by the dramatic action. If Othello really had an epileptic attack on the day before, it is probable that some one besides Iago would have known of it, and an interval of at least a day must have elapsed between acts iii. and iv.; but from Bianca's words (line 155 below) "What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *even now?*" the action in this scene would seem to take place immediately after the last scene (iii. 4); but, as I have said before, it is useless to attempt to reconcile inconsistencies of this kind. Variations between the historic or actual time and the dramatic time must be allowed to a writer of any imaginative power. It is only your monster of artistic propriety, who writes his verse with the aid of a mathematical ruler, that can preserve the unities of time, place, and action. But there is a dramatic significance in this epileptic attack of Othello far beyond any question of the lapse of time. Though Bucknell, in his Med. Knowledge of Shakespeare (p. 274), says "this designation (epilepsy) appears a mere falsehood," with due deference to that authority, I would submit that Shakespeare's description of epilepsy, or, to be more precise, of an epileptiform attack, given here, is by no means untrue. When Cassio suggests that they should rub his temples Iago says (lines 54–56):

> The lethargy must have his quiet course:
> If not, he *foams at mouth*, and by and by
> *Breaks out to savage madness.*

This is a description of two of the features of true epilepsy. In epileptiform seizures *foaming at the mouth* does not always occur, nor is there always complete insensibility; but it is quite consistent with Iago's character and conduct at this juncture that he should exaggerate the symptoms. In a temperament predisposed to epilepsy such mental agony and violent excitement, as Othello has lately gone through, would be very likely to produce an epileptiform attack, on recovering from which he would be perfectly sensible, but would be in a more or less dazed condition; so that he would be a much easier subject for the deception which Iago proceeds now to practise on him. I have spoken in the Introduction of the injury done to the play by the omission of the greater part of this scene, which is absolutely essential to the plot, as it is the only scene in which Othello has any *visible* proof of Iago's story. In the physical and mental condition, which this epileptic attack would have produced, there is nothing at all surprising that he should accept the demeanour and gesture of Cassio in his dialogue with Iago, even without the strong confirmatory proof afforded by his seeing Desdemona's handkerchief in Bianca's possession as sufficient proof of the guilt of the lieutenant and his wife. To say, as Salvini did, that this scene is "not in accord with Othello's character," shows considerable misconception of that character. He is a man who habitually puts a very great restraint upon his passion; and the languor produced by the fit from which he had just suffered would help him in restraining himself from any personal violence to Cassio. Nothing can be more pathetic than the wave of tenderness which comes over his agonized spirit in the latter part of this scene, alternating as it does with almost savage ferocity. At last he loses his self-control and sense of dignity alike; and, in his outburst of passion before Lodovico, he shows how much he is degraded physically and morally.

In epileptiform patients there is very often a lapse of memory more or less partial; and though I would not insist on this point, it is quite possible that Shakespeare might have known that fact, and that we should thus account for Othello having, at the beginning of the scene (see line 19), forgotten the incident of the handkerchief; and, again, though he says (see below, line 164): "By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!" recognizing it in Bianca's hand, he says (line 184), in answer to Iago: "Was that (*i.e.* the handkerchief) mine?" Nor would it do to insist upon the fact that homicidal mania is very often developed in persons subject to epileptiform attacks; but we may safely say that it was not for nothing that Shakespeare introduced this incident of Othello's fit, for the physical strain to which he was thus subjected would materially assist Iago in the prosecution of his infamous design.—F. A. M.

186. Lines 77, 78:

Whilst you were here O'ERWHELMED *with your grief,—*
A passion most UNFITTING *such a man.*

Q. 1 has here "*erewhile, mad* with your grief;" the reading of Ff. and Q. 2, which we retain in our text, is much preferable. But in the next line Ff. have a curious mistake; they read "*resulting* such a man," an obvious misprint. The Devonshire copy of Q. 1 reads *vnsuting*, while Capell's copy and Q. 2 both read *vnfitting*.

187. Lines 101–104:

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his UNBOOKISH *jealousy must* CONSTRUE
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

This is a hint borrowed from the tale; compare the following: "He (Othello) immediately went [to Iago] and related what had just happened [an unimportant detail], begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could. . . . The ensign (Iago) rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him (Cassio) one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his movements and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he (*i.e.* Cassio) had concealed nothing from him. He says he had enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity" (*ut supra*, p. 298). The epithet *unbookish* here has been variously explained. Whiter (Specimen of Commentary, 1794), quoted by Furness, after citing many instances where Shakespeare has compared love and lovers to *books* (*e.g.* Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 60, 61:

And wide unclasp the *tables* of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader),

thought that *unbookish* referred to the "Books of Love" and the "language of Lovers." It is generally explained as=ignorant; but Furness points to the particular use of the word *bookish* in this same play (i. 1. 24), and he thinks that the word is used here in some peculiar sense, as if there were "Books of *Jealousy*" like Saviolo's "Practise of Honorable Quarrels." Perhaps the meaning is "his inexperienced or simple-minded jealousy, the jealousy of a nature which knew men from the study neither of mankind nor of books."

Ff. read *conserve*, which may very well be a misprint for *conceive;* but the Qq. read *conster*, which, in its modern form of *construe*, is preferred by nearly all editors; it certainly suits the word *unbookish* better than *conserve*, which is meaningless.

188. Line 108: *Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's* POWER. —So Qq.; Ff. read *dowre*, a reading which Knight, for some mysterious reason, retained.

189. Line 121: *you triumph,* ROMAN.—Manifestly the word *triumph* suggests the epithet *Roman*, which Warburton declared, however, to be one of the most manifest misprints in the whole of Shakespeare, and altered it to *rogue;* a proceeding which Shakespeare might himself have called a very roguish trick.

190. Line 130: *Have you scor'd me? Well.*—This has been variously explained. Johnson, for instance, says it means "Have you told the term of my life?" Others think that it means "marked," as they "marked" the backs of beasts. Compare Ant. and Cleo. iv. 7. 12, 13:

Let us *score* their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.

Others think that it means "Have you *scored* an account against me?" The readings of the older copies are various here. F. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read "Have you *scoar'd* me? Well." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "scoar'd me; Well." Q. 1 reads "*stor'd* me well," which Johnson suggests may mean "Have you disposed of me?"

191. Line 150: BEFORE ME!—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 4. 34: "*A fore me!* 't is so very late;" All 's Well, ii. 3. 31: "*'fore me,* I speak in respect;" and Coriolanus, i. 1. 124, where Mr. Aldis Wright notes that probably it was a petty oath substituted for the more usual "fore *God*," in deference to the severe statute which was passed in the reign of James I. "to restrain the abuses of Players;" this act commenced with the words "For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the holy Name of God, in Stage-playes, Enterludes, May games, Shews and such like." In consequence of this statute the reading of the Quartos is often toned down in the Folio; for example, in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 121, where Qq. read *I pray God grant them*, the Folio has the milder *I wish;* and other instances might be quoted. Probably it was for this reason that Shakespeare used such classical asseverations as *by Janus* (i. 2. 33), *by Jove*, &c.

192. Lines 139, 140: *and falls me thus about my neck.*—Q. 1 has "*by this hand* she fals thus," &c.; the reading of the Folio seems preferable, as *by this hand* is not necessary. It is evident from the next line that Cassio is intended here to illustrate by gesture Bianca's action.

Just below (line 144) there is another discrepancy between Ff. and Qq. We have retained the reading of Qq.; Ff. read "so *shakes* and pulls me."

193. Line 151: *such another* FITCHEW.—For a full ac-

count of this word see Troilus and Cressida, note 293. The expression *such another* is a contemptuous one which Schmidt compares to the German *auch so eine.* Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 282 (Folio 1): "you are *such another* woman." This expression is used by Shakespeare in three other passages: Merry Wives, i. 4. 160; Much Ado, iii. 4. 87; II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 275.

194. Lines 184–186.—Qq. omit this speech, probably by accident; for, as Jennens pointed out, the catchword at the foot of the page is *Iag*, which shows that the speech was in the MS., though possibly it might have been omitted in the acting.

195. Line 193: *my heart is turn'd to stone.*—Compare v. 2. 63: "thou dost *stone my heart.*" Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 15–17:

> throw my heart
> Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
> Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder.

There the thought is too much elaborated; but surely the commentators go a little too far in saying that the pathos of the speech in the text is marred by the touch of realism. "I strike it and it hurts my hand."

196. Line 199: *she will sing the savageness out of a bear!* —Here again we have a closely parallel passage in Venus and Adonis, 1095, 1096:

> when he hath sung,
> The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.

197. Line 206: *the pity* OF *it.*—We may compare Macbeth, i. 5.-5: "the wonder *of* it." I suppose it is an ordinary possessive genitive: the pity, or pitifulness, which it (the circumstances) contains. Perhaps, however, *of*= *concerning, about;* cf. Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 42: "'T is pity *of* him." See Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, p. 114.

198. Lines 209, 210: *If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her* PATENT *to offend.*—Malone compares Edward III. (1596), ii. 1. 426:

> Why then give sin a *passport* to offend.

199. Lines 227, 228:

> *Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico*
> *Come from the duke.*

The reading in our text is from the Qq. with Theobald's punctuation as adopted by the Cambridge edd. F. 1 reads:

> I warrant something from Venice,
> 'T is *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.
> See, your wife's with him.

The other Ff. read the same except that F. 2 has a comma after *Lodovico*, which F. 3, F. 4 retain, but have no comma after *this.*

200. Line 229:

> Lod. *Save you, worthy general!*
> Oth. *With all my heart, sir.*

Q. 1 here has: "*God* save *the* worthy general." The reading in our text is that of the other Qq. and Ff. The omission of the word *God* was made simply on account of the act of James I. so often alluded to, and is of no importance, as the expression *Save you!* is merely elliptical for "*God* save you!" The difficulty here is how we are to take Othello's answer. Malone says that Othello spoke with no relation to what Lodovico had just said; but Steevens and other commentators explain Othello's words as welcoming "the pious wish expressed on his behalf;" and they compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 157, where, in answer to Isabella's wish, "Heaven keep your honour safe!" Angelo says "Amen!"

201. Line 245: Oth. *Are you wise?*—In Fechter's acting edition this speech is given to Iago, with the stage-direction that he "seizes the arm of Othello across the table." This certainly seems to be, unlike most of Fechter's emendations, a most sensible suggestion. The speech, one cannot but feel, is out of place in Othello's mouth, and can have very little significance coming from him, as Desdemona has evidently turned round to Lodovico again after Othello's last furious exclamation; and it is quite in keeping with Iago's hypocritical assumption of honesty that he should attempt to recall Othello here to his better self.—F. A. M.

202. Line 251: Oth. *Devil!* [Striking her.]—The stage-direction was added by Theobald, and is justified by what Lodovico says below (line 283): "*What, strike his wife!*" This is one of the most painful incidents in the whole play. In the hands of Salvini it became absolutely brutal; for he used to strike Desdemona with his hand on the face; but most actors are content to strike her with the paper which Othello holds in his hand, and which he has been biting in his rage on hearing that Cassio is to supersede him in his command.

203. Line 257: *Each drop she* FALLS *would prove a* CROCODILE.—For the active use of "to fall" compare Lucrece, 1551:

> For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous account of *crocodiles* current in his time In Bullokar's English Expositor, one of the earliest English dictionaries (edn. 1616), we find the following (quoted by Malone): "It is written, that he will weep over a dead man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signifie such tears are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive; or doe harm."

204. Line 269: *I am commanded* HOME.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has *here.*

205. Line 274: *Goats and monkeys!*—This may be a recollection of Iago's speech above, iii. 3. 403:

> Were they as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*

206. Line 280: *is he not* LIGHT *of brain?*—As we say, *light-headed.* Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 148, 149:

> Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
> Thence to a *lightness.*

ACT IV. Scene 2.

207. Line 18: *the purest of their* WIVES.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "the purest of their *sex.*"

208. Line 22: *A* CLOSET-LOCK-AND-KEY *of villanous secrets.*—Compare Henry V. ii. 2. 96:

> Thou that didst *bear the key of all my counsels.*

[Malone was the first to observe on the difficulty of deciding where this scene is supposed to take place. Line 28,

where Othello tells Emilia to shut the door, indicates that it is in a room in Othello's castle. On the other hand, line 171, Iago says to Desdemona, "*Go in*, and weep not," which Malone thought might indicate that the scene was without the castle; but surely *Go in* means nothing more than "Go into your own room." But the appearance of Roderigo here in the same scene is perhaps a greater difficulty; for, after what had occurred in the first act, Roderigo would not be likely to visit Othello or to venture into his house; but, as Cowden Clarke pointed out, we must remember that Roderigo is partially disguised, and that also, as the guard-room was in the castle, it was very natural that Roderigo should go there to look for Iago. The residence of Othello would seem to have been in a public and not in a private building; in fact, merely a portion of the chief fortified place in the town. —F. A. M.]

209. Line 24. *Pray*, CHUCK, *come hither.*—The word is used much in the same bitterly ironical way by Macbeth, iii. 2. 44–46:

> *Lady M.* What's to be done?
> *Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*,
> Till thou applaud the deed.

210. Lines 54, 55:

> *The fixed figure for* THE TIME, FOR SCORN,
> *To point his slow* AND MOVING *finger at.*

As to the second line: the Folio reading *and moving* seems to me far more vivid and realistic than the *unmoving* of the Quarto of 1622. In the first line the Quartos read *time of scorn;* the Folio has *time of Scorne*, emphasizing more clearly the fact that *Scorn* is personified. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt, and I confess *time of scorn* conveys no meaning to me. I have ventured, therefore, much as I dislike tampering with the text, to introduce a slight emendation. As the couplet now stands the sense is simple. The use of *time* where we should say *the times, i.e.* the present age, is common enough; cf. Hunter's Illustrations, ii. 240. Hunter, by the way, is commenting on Hamlet, iii. 1. 70:

> For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time.*

Is it an absolutely impossible idea that what Shakespeare really wrote in the present passage was,

> The fixed figure for the *scorn of time?*

At any rate the Hamlet line is worth remembering in connection with this well-known crux, although the editors do not seem to have noted the point, if point it be. Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *monstrari digito prætereuntium.* [I believe that Mr. Verity's conjecture, *the scorn of time* (an emendation, by the way, which was first suggested by Malone), is the right reading. It is the simplest alteration, and is strongly supported by the line quoted from Hamlet, iii. 1. 70: "the whips and *scorns of time.*" All the old copies agree in reading the *time of scorn;* but the two words may easily have been misplaced. If we adhere to the reading of the old copies, we must accept Steevens's explanation that *the time of scorn* is an expression here like, "the hour of death," the idea being taken from a clock. This speech is so pathetic and so exquisitely musical, that one resents the occurrence in it of any difficulty or obscurity.—F. A. M.]

211. Line 68: *Who art so* LOVELY-FAIR.—I have ventured to treat *lovely fair* as a compound. Compare:

> Play'd with a boy so *lovely-fair* and kind.
> —Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 195,
> Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 31.

212. Line 71, 72:

> *Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,*
> *Made to write "whore" upon?*

Massinger must have had these lines in his memory when he wrote the following passage in the Emperor of the East, iv. 5:

> Can you think
> This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum,
> Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
> Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,
> In capital letters, writ upon it.
> —Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 345.

The speaker, it should be added, in the extract is the jealous husband; he points to the face of his wife, whom he suspects of being unfaithful.

213. Line 72: *What* COMMITTED!—An offensive *double entente;* in fact, as Polonius would say, "a vile phrase." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 84.

214. Line 78: *The* BAWDY WIND, *that* KISSES *all it meets.* —Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 16:

> Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet* wind.

We have, too, "the *wanton* wind" in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 129.

215. Line 144: *Speak within door.*—Johnson explained this phrase, "Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house;" perhaps we might paraphrase it nearer, thus; "Do not speak so loud as to be heard outside the room." Qq. have "Speak within *dores.*" It is very important to Iago that Othello should not hear this speech of his good wife; or, even at the last moment, his eyes might have been opened to the treachery of his "honest" ancient.

216. Line 153: *Either in* DISCOURSE OF THOUGHT *or* ACTUAL DEED.—*Discourse of thought* must be equivalent to *thought*, the natural antithesis to *action* ("actual deed"). So in Macbeth, v. 1. 12, we find "*actual* performances" = what Lady Macbeth does, her walking in her sleep and so forth, placed in contrast with what she says. The exact shade of meaning which the poet wished *discourse* to bear in such a phrase as *discourse of thought* it is impossible to determine; we may compare, however, the parallel expressions "*discourse* of reason" in Hamlet, i. 2. 150, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 116. See note 120 on the latter play. It should be observed that in the present passage Q. 2 and Q. 3 read "*or* thought," a variation for which, I think, there is nothing to be said.

217. Line 160: *And his unkindness may* DEFEAT *my life.* —For *defeat* = destroy, cf. Sonnet lxi. 11:

> Mine own true love that doth my rest *defeat;*

and for the substantive in same sense, Hamlet, ii. 2. 597, 598:

> Upon whose property and most *dear life*
> A damn'd *defeat* was made.

Defeat is simply the French *défaire* = to undo, render void: so that Shakespeare is using the word in its strict signification.

218. Line 167: *And he does* CHIDE WITH *you.*—Ff. omit this line. Compare Sonnet cxi. 1:

> O, for my sake do you *with* Fortune *chide.*

Baret (Alvearie, 1573) gives "To complaine, to make a quarrell, to *chide with* one for a thing."

219. Line 192: *sudden respect and* ACQUAINTANCE.—This is the reading of Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 1 has *acquittance,* which some edd. prefer; the meaning being "requital."

220. Lines 196, 197: NAY, I THINK IT IS *scurvy, and begin to find myself* FOBB'D *in it.*—We have followed the reading of Ff.; Q. 1 has "*by this hand,* I say 't is very scurvy;" Q. 2, Q. 3: "I say 't is very scurvy." *Fobb'd* =deluded, cheated. It seems to me best to print this, the ordinary form of the word, though the Quartos and Folios all give *fopt.* In II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 37, we have *fubb'd.* The word is common enough; cf. Coriolanus i. 1. 97; and The London Prodigal i. 1:

> What doth he think to *fob off* his posterity with paradoxes?
> Tauchnitz ed. p. 225.

221. Line 229: *he goes into* MAURITANIA.—"Othello," says Hunter (Illustrations, ii. pp. 280, 281), "is to be regarded as a Moor in the proper sense of the word, a native of the northern coast of Africa towards the west." Upon this point, however, see the Introduction, p. 12.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

222. Line 23: *Good* FAITH, *how foolish are our minds!*—This is the usually-adopted reading. The Folios have *good father.*

223. Lines 28, 29:

> *she had a song of* "WILLOW;"
> *An old thing.*

Upon the subject of this old ballad I shall venture to "convey" Mr. Chappell's remarks. "The song," he says, "of *Oh! willow, willow,* which Desdemona sings in the fourth act of *Othello,* is contained in a MS. volume of songs, with accompaniment for the lute, in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 15. 117). Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps considers the transcript to have been made about the year 1633: Mr. Oliphant (who catalogued the musical MSS.) dates it about 1600; but the manuscript undoubtedly contains songs of an earlier time, such as—

> O death! rock me asleep,
> Bring me to quiet rest, &c.,

attributed to Anne Boleyn, and which Sir John Hawkins found in a MS. of the reign of Henry VIII. The song of *Willow, willow,* is also found in the Roxburghe Ballads, i. 54; and was printed by Percy from a copy in the Pepys collection, entitled 'A Lover's Complaint, being Forsaken of his Love; to a pleasant tune'" (Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 206). Mr. Chappell prints the music of the song, subsequently (p. 774) observing that the music at any rate must be older than 1600, since it is found in the Lutebook (dated 1583) of Thomas Dallis, a Cambridge musician of the time. As to the burden, *Willow, willow,* it was a favourite one in sixteenth-century songs. There is, for instance, a song by John Heywood (famous for his rather dreary Interludes), which is printed in a volume entitled The Moral Play of Wit and Science, p. 86 (Old Shakespeare Society Publications, 1848), and which has the following burden:

> All a green willow; willow, willow, willow;
> All a green willow, is my garland.

Again, Mr. Chappell (p. 206) quotes a stanza of a ballad in A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions (1578), which commences thus:

> My love, what disliking in me do you find,
> Sing all of green willow;
> That on such a sudden you alter your mind?
> Sing willow, willow, willow.

Compare too The Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 79, 80:

> Then she sung
> Nothing but "willow, willow, willow;"
> —Dyce's Beaumont & Fletcher, vol. xi. p. 403.

and Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable, i. 1. 206:

> Shall Camillo then sing "willow, willow, willow?"
> —Bullen's Middleton, vol. i. p. 14.

and Massinger's Maid of Honour, v. 1:

> You may cry *Willow, willow!* for your brother.
> —Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 278.

To turn now to another point—the Pepysian version of the song, in which, by the way, the speaker of the stanzas is not the deserted lady, but a forsaken lover. The ballad is far too long for insertion here; I will give, however, the stanzas which correspond to those sung by Desdemona:

> A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
> O willow, willow, willow!
> With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
> O willow, willow, willow!
> O willow, willow, willow!
> Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The cold streame ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
> O willow, &c.
> The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
> O willow, &c.
> Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
>
> The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;
> O willow, &c.
> The soft tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
> O willow, &c.
> Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
>
> Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
> O willow, &c.
> She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love;
> O willow, &c.
> Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

This extract, to repeat myself, is from the ballad as given by Percy from the original in the Pepysian collection (see the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Gilfillan's ed. vol. i. pp. 158, 159). The variations from Shakespeare's version need not be pointed out; it is probable that the Pepysian ballad was a popular reimpression (dating, says Rimbault, from Charles II.'s reign; from Charles I.'s reign, says Collier, 1646–1650) of an old Elizabethan original; and this would explain the fact that the version quoted by Chappell from the MS. volume of music in the British Museum, the version printed by Percy, and the fragmentary quotations that occur in the play, are all different, each, perhaps, being a more or less approximate reproduction of some lost original. Another point in connection with this ballad. In the volume of Shakespeare's songs edited by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Stone for the

New Shakspere Society (1884), we are informed (page 53) that at least eleven settings of what Desdemona sings are known. The list includes three notable versions: by Lindley, in his Dramatic Songs of Shakspere, 1816; by Bishop, "sung in Comedy of Errors by Miss Stephens" (see Introduction to that play); and by Sir Arthur Sullivan. There is, too, a *Willow* song in Rossini's Othello; as also in Verdi's last opera, produced at Milan. The librettist of this latest of operatic Othellos represents Desdemona as singing the air *after* the jealous Moor has bidden her prepare to die. Finally, to bring this discursive note to a close, it is almost superfluous to note that the *willow* is a familiar type of sorrow, chosen, perhaps, says Dyer (Folklore of Shakspeare, p. 105), in reference to Psalm cxxxvii. verse 2. See Merchant of Venice, note 324.

224. Line 40: *walk'd* BARE-FOOTED *to Palestine.*—So Q. 2; F. 1 *barefoot.* Compare Troilus and Cressida, note 32.

225. Line 41: *The poor soul sat* SIGHING.—Q. 1 omits from "I've much to do," line 31, to "Nay that's not next," inclusive, line 53; and lines 55–58, and lines 60–63. Ff. have *singing;* the Q. 2 (which we follow), *sighing.*

226. Line 54: *It's the* WIND.—A wonderful touch, adding infinitely to the mystery and terror of the scene.

227. Line 86: *as would* STORE *the world.*—*Store* is equivalent to the coarser word *stock.* The substantive is used several times in the Sonnets in exactly the same sense; *e.g.* Sonnet xi. line 9:

> Let those whom Nature hath not made for *store;*

Sonnet xiv. line 12:

> If from thyself to *store* thou wouldst convert;

and Sonnet lxxxiv. line 3:

> In whose confine immured is the *store.*

228. Line 88. SLACK *their duties.*—Compare Lear, ii. 4. 248: "If then they chanc'd to *slack* you;" *i.e.* be slack in attending upon you.

229. Line 105: *heaven me such* USES *send.*—*Uses* here = *experiences;* perhaps, too, a punning reference is intended to the previous lines: "Then let them *use* us well," &c.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

230. Line 1: *behind this* BULK.—F. 1, F. 2 have *barke;* F. 3, F. 4 *bark.* Qq. (which we follow substantially) have *bulke.* Singer substituted *balk* (which, it appears, was also the emendation of Collier's Old Corrector), and says that *balk* is defined by Huloet as "the chief beame or *piller* of a house." Knight, while printing *bulk,* has little doubt that *bark* "was correctly used by Shakespeare in this instance as a projecting part of the fortification,—a buttress," but he gives no instance of such a use. For *bulk* = the projecting part of a shop where goods were exposed for sale, see Coriolanus, ii. 1. 226–229, where Brutus, describing the reception of Coriolanus in Rome on his return from victory, says:

> stalls, *bulks,* windows
> Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
> With variable complexions, all agreeing
> In earnestness to see him.

That is the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses the word.

231. Lines 11, 12:

> *I've rubb'd this young* QUAT *almost to the sense,*
> *And he grows angry.*

There has been much discussion about this passage. Q. 1 reads *gnat,* which some edd. adopt; but there can be very little doubt that the reading of Ff. (followed by Q. 2, Q. 3) is the right one, as the whole context shows. *Quat* is used still in the Midland counties, and in Warwickshire especially, in the sense of a pimple, and Steevens quotes from Webster's The Devil's Law Case, 1623 (act ii. sc. i.): "O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world" (Works, Dyce's edn. vol. ii. p. 36); and Dekker's Gul's Hornbook: "Whosoeuer desires to bee a man of good reckoning in the Cittie, . . . whether he be a yong *Quat* of the first yeeres reuennew, or some austere and sullen-faed steward . . . my councell is that hee take his continuall diet at the Tauerne" (edn. 1609, chap. 8, pp. 32, 33).

These passages alone, I think, would settle the question; but the context leaves scarcely any room for doubt that *quat* = "a pimple" is the right word here; for "*to rub to the* sense," as Johnson pointed out, is "to rub to the quick;" and we still talk of an *angry* sore, or an *angry* boil, or an *angry* spot; the *angry* or inflamed condition being exactly what would be the result of rubbing the sore. As to the reading of Q. 1, *gnat,* compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 124.—F. A. M.

232. Line 14: *Every way makes my gain.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *game.*

233. Line 16: *that I* BOBB'D *from him.*—See Troilus and Cressida, note 161, where the word is fully discussed.

234. Line 22: *No, he must die:*—BE'T *so:* I HEAR *him coming.*—F. 1 has "*But* so, I hear him coming," which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 follow, except that F. 2 has *heare,* F. 3, F. 4 *hear.* Many edd. prefer the *But so* of Ff. to the reading of Qq. Dyce suggests that it might have been intended for "But *soft.*"

235. Line 27: *I'm maim'd for ever.*—Malone thought that Iago's reason for wounding Cassio in the leg was because he had overheard what he says above (line 24), when attacked by Roderigo, that he wore secret armour; but Shakespeare is only following here the novel. (See Introduction p. 8). Knight points out that the costume of a *soldato disarmato,* according to Vecellio, was a buff jerkin and a scarf of company, so that his legs would be the least protected part of his body. As Iago's object was not to maim, but to kill Cassio, it is most probable that he aims his blow at the thigh, intending to sever the femoral artery, in which case the wounded man must have bled to death. Some representatives of Iago on the stage only aim their blow at the leg behind the knee, which is a mistake.—F. A. M.

236. Lines 34, 35:

> *And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!*
> *Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted.*

The reading adopted in line 35 is that substantially of Ff.; *hies* being spelt *highes;* while Qq. read "fate hies *apace.*" "*Forth* of" is the reading of Qq.; F. 1 has "*For*

of;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *For off*. *Forth of*=out of, is used by Shakespeare in several passages, *e.g.* in Julius Cæsar, iii. 3. 3:

> I have no will to wander *forth of* doors.

237. Line 37: *no watch? no* PASSAGE.—The explanation given in our foot-note of *passage*=passengers is the one generally adopted. Perhaps it means, more literally, "no *passing* of steps." We may compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 98, 99:

> If by strong hand you offer to break in
> Now in the stirring *passage* of the day,

where "*passage* of the day" seems to mean "time of the day when most traffic of foot passengers is going on."

238. Line 48: *that* CRIES ON *murder*.—For *cry on*=*cry out*, cf. Hamlet, v. 2. 375: "This quarry *cries on* havoc." Compare also Marston's Eastward Hoe, ii. 1:

> Who *cries on* murther? Lady, was it you?
> —Works, Halliwell's edn. vol. iii. p. 20.

239. Line 86: *To* BE A PARTY *in this injury*.—So Ff.; Qq. have "To *beare* a part."

240. Line 105: *Stay you, good* GENTLEMEN.—So Ff.; Qq. have *gentlewoman*, which Malone strongly defends, on the ground that there is no reason for Lodovico and Gratiano going away, while Bianca would naturally follow her wounded lover; but, as Reed points out, Cassio having been named as Othello's successor, it was natural enough that Lodvoico and Gratiano should follow, to see if they could render him any assistance, out of respect for his office, even if not out of friendship. A far stronger reason for preferring the reading of Ff. is to be found in the context. Iago begins his speech addressing Bianca *What, look you pale?* (line 104)—then gives direction to carry the two wounded men "out of the air," and, as he addresses the rest of his speech to Gratiano and Lodovico, with the exception of the one sentence, *Look you pale, mistress?*—there can be little doubt that it is to them, and not to her, that he addresses the words *Stay you*. Nor is his mode of address to Bianca throughout this scene such that he would be likely to call her by any complimentary title; for it was his cue to be rude and brutal, as he wishes to make her out as bad a character as possible.—F. A. M.

241. Line 106: *Do you perceive the* GASTNESS *of her eye?*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *jeastures*. The form *gastness* is noticeable; it is obviously allied to *aghast*, which Skeat derives from "*á*, prefix: and *gēstan*, to terrify, torment." Indeed *aghast* should really be spelt *agast*, the latter being short for *agasted*, the past participle of *agasten*. Possibly the *h* was introduced through some erroneous idea that the word was cognate with *ghost*. We have *gasted* in Lear, ii. 1. 57:

> Or whether *gasted* by the noise I made.

Cotgrave renders *espouventable* by "horrible, *gastful*, horrid;" *gastful* occurs in Spenser, The Shepheard's Calender, August:

> Here will I dwell apart
> In *gastful* grove;

and Chaucer repeatedly, if not regularly, uses the form *agaste*—*e.g.* The Monkes Tale (Balthasar):

> This honde, that Balthasar so sore *agaste*.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

242.—The account of Desdemona's death in the novel is as follows: "'A method,' says Iago, 'has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body: when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head; then give out that a beam in falling has done this and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental.' This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answered Yes—'Get up then and see what it is.' Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, 'Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity! even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds.' The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, 'That since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine justice in favour of her honour and her truth;' and invoking the Divine Assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in her bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams" (*ut supra*, pp. 303–305).

243. Lines 1–3:

> *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—*
> *Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—*
> *It is the cause.*

This appears to me to be one of the most difficult passages in the whole play, and one of which there never has been yet given any satisfactory explanation. What does Othello mean by *the cause?* Does he mean *the cause* which impels him to take Desdemona's life, or does he mean *the cause* which has occasioned her supposed unfaithfulness to him? Fechter, apparently taking the latter to be the meaning, provoked a tempest of ridicule from nearly all the critics, by making Othello catch sight of his own face in a looking-glass. In his stage-version the passage is thus printed:

> "Othello accidentally touches the glass in which he sees his bronzed face,—(*With bitter despair*):
> It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!
> (*returning to the window his eyes fixed on the heavens.*)

Let me not name it to you you chaste stars!
(*looking at his face once again.*)
It is the cause!
(*He violently throws the glass into the sea, goes to the door, locks it, advances to the bed, half drawing his sword.*)"

Certainly this explanation has the merit of boldness. I suppose the idea in Fechter's mind was that Othello attributed Desdemona's intrigue with Cassio to her repugnance to his own tawny complexion, which repugnance drove her to seek consolation in the arms of one of her own countrymen; and that this unchastity of hers was what was not to be named to the *chaste stars.* Johnson explains the passage as follows: "The meaning I think is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but 'it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause'" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 462). Steevens says: "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause, i.e.* the greatness of the provocation he had received. He may, however, mean—It is the *cause* of chastity and virtue, that I maintain" (*ut supra*, pp. 462, 463). Hudson says: "Othello means that Desdemona's crime is the sole motive or reason that impels him to the present act; that in this alone he has a justifying cause, a 'compelling occasion' for what he is about to do" (Furness, p. 293). Grant White, who found the passage most perplexing, could not make up his mind what *the cause* was; though on line 2 he says the *it* "refers to Desdemona's supposed unchastity" (*ut supra*, p. 293). Perhaps the general meaning is clear enough: Othello is trying to justify to himself the act of murder that he is about to do. Addressing his soul, he seeks to silence the reproaches of conscience by insisting that his deed is justified by *the cause.* In fact, as he says further on, at the end of this speech (line 21), "this sorrow's *heavenly,*" that is to say, "akin to the divine." "It strikes where it doth love;" as we read in Holy Scripture "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Again, further on, he says (lines 63–65):

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart.
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

Compare also lines 137–139:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity.

Emilia seems to understand the spirit in which Othello has taken Desdemona's life, when she says (lines 160, 161):

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Indeed, throughout the scene, it is quite evident that Othello had persuaded himself that he was committing not an act of murder, but an act of solemn justice; and though *cause* may not be exactly the word we should have expected, yet it is one too often abused in connection with crimes of homicide; it is found so often in the mouth of the man who gratifies his own personal malice against his enemy under the guise of "the wild justice of revenge;" or in that of the political cut-throat, who does not scruple to run the risk of taking scores of innocent lives on the chance of reaching the tyrant whom he and his fellow-assassins have condemned to death. Numberless are the cowardly and brutal crimes that have been justified, according to some, by the sacred *cause* for which they were committed.—F. A. M.

244. Line 5: *smooth as* MONUMENTAL ALABASTER.—Alabaster was much used for tombs and monuments (see Merchant of Venice, note 22). Compare also Comus, 659–661:

if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in *alablaster,*
And you a *statue.*

Coryat tells us that he saw in one of the libraries at Venice "a little world of memorable antiquities, made in *Alabaster*" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. i. p. 224). The simile, of course, is natural and effective; cf. Lucrece, 419:

Her azure veins, her *alabaster* skin;

with line 391 of the same poem:

Where, like a virtuous *monument,* she lies.

So The Woman in the Moone, iv. 1:

Such golden hayre, such *alabaster* lookes.
—Fairholt's Lilly, ii. 191.

Alablaster is the old and incorrect form, used by Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto ii. st. xlii. line 7:

Her *alablaster* brest she soft did kis.

In Paradise Regained, iv. 547, we find the right form:

appearing like a mount
Of *alabaster,* topt with golden spires.

245. Lines 7–13: *Put out the light,* &c.—These lines are full of very wonderful tragic intensity. The speaker seizes on some trivial, accidental object and makes it serve as an illustration of his own position and purpose. We have a precisely parallel piece of artistic subtlety in Richard II. v. 5. 41–48, where the king, in his prison, hears music outside, and lets the music serve as a kind of unconscious commentary on his own jangling, ill-tuned life, and that of men generally.

[We have printed line 7 as Capell prints it. It has been very variously punctuated by different editors, but certainly his arrangement seems the best. Whether Othello carries on the light himself, or whether the light is burning by the bedside, the idea is the same. He is going to extinguish it, when he checks himself as the thought occurs to him which is so beautifully amplified in the following lines. Goldwin Smith thought that this line was a stage-direction which had crept into the text, and would omit it altogether; but surely the beauty of the passage is much injured by such an omission.—F. A. M.]

There are some discrepancies between the Qq. and Ff. in this passage. In line 10 the Qq. read: "But once put out *thine;*" we have kept the reading of Ff. Again, in line 13 Q. 1 has "That can thy light *returne;*" Q. 2, Q. 3 have *relume;* the reading in our text is substantially that of Ff.; they print *re-lume.*

246. Line 22: *It strikes where it doth* LOVE.—"Let me repeat"—I quote from Coleridge's Lectures—"that Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago

—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but in considering the essence of the Shakesperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall feel immediately the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is, in other respects, a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most?" (Lectures on Shakspere, pp. 393, 394). This, it seems to me, is one of those passages in which Coleridge reveals the very heart and vital idea of the poet's work. So far as I know, all modern criticism of the present drama is based on that of Coleridge; a statement indeed which is true of Shakespearian criticism in general—at any rate to a very considerable extent.

247. Line 31: *I would not kill thy* UNPREPARED SPIRIT. —We may remember Hamlet, i. 5. 76–79:

> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
> . . . . .
> No reckoning made, but sent to my account
> With all my imperfections on my head.

The idea comes out very clearly and pathetically in Heywood's A Woman Killed with Kindness, iv. 6:

> O me unhappy! I have found them lying
> Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
> But that I would not damn two precious souls,
> Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
> With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
> Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
> Had met upon my rapier.
> —Thomas Heywood's Select Plays, in Mermaid ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Massinger, The Bashful Lover, ii. 7:

> Stand forth and tremble!
> This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,
> Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
> For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
> *I would not kill thy soul.*
> —Cunningham's Massinger, p. 540.

248. Line 46: *They do not* POINT ON *me.*—For *point on*= point to, refer to, compare Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 31, 32:

> they are portentous things
> Unto the climate that they *point upon.*

So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 330, 331:

> find Hector's purposes
> *Pointing on* him.

249. Lines 64, 65:

> *And mak'st me call what I intend to do*
> *A* MURDER, *which I thought a* SACRIFICE.

The sense is: "I came to kill you with the feeling in my mind that I was about to fulfil a sacred duty; but you *stone my heart* (the Quarto has *thy* heart), you fill my soul with pitiless cruelty, and when I stab you it will be, not with the calmness of the priest, rather with the remorseless rage of the murderer." Othello will now be an assassin; before he was only avenging justice. His deed is no longer sanctified by sorrow.

250. Lines 83, 84:

> Oth. *It is too late.*
> Emil. *My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!*

So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630. The Quarto of 1622 inserts a fragment which is much better away; it reads:

> *Oth.* Tis too late.
> *Des.* O Lord, Lord, Lord.
> *Em.* My Lord, my Lord, &c.

Perhaps the words placed in the mouth of Desdemona represent a piece of player's gag.

251. Line 83: [Smothers her].—"To the Cockpitt to see 'The Moore of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered" (Pepys' Diary, Oct. 13, 1660).

252. Line 97: *My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.*—Did Tennyson by any chance remember this line when he wrote in Enoch Arden—

> There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
> But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
> His home, he walk'd?

253. Line 110: *she comes* MORE NEAR THE EARTH.—We may recollect Milton's:

> while overhead the moon
> Sits arbitress, and *nearer to the earth*
> Wheels her pale course. —Paradise Lost, i. 784–786.

254. Line 183: *Go to,* CHARM *your* TONGUE.—Johnson thought it "not improbable that Shakespeare wrote *clam* your tongue; to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow and hinders the sound." The proposed correction is certainly maladroit, and perfectly unnecessary, to *charm the tongue, i.e.* to put it under the spell of silence, being a proverbial phrase. Compare The London Prodigal, ii. 1:

> Away, sirrah; *charm your tongue;*
> —Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays, Tauchnitz ed. p. 231.

and Cynthia's Revels, i. 1:

> How now! my dancing braggart! *charm your skipping tongue.*
> —Ben Jonson's Works, Routledge's ed. p. 72.

Perhaps in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 250, *clamour* is, as Gifford supposed, a misprint for *charm*. Furness, by the way (Variorum Othello, p. 315), refers us to The Faerie Queene, v. ix. xxxix. line 3, where *charm*, however, might mean *tune*, a sense which it bears in Colin Clouts Come Home Againe, line 5: "*charming* his oaten pipe." See Globe edition of Spenser, pp. 341 and 549.

255. Line 220: *as liberal as the* NORTH.—The First Quarto (1622) gives *ayre*, and this reading has been adopted by many editors. It is more obvious than the *north* of the Folios, which I have retained (as does the Globe edition), and which may be partly paralleled by Cymbeline, i. 3. 36, 37:

> And like the tyrannous breathing of *the north*
> Shakes all our buds from growing.

Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *wind*, remembering perhaps As You Like It, ii. 7. 47, 48:

> I must have liberty
> Withal, as large a charter as the *wind.*

256. Line 235: PRECIOUS *villain!*—The 1630 Quarto has, less graphically, *pernicious.*

257. Lines 247, 248:

I will play the SWAN,
And DIE *in* MUSIC.

A very old superstition, alluded to in The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 44, and King John, v. 7. 21, and based, perhaps, on Ovid's

Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.
—Heroides, vii. 1, 2.

With the English poets the idea is a very favourite one. Compare' The Phœnix and the Turtle, 14–17; and Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 266, 267:

the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing;
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 67.

and Wyatt's The Dying Lover Complaineth:

Like as the swan towards her death
Doth strain her voice with doleful note.
—Wyatt's Works, ed. Gilfillan, p. 80.

Many other references might be given; *e.g.* one in Sidney's Sonnets, Arber's English Garner, ii. p. 173; another in Spenser's Shepheards Calender, October (*glosse*); another in Love's Metamorphosis, iii. 1—Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 238; and so on.

258. Line 253: *It is a* SWORD *of* SPAIN.—Spanish swords were, of course, exceedingly famous and in request. Allusions to them are frequent enough; *e.g.* 'T is Pity She's A Whore, i. 2: "spoonmeat is a wholesomer diet than a *Spanish blade*" (Ford's Select Plays, in Mermaid ed. p. 104).

259. Line 268: *And very* SEA-MARK *of my utmost sail.*—So Coriolanus, v. 3. 72: "Like a great *sea-mark.*"

260. Lines 272, 273:

O ill-starr'd WENCH!
Pale as thy SMOCK!

"I may observe," wrote a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine in 1829, "that among the common people in Staffordshire the words *boy* and *girl* seem even now to be scarcely known, or at least are never used, *lad* and *wench* being the universal substitutes. Young women also are called wenches, without any offensive meaning, though in many parts, and especially in the metropolis, the application has become one of vulgar contempt. Hence I have heard that line in Othello,

'O ill-starr'd *wench*, pale as thy *smock*,'

thus softened down to suit the fastidious ears of a London audience, 'O ill-starr'd *wretch*, pale as thy *sheets*.'" I owe this extract to Mr. Gomme's Gentleman's Magazine Library, Dialect Section, p. 5.

261. Line 279: BLOW *me about in* WINDS!—We are reminded of Claudio's

To be imprison'd in the viewless *winds*,
And *blown* with restless violence round about
The pendent world.
—Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 124–126.

262. Lines 281, 282:

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! oh! oh!

So the Quartos. Dyce, following neither Quartos nor Folio, prints the most unmusical line

O Desdemon! dead; Desdemon! dead! O!

Professor Hales in his article upon Shakespeare's use of Greek names remarks upon the peculiar appropriateness of Desdemona's name: obviously it is the Greek δυσδαίμων, and she of all Shakespeare's characters is superlatively and supremely unfortunate; the very type and symbol of sorrow; not merely unhappy, but unhappiness itself. Professor Hales' essay is reprinted in his Notes and Essays on Shakespeare; see pages 111–113.

263. Lines 346, 347:

of one whose hand,
Like the base INDIAN, *threw a pearl away.*

This is the reading of the Quartos; the Folio has:

Of one, whose hand
(*Like the base* JUDEAN) *threw.*

Those who retain the text of the Folio suppose that allusion is made to the story of Herod and Mariamne. Myself, I cannot doubt that *Judean* is an error for *Indian*, and that the lines are to be explained by a reference to the precisely parallel passages which Boswell was lucky enough to discover. Compare the following:

So the *unskilfull Indian* those *bright gems*
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters.
—Habington's *Castara—To Castara Weeping.*
—Arber's Reprint, p. 67.

Again, in The Woman's Conquest, by Sir Edward Howard:

Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I 'll cast away
Than Indians do a pearl that ne'er did know
Its value;

And Drayton's Legend of Matilda:

The wretched Indian spurns the golden ore.
—Works, ed. 1753, vol. ii. p. 551.

This last reference is given by Sidney Walker, A Critical Examination, &c., iii. p. 292. These parallels appear to me to be quite conclusive.

264. Lines 348–350:

whose subdu'd EYES,
Albeit UNUSED *to the* MELTING MOOD,
Drop TEARS.

Not unlike Sonnet xxx. line 5:

Then can I drown an *eye, unused to flow.*

265. Line 351: *Their med'cinable* GUM.—"The gum," says Hunter, "is probably that called Bernix, of which the following account is given in *The Great Herbal:* 'Bernix is the *gomme* of a tre that groweth beyond the see. For this tre droppeth a gommy thicknesse that hardeneth by heat of the sonne.' Its uses in medicine are then described" (Illustrations, ii. 289). Another suggestion is that myrrh is meant.

266. Lines 358, 359:

NO WAY BUT THIS,
Killing myself, to DIE UPON A KISS.

No way but this is probably a variation on the more common *no way but one*, upon which see Henry V. note 121,

and to the instances there given add the following from Locrine, i. 1:

> Then, worthy lord, since *there 's no way but one,*
> Cease your laments, and leave your grievous moan.
> —Tauchnitz ed. p. 133.

With Othello's "die upon a kiss" Steevens aptly compares some lines in Tamburlaine, part II. ii. 4. 69, 70:

> Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
> And let me die with kissing of my lord.
> —Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. 139.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN OTHELLO.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 1 and F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abuser	i.	2	78
Acknown	iii.	3	319
Advocation	iii.	4	123
Aerial	ii.	1	39
Affinity	iii.	1	49
After (adj.)	i.	3	35
Agnize	i.	3	232
Almain	ii.	3	86
Antres	i.	3	140
*Arch-mock	iv.	1	71
Arithmetician	i.	1	19
Arrivance	ii.	1	42
Auld	ii.	3	99
Backward[1]	i.	3	38
Balmy[2]	ii.	3	258
	v.	2	16
Bare-footed	iv.	3	39
Bear[3]	ii.	1	14
Begrimed[4]	iii.	3	387
Be-lee'd	i.	1	30
Beneficial[5]	ii.	2	7
Besort[6] (sub.)	i.	3	239
Bewhored	iv.	2	115
Birdlime	ii.	1	127
Bolster[7] (verb)	iii.	3	399
Bridal[8]	iii.	4	150
Butt[9]	v.	2	267
Canakin	ii.	3	71, 72
Capable[10]	iii.	3	459
Castigation	iii.	4	41

1 Adj. = turned back; Sonn. lix. 5. Used in other senses in Tempest, ii. 2. 95; Henry V. iv. 3. 72. 2 Sonn. cvii. 9.

3 = a constellation.

4 Lucrece, 1381.

5 = profitable; = beneficent, in Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 152; Henry VIII. i. 1. 56.

6 = suitableness; the verb = to suit, occurs in Lear, i. 4. 272.

7 The sub. is used in Taming of Shrew, iv. 1. 204.

8 = nuptial festival; used adjectively frequently by Shakespeare.

9 = end; used in various senses in other passages.

10 = capacious; used elsewhere in many other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Chair[11]	v.	1	82, 96
Chamberers	iii.	3	265
Charmer	iii.	4	57
Chrysolite	v.	2	145
Circumcised	v.	2	355
Circumscription	i.	2	27
Circumstanced	iii.	4	201
Clink (sub.)	ii.	3	234
Clyster-pipes	ii.	1	179
Cod[12]	ii.	1	156
Coloquintida	i.	3	357
Conceits[13] (intr.)	iii.	3	149
Conjunctive[14]	i.	3	375
Conscionable	ii.	1	245
Conserved[15]	iii.	4	75
Conveniency[16]	iv.	2	178
Corrigible[17]	i.	3	330
Counter-caster	i.	1	31
Covered[18]	i.	1	112
Defeat[19]	i.	3	346
Delations	iii.	3	123
Demonstrable	iii.	4	142
Denotement	ii.	3	323
Devesting[20]	ii.	3	181
Difficult	iii.	3	82
Disastrous	i.	3	134
Displanting[21]	ii.	1	283

11 *i.e.* a sedan chair; used frequently in its ordinary sense and also figuratively by Shak.

12 = the codfish; = a husk, in As You Like It, ii. 4. 53.

13 Used transitively in Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192.

14 And in Hamlet, iv. 7. 14.

15 = preserved for magical purposes; in its more ordinary sense, in Meas. for Meas. iii. 1. 88.

16 = advantage; = propriety in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 82.

17 = capable of correcting; = docile, in Ant. and Cleo. iv. 14. 74.

18 Used technically of a horse.

19 Figuratively = to disfigure; used frequently in other senses by Shak.

20 *Divest* occurs in Henry V. ii. 4. 78; Lear, i. 1. 50.

21 = deposing; = to transplant, in Rom. and Jul. iii. 3. 59.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Disports[22] (sub.)	i.	3	272
Disposition[23]	i.	3	237
Dispraisingly	iii.	3	72
Disproportion[24]	iii.	3	233
Disrelish	ii.	1	237
Divorcement	iv.	2	158
*Double-damned	iv.	2	37
Ear-piercing	iii.	3	352
Egregiously	ii.	1	318
Embayed	ii.	1	18
Eminent	ii.	1	242
Encave	iv.	1	82
Enfettered	ii.	3	351
Enmesh	ii.	3	368
Ensheltered	ii.	1	18
Ensteeped	ii.	1	70
Enwheel	ii.	1	87
Epilepsy	iv.	1	51
Equinox	ii.	3	129
Essential	ii.	1	64
Ever-fixed[25]	ii.	1	15
Exsufflicate	iii.	3	182
Extent[26]	i.	3	81
Extern[27] (adj.)	i.	1	63
Extincted	ii.	1	81
Facile	i.	3	23
Family[28]	i.	1	84
Fathom[29]	i.	1	153
Favourably	ii.	1	277
Fineless	iii.	3	173
Fleers (sub.)	iv.	1	83
Flustered	ii.	3	60
Footing[30]	ii.	1	76

22 Lucrece, Arg. 11.

23 = arrangement; used elsewhere very frequently in other senses.

24 Here used as sub.; elsewhere as verb. 25 Sonn. cxvi. 5.

26 = space, length; used elsewhere in other senses.

27 As sub. in Sonn. cxxv. 2.

28 = members of the same household; = race, kindred, in other passages.

29 Used figuratively = capacity; occurs elsewhere in its ordinary senses.

30 = landing; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Fortification	iii.	2	5
Fraught[31] (sub.)	iii.	3	449
Fruitfulness	iii.	4	38
Fustian[32]	ii.	3	282
Futurity	iii.	4	117
Garnered	iv.	2	57
Gastness	v.	1	106
Gender (verb)	iv.	2	62
Gennets[33]	i.	1	114
Germans	i.	1	114
Gondolier	i.	1	126
Groom[34]	ii.	3	180
Guardage	i.	2	70
Guilty-like	iii.	3	39
*Guinea-hen	i.	3	317
Guttered	ii.	1	69
Gyve (verb)	ii.	1	171
Haggard (adj.)	iii.	3	266
Hair-breadth	i.	3	136
Hearted	i.	3	374
	iii.	3	448
Heathenish	v.	2	313
Heavenly (adv.)	v.	2	135
*High-wrought	ii.	1	2
Horologe	ii.	3	135
*House-affairs	i.	3	147
Hyssop	i.	3	326
*Ice-brook[35]	v.	2	253
Ill-starred	v.	2	272
Imperfectly	iii.	3	149
Importancy	i.	3	20
Imposition[36]	ii.	3	269
Incontinently	i.	3	306
Indign	i.	3	274
Inference	iii.	3	183
Injointed	i.	3	35

31 Used figuratively = a load; = a cargo, in Titus And. i. 1. 71.

32 Used figuratively = bombastic talk; occurs in Taming of Shrew, iv. 1. 50 = a coarse stuff.

33 Venus and Adonis, 260.

34 = bridegroom; used by Shak. in other senses.

35 One word *Isebrookes* in Q. 1.

36 = imposture; used elsewhere in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Intentively....	i.	3	155
Iterance	v.	2	150
Jesses.....	iii.	3	261
*Joint-ring....	iv.	3	72
Knee-crooking	i.	1	45
Knot (verb)....	iv.	2	62
Law-days.....	iii.	3	140
Leagued[1]	ii.	3	218
Lettuce	i.	3	325
Levels[2]	i.	3	240
*Light-winged[3]	i.	3	269
List (=desire)..	ii.	1	105
Loading (sub.).	v.	2	363
Locusts	i.	3	356
Loveliness[4] ...	ii.	1	233
Lust-stained ..	v.	1	36
Mammering...	iii.	3	70
Man[5] (verb)...	v.	2	270
Manage[6]	ii.	3	215
Mediators[7]....	i.	1	16
Molestation....	ii.	1	16
Moorship.....	i.	1	33
Moraler.....	ii.	3	301
Mortise[8] (sub.).	ii.	1	9
Mutualities....	ii.	1	267
Night-brawler[9]	ii.	3	196
Nonsuits	i.	1	16
Observancy....	iii.	4	149
Ocular	iii.	3	360
*Odd-even.....	i.	1	124
Off-capped	i.	1	10
Offenceless	ii.	3	275
*Olympus-high	ii.	1	190
Outsport	ii.	3	3
Out-tongue[9]...	i.	2	19
Overt	i.	3	107
Parallel (adj.)..	ii.	3	355

1 = joined in friendship; used figuratively in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 213.

2 = to coincide with; used elsewhere in various senses.

3 hyphened in Q. 1. 4 Sonn. iv. 1.

5 = (to) aim; used elsewhere in various senses.

6 = to bring about; used elsewhere in other senses.

7 Lucrece, 1020.

8 A term in carpentry; the verb occurs in Hamlet, iii. 3. 20.

9 Two words in Q. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Partially[10]	ii.	3	218
Pegs (sub.)	ii.	1	202
Pelt (trans.)....	ii.	1	12
Player[11]	ii.	1	113
Pleasance[12]....	ii.	3	293
Pliant	i.	3	151
Plume (verb)..	i.	3	399
Poppy.....	iii.	3	330
Post-post-haste	i.	3	46
Potting	ii.	3	79
Pottle-deep....	ii.	3	56
Prerogatived ..	iii.	3	274
Prime[13] (adj.)..	iii.	3	403
Probal	ii.	3	344
Procreants	iv.	2	28
Promulgate ...	i.	2	21
Protectress....	iv.	1	14
Purse[14].....	iii.	3	113
Qualification ..	ii.	1	282
Quarries[15]	i.	3	141
Quat.....	v.	1	11
Rash (adverbially)	iii.	4	79
Reconciliation.	iii.	3	47
Recover[16].....	ii.	3	272
Relume.....	v.	2	13
Reprobance....	v.	2	209
Requisites.....	ii.	1	250
Re-stem.....	i.	3	37
Rose-lipped....	iv.	2	63
Sagittary.....	i.	1	159
Sail[17].....	v.	2	268
Seamy.....	iv.	2	146
Search[18]	i.	1	159

10 Lucrece, 634.

11 = a trifler; = one who plays at a game, Lear, i. 4. 96; very frequently used = an actor.

12 Pass. Pilgrim, 158.

13 = lascivious; used repeatedly in other senses.

14 = to wrinkle; occurs elsewhere in two other passages = to put in a purse.

15 (Of stone); as term in hunting occurs elsewhere in three passages.

16 = to reconcile; often used in other senses.

17 = a voyage; used elsewhere frequently, especially in other figurative senses.

18 = searchers; used frequently elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Sect[19].....	i.	3	337
Segregation ...	ii.	1	10
Self-bounty....	iii.	3	200
Self-charity....	ii.	3	202
Sequester (sub.)	iii.	4	40
Shadowing	iv.	1	43
Shipped[20].....	ii.	1	47
Signiory[21].....	i.	2	18
Silliness.....	i.	3	309
Skillet	i.	3	273
Slipper (adj.)..	ii.	1	249
Slubber[22]	i.	3	228
Snipe	i.	3	390
Solicitation....	iv.	2	202
Sooty	i.	2	70
Sorry[23].....	iii.	4	51
Sour[24]	iv.	3	96
Spirit-stirring..	iii.	3	352
Squabble.....	ii.	3	281
Startingly.....	iii.	4	79
*State-affairs ..	i.	3	72, 190
*State-matters.	iii.	4	155
Steep-down....	v.	2	280
Stone[25].....	v.	2	63
Supersubtle....	i.	3	365
Supervisor	iii.	3	395
Swag-bellied...	ii.	3	79
Symbols	ii.	3	350
Tented.....	i.	3	85
Thicken[26].....	iii.	3	430
Thick-lips.....	i.	1	66
Thinly[27]	iii.	3	431
Toged.....	i.	1	25
Topped[28] (verb)	iii.	3	396
Toughness.....	i.	3	344
Tranquil	iii.	3	348

19 = a cutting or scion; used elsewhere in other senses.

20 Used adjectively.

21 = grand council of Venice; used elsewhere in other senses.

22 = to sully; = to do carelessly, in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 39.

23 = painful; used in other senses very frequently elsewhere.

24 Used substantively; and in Lucrece, 867.

25 Figuratively = to harden; = to throw stones, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 807, 835; Lucrece, 978.

26 Used transitively; intransitively in two other passages.

27 = inadequately; used in its more ordinary sense of not thickly in two other passages.

28 = tupped.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Trash[29]	ii.	1	312
Tup.....	i.	1	89
	v.	2	136
Turbaned	v.	2	353
Twiggen.....	ii.	3	152
Unauthorized..	iv.	1	2
Unbitted.....	i.	3	336
Unblessed[30]...	ii.	3	311
	v.	1	34
Unbookish	iv.	1	102
Unfitting.....	iv.	1	78
Unhatched[31] ..	iii.	4	141
Unlace[32]	ii.	3	194
Unmoving	iv.	2	55
Unperfectness.	ii.	3	298
Unpin	iv.	3	21, 34
Unproper	iv.	1	69
Unprovide	iv.	1	218
Unreconciled...	v.	2	27
Unshunnable..	iii.	3	275
Unused[33].....	v.	2	349
Unvarnished ..	i.	3	90
Unwitted.....	ii.	3	182
Venial	iv.	1	9
Veritable.....	iii.	4	76
Veronesa.....	ii.	1	26
Waterish[34]....	iii.	3	15
Weaponed.....	v.	2	266
*Wedding-sheets	iv.	2	105
*Well-desired .	ii.	1	206
Well-painted[35]	iv.	1	268
Whereinto	iii.	3	137
Whipster.....	v.	2	244
*Wind-instrument	iii.	1	5, 10
Wind-shaked..	ii.	1	13
Womaned.....	iii.	4	195

29 = to restrain; = to lop, in Tempest, i. 2. 81.

30 This verb is used in Sonn. iii. 4.

31 = not yet brought to light; = unhacked, Tw. Night, iii. 4. 257.

32 Figuratively = to disgrace; in literal sense in Pass. Pilgrim, 149.

33 = not accustomed, and in Sonn. xxx. 5; = not used, in Hamlet, iv. 4. 39; and in several passages in Sonnets.

34 Used figuratively in the sense of thin; in its literal sense of watery in Lear, i. 1. 261.

35 Here figuratively; but used literally in Venus, 212; Lucrece, 1443. Printed as two words in Q. 1.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS, *see next page.*

EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note 180. iv. 1. 1:

Iago. *Will you think so?*
Othello. *Think so, Iago! What,*
To kiss in private!
Iago. (Ironically) *An unauthóriz'd kiss.*
Othello. *Or! to be naked with her friend in bed*
An hour or more—not meaning any harm:
Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!

EMENDATION ADOPTED.

Note 117. ii. 3. 188, 189:

Oth. *How comes it, Michael, yóu are thus forgot?*
Cas. *I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
POLONIUS, Lord-chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } Courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } Officers.
FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE—ELSINORE; except in the fourth scene of the fourth act, where it is a plain in Denmark.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Supposed about the end of the 9th or the beginning of the 10th century.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Marshall (*Study of Hamlet*, 1875), has the following scheme of time:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–3.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval, about two months.
Day 3: Act II.
Day 4: Act III. and Act IV. Scenes 1–3.
Day 5: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval, about two months.
Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 5–7.—Interval, two days.
Day 7: Act V. Scene 1.
Day 8: Act V. Scene 2.

Mr. Daniel's scheme differs from this only in reducing the Interval between Days 5 and 6 to about a week; he marks no Interval between Days 6 and 7, and gives one Day only for the whole of Act V.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Literary History of Hamlet is of such great interest, and, at the same time, so full of difficulties and of disputed points, that the most one can do, in the limited space of such an Introduction as this, is to place the chief facts clearly before one's readers, and to point out briefly the deductions which have been or may be made from these facts.

On July 26th, 1602, the Stationers' Register contains the following entry:

James Robertes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master PASFEILD and master **waterson** warden A booke called '*the Revenge of HAMLETT Prince* [of] *Denmarke' as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes* . . . . . vj^{d}

For some reason the publication was deferred; and it was not till 1603 that the first edition of the play was printed with the following title-page:

"THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shakespeare. | As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell. | 1603." No printer's name is given. In 1604 another Quarto (Q. 2) was printed with the same title, but: "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | AT LONDON | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in | Fleet street. 1604."

There is little doubt that I. R. is James Roberts, who had entered the book on the Stationers' Register, 1602; though N. L. (Nicholas Ling) had, in the meantime, in conjunction with Trundell, published a surreptitious edition. This latter Quarto (Q. 2) forms, with the first Folio, the principal authority for the received text of Hamlet; Q. 1 being, as is very generally known, a very imperfect copy of the play, so much so that we cannot profess to give any but a few of the various readings which it contains.

The history of the discovery of this Quarto is a very curious one. In 1821 Sir Henry Bunbury came into possession of the library of Barton, which had belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer. Among the volumes was a shabby, ill-bound quarto, barbarously cropped, but of almost priceless value; for it contained not only this then unique copy of the early Hamlet, but also ten other Shakespeare Quartos, dated from 1598 to 1603, and The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634. The Cambridge editors think this volume had belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer; but surely he could never have overlooked such a treasure. Sir H. Bunbury says he found it in a closet at Barton, in 1823, and that "it probably was picked up by my grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, who was an ardent collector of old dramas" (see Furness, vol. ii. p. 13). The volume was sold to the Duke of Devonshire, in whose possession it now is. This copy of the 1603 Quarto of Hamlet was long thought to be unique; but in 1856 a bookseller in Dublin, M. W. Rooney, purchased from a student of Trinity College a shabby quarto which he had brought from his home in a midland county of England in 1853. He had taken it from a bundle of old pamphlets as a memento of his family, and had tried in vain to dispose of it. On examining this pamphlet, Mr. Rooney found that it was another

copy of the supposed unique Quarto of Hamlet, which, though it wanted the title-page, yet had the last leaf, which was wanting in the Duke of Devonshire's copy.[1] It was sold to Mr. Boone for £70, purchased from him for £120 by Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps), and is now in the British Museum. Other Quarto editions of Hamlet were published, one in 1605 (Q. 3) being a mere reprint of Q. 2 by J. R[oberts] for N. L[ing]. On November 19th, 1607, Nicholas Ling transferred all his copyrights to John Smithwicke, who brought out the Quarto printed in 1611 with the title-page substantially the same as that of Q. 3 (except that it is called for the first time The Tragedy instead of The Tragical Historie) and also another Quarto, without date, said to be "newly imprinted and enlarged." The Cambridge editors call the 1611 Quarto Q. 4, and the undated Quarto Q. 5; though Mr. Collier and some other authorities think that the latter was printed in 1607. For the convenience of reference we shall adopt the same order of numbering as the Cambridge editors. After the publication of the first Folio the sixth Quarto (Q. 6) was published in 1637, and at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century several players' Quartos were published, four of which—those of 1676, 1685, 1695, 1703—have been collated by the Cambridge editors. The Quarto of 1695 contains the cast of the play with Betterton as Hamlet, and the passages omitted on the stage are marked by inverted commas. I have carefully collated this copy with the received text of Hamlet, and some of the most remarkable omissions and alterations will be noticed.

Some time before 1603, as early as 1589, or even 1587 according to others, we find a reference to some play on the subject of Hamlet, in an Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities, by Thomas Nashe, prefixed to Greene's Menaphon (printed in 1589). The passage, so often quoted, contains the following sentence: "he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, Handfulls of tragical speaches." In 1594 the Lord Chamberlain's men, of whom Shakespeare was one, were acting with the Lord Admiral's men at Newington Butts under the part management of Henslowe, in whose diary we find the following entry on June 9th: "Rd. at hamlet . . . . viiis." This seems to have been an old play; for Henslowe does not put the letters *ne* to it, as he always does in the case of new plays, and the receipts must have been very small if his share only amounted to eight shillings. As we do not find any other record of the performance of Hamlet in Henslowe's Diary, we may conclude that the play, whosesoever it was, was not a very popular one; yet in Dr. Thomas Lodge's Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse discovering the Devils Incarnate of this age, 1596, we find another reference to it; one of the Devils, speaking of the author, says the Doctor is "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost, which cried so miserally at ye theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet revenge*" (p. 56). Steevens mentions that he had "seen a copy of Speight's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey" with a note in the latter's handwriting: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 168). Malone examined the book in question, and found that it was purchased by Harvey in 1598; but he thought the above note need not have been written until 1600. If it were written when the book was first brought out, it would prove the fact that Shakespeare's name was connected with the play of Hamlet in 1598; though, singular to state, Meres, in the often-quoted passage from Palladis Tamia, does not mention Hamlet amongst his tragedies. In Sir Thomas Smith's Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia, &c. 1605, sig. K. ". . . his fathers Empire and Gouernment we find was but as the *Poeticall Furie in a Stage-action*, compleat yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any *Hamlet;* and that now *Reuenge*, iust *Reuenge* was comming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Sceanes;" and lastly, Samuel Rowlands, 1620, in The Night Raven (Sig. D. 2) has:

[1] I take these particulars from a small pamphlet published by Mr. Rooney in 1856.

I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge* my greeves,
But I will call *Hang-man Revenge* on theeves.

All these passages are generally held to allude to the old play; but, though this may be true of the earlier allusions before 1600, I do not see any reason to believe that the later ones, because they happen to contain the words *Hamlet Revenge*, should not refer to Shakespeare's play. It is no uncommon thing for persons who quote from memory to make mistakes; and the words *Hamlet Revenge* may simply be a recollection of the line spoken by the Ghost, i. 5. 25:

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

This same phrase, "Hamlet Revenge," taken out of the old play, is perhaps referred to in the following passage in the Induction to The Warning for Faire Women, where Comedy says:

How some damn'd tyrant to obtain a crown
Stabs, hangs, impoisons, smothers, cutteth throats:
. . . . . .
Then, too, a filthy whining ghost,
Lapt in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half stick't,
And cries, *Vindicta!* Revenge, Revenge!
—Simpson's School of Shakspere, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

This last allusion is, to say the least, a doubtful one. It may have referred to one of the many ghosts in the old plays of the period before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. But these same two words, "Hamlet, Revenge," are quoted in Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602: "my name 's *Hamlet, revenge*," where the speaker, Tucca, is followed on to the stage by his boy, "with *two pictures* under his cloak;" and again in Westward Hoe, 1607. We undoubtedly have a quotation as early as 1604 in Marston's Malcontent, iii. 3: "Illo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny?" (Works, ed. Halliwell's, vol. ii. p. 249).

We come now to the most difficult and important question, on which there has been such a great difference of opinion, What does this Quarto of 1603 represent? (1) Is it an early version of Shakespeare's play? or (2) is it a mutilated copy, disfigured by blunders of the copyist or the enterprising publisher who annexed it, of the same play from which the Quarto of 1604 was printed? or (3) is it, as the Clarendon editors suggest in their preface, the old play partly revised and rewritten by Shakespeare? That there was an old play, founded on the prose history of Hamlet (to be mentioned hereafter), I think is almost indisputable; and though personally I venture to differ from the authorities on this point, believing that Hamlet in its first rough edition was one of Shakespeare's earliest dramatic efforts, yet it is scarcely possible to maintain that the play, referred to by Nash as one well known in 1589, could have been by Shakespeare, who was then only in his twenty-fifth year. But that Shakespeare had written a version of Hamlet some time before 1603 I firmly believe.

That the Quarto edition, surreptitiously published for N. L. (Nicholas Ling), represents this early version to a certain extent, allowing for mistakes of the copyist and printer—and, most important of all, for excisions and perhaps some interpolations made by the company or companies who had acted the tragedy—there is little doubt. Space will not allow me here to enter into an elaborate analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and Q. 2; but, after examining and re-examining, and comparing the two texts together from a literary and dramatic point of view, it seems impossible to believe that, whether obtained partly from actors' parts and partly transcribed from memory, or taken down in shorthand, the Quarto of 1603 was derived from the same version of the play as the Quarto of 1604, or from the MS. from which the play was printed in F. 1. On the other hand, there is too much of Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we know it, in the Quarto of 1603, for us to admit that it was the old play, only partly revised by him. The more and more one studies the differences, both great and small, between the two Quarto editions of the play, the more one comes to the conclusion that the first was a corrupt and incorrect copy of the play as first put together by its author. In that monumental work, Furness's New Variorum edition of Shakespeare, there will be found, admirably summed up, the various arguments on this point (vol. ii. pp. 14–33). No doubt

the theory, so ably set forth by Messrs. Clark and Wright in the Clarendon Press edition, is a very plausible one; and it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have left here and there, in his earlier version of Hamlet, more lines of the old play than he thought fit to retain on maturer consideration; and, in confirmation of this, it is only fair to notice that there are more rhymed couplets in the Quarto of 1603 than in the subsequent edition. The scene between the Queen and Horatio, which is peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, and seems afterwards to have been expanded by the author into the first portion of act v. scene 2, between Hamlet and Horatio, also has the appearance of belonging to the old play; but still the presence of this scene in the first sketch may be accounted for, as being part and parcel of the design to put the Queen's character in a favourable light, which is one of the characteristics of Q. 1. In act i. scene 2 Hamlet's speech beginning:

> My lord, ti 's not the sable sute I weare;

is addressed to the King and not to his mother. In Q. 2 it commences thus:

> Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes.

Again, in Hamlet's soliloquy after the interview with the ghost, act i. 5. 105, the words

> O most pernicious woman

are omitted in Q. 1; and we have instead:

> Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,

applied to Claudius. The fact of the names Corambis and Montano being given to Polonius and Reynaldo in Q. 1 has been noticed by every commentator; but not the difference between Rossencraft and Gilderstone (Q. 1) and Guyldersterne and Rosencrans in Q. 2. That Q. 1 was partly made up of copies of actors' parts seems indicated by the fact that, in most cases, the cues of the various speeches are printed correctly. If any reader will examine Q. 1 carefully, he will find that the dialogue assigned to some of the characters is printed very correctly in certain portions of the play, and very incorrectly in others; which looks as if the copyist had sometimes written with the MS. before him, and sometimes from the memory either of himself or that of others. The wretched hash that is made of some of the soliloquies may be accounted for by the fact that, in a theatre copy used by a travelling company, the text may not have been set down in full, but only the latter portions or cues of the long speeches. Some of the alterations may have been made by the actors; and this conjecture is confirmed by an examination of the Players' Quarto of 1695, which, as I have already said, represents the version used by Betterton. If, after Hamlet had become almost a classic, an actor of Betterton's intelligence, playing before an audience containing a large number of educated persons more or less familiar with the text of Shakespeare, could venture to mutilate Shakespeare's poetry as he did in Hamlet's first soliloquy, *e.g.* in the following passage:

> So excellent a King,
> So loving to my Mother. (*sic*)
> That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven
> Visit her Face too roughly;

or thus, in a speech of Hamlet which occurs before:

> 'Tis not alone this *mourning* cloke *could smother;*

or again, to change the beautiful line,

> I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

to the bald and prosaic:

> I do not value my life;

or in the great soliloquy commencing: "To be, or not to be," to substitute for the lines:

> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

the following:

> And thus the healthful face of resolution
> Shews sick and pale with thought;

if Betterton in his time ventured to sanction at least, if not to invent, such mutilations of the text, what would not actors dare at a time when Shakespeare was only one of the many dramatic authors of the day, when his pre-eminence had not as yet been recognized save by a very few?

It is time, however, to set before our readers the theory as to the Quarto of 1603, which,

after long and careful study of it, has grown up in my mind. It is, of course, mere conjecture; but then conjecture has been allowed, of late, to play such fantastic tricks with Shakespeare's very existence, that one may be excused, perhaps, if one ventures to employ it to a more practical end. I would suggest that Shakespeare, at an early period of his career, formed the idea of writing a play in which the chief character should be a person of Hamlet's disposition, through whose mouth he would have the opportunity of speaking many of the secret thoughts of his young heart; one whose lot should be cast amid the most uncongenial surroundings. Some of the speeches, such as the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he might have sketched out roughly before he had even decided upon the plot of the play. In his youth, at Stratford-on-Avon, he must have heard a great deal of the terrible scandal relating to the Earl of Leicester's marriage with the widow of the Earl of Essex, after having, as was generally reported, poisoned her husband; and this "tragedy in private life" was surely in his mind when he was writing Hamlet. Indeed, when one comes to examine his character, Claudius with his utterly unscrupulous ambition, his nauseous plausibility, his skilful intrigues to gain popularity, his sensual bonhomie, his cunning employment of courtiers as tools for his infamous designs, is as lifelike a portrait of Robert Dudley as Shakespeare would have ventured to draw.[1]

When Shakespeare was acting, with the rest of "my Lorde chamberlen men," under Henslowe's management, in 1594, the old play of Hamlet was represented, in which it is possible that he found the germ of a great tragedy suited to his purpose; the principal character of which could well be developed into a self-analysing hero, oppressed by the uncongeniality of his surroundings, such as he had already pictured in his mind. As soon as he had leisure he took the subject in hand, and wrote his first idea of the play. With this he was not himself satisfied; but, by some means or other, a copy of this first draft got into the hands of a travelling company, who played it with success in different towns, and the two universities of Cambridge and Oxford.[2] That the actors themselves ventured to make some alterations in the play is extremely probable, and when, some time in the dramatic season 1601–2, Shakespeare had elaborated his first draft into what was substantially the play as we have it in the Quarto of 1604, and had produced it with great success and with his own company, the enterprising pirate publisher stepped in, and, being unable to procure the genuine play, obtained from the travelling company the faulty MS. which they had used, and printed it, as Shakespeare's play, in 1603.

In the Stationers' Register, under date July 26th, 1602, is the entry to James Robertes, [already given above]. In his admirable Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the Quarto of 1603 Dr. Furnivall thinks that this entry refers to the pirated edition published in the next year; but on the title-page of the First Quarto no printer's name is given, and on that of the genuine Quarto, 1604, we have "Printed by I. R[oberts] for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet street." It will be noticed that no address is given on the title-page by the publishers of Q. 1. Is it not possible—if my theory as to the date of Shakespeare's revision of his first draft be the right one—that Roberts had obtained the promise of the genuine MS., but that the negotiation having fallen through, N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and John Trundell meanwhile published their spurious edition; and that Shakespeare then, disgusted that such a maimed copy of his great work should be palmed off upon the public, consented to let Roberts have the full and correct manuscript to print from; a manuscript which contained at least one superb passage, the soliloquy in act iv. scene 4, which was not in the theatre copy as printed afterwards in the First Folio, or, if there originally, had been subsequently

[1] How deep an impression this story made upon many people of the time may be gathered from the Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, first published in 1706, and privately reprinted by Messrs. E. & G. Goldsmid, Edinburgh, 1887.

[2] See title-page of Quarto 1603.

cut out? It is generally presumed that the N. L. of both the First and Second Quartos was Nicholas Ling; but it is quite possible that the transactions as to the publication of the genuine MS. may have taken place only with Roberts, in whose name, as will be seen from the entry quoted above, the book had first been entered on the Stationers' Register. In the interval between the publication of the pirated Quarto and that of the genuine one in 1604 Shakespeare may have made some further improvements and alterations in the play. But to whatever circumstances we owe its publication, I fully agree with Dr. Furnivall that we have in the Quarto of 1604 the most complete and the best text of Hamlet; and it is quite possible that, but for the dishonest action of N. L. and John Trundell, we should have have had to rest content with the much inferior text of the First Folio.

According to my theory, then, we must suppose that the First Quarto (1603) represents Shakespeare's first draft of the play, *minus* the passages cut out by the actors, and *plus* the alterations they chose to make, in addition to the errors of the transcriber and printer.

This may seem to be a very far-fetched theory, and there is no doubt that it will be scouted by many Shakespearean scholars whose authority is worthy of the very highest respect; but I would submit that the title-page of Q. 1 is peculiar in more respects than one. It is the only title-page of any Quarto edition of Shakespeare's plays, as far as I know, which has the statement "As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London." Now, what does this mean? Who were "his Highnesse seruants?" The Lord Chamberlain's servants we know; they were the company to which Shakespeare belonged in 1597. The First Quarto of Romeo and Juliet says that it was often played by "the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants." After 1603 or 1604 we have "by his Majesty's servants," *e.g.* in the entry in the Stationers' Register of King Lear of November 26th, 1607; but nowhere have we "*his* Highness' servants." The Quarto of Love's Labour's Lost has "As it was presented before *her* Highness this last Christmas." Now, it is worth remarking that we learn from Henslowe's Diary that on May 9th, 1603, "my Lord of Worsters men" played by the king's license, which must have been conceded to them by James I. before he granted one to his own company, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's and subsequently known as "his Majesty's servants," the patent of which to L. Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, and others bears date May 17th, 1603. I would venture, therefore, to suggest that the Quarto of 1603 was printed from a copy of the play which had *never been played by Shakespeare's own company*, but by another one; perhaps by "my Lord of Worsters men," or by some members of that company who had been travelling during the last five or six years preceding 1603.

As to the chief source whence the plot of this play was taken, it has undoubtedly perished with the old play; for we cannot consider that Shakespeare owed anything directly to the original history of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, or to Belleforest's version of it from Bandello, published in 1559; much less to the English translation of Belleforest, which was published by Pavier in 1608. The title given by Belleforest to the story was: "*Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horvuendile, occis par Fengon son frere, autre occurrence de son histoire.*" Pavier calls his translation — which Collier described as "bald, literal, and in many places uncouth"—simply the Hystorie of Hamblet Prince of Denmarke (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. Pt. 1, vol. ii. p. 215, 216). This English translation was, I firmly believe, only published in consequence of the success of the play. The incidents common to Shakespeare's play and to the English Hystorie of Hamblet are very few; and as to any hints for the characterization of the Dramatis Personæ the prose narrative is a perfect blank. No two persons can be more different than the coarse, brutal, ruffianly Hamblet and the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Of course the author of the old play may have followed more closely the story as given in Belleforest than Shakespeare has; but the only incidents, common to the Hystorie and to the play, are the fact of the King

having murdered his brother, and afterwards contracted an incestuous marriage with his sister-in-law; the assumption of madness by Hamlet; and his killing one of the King's friends who had concealed himself during the interview between himself and his mother. The idea of using Ophelia as a means to detect whether Hamlet's madness was real or not was, no doubt, suggested by the very coarse incident in Saxo Grammaticus, which is considerably modified in Belleforest and in the English translation. The fact that one of the courtiers, who had been brought up with Amlethus, helps him to avoid the trap laid for him by means of the woman, in Saxo Grammaticus, may have suggested the character of Horatio; but it is at the best a very faint suggestion. The Danish prince is certainly sent to England, and procures, by means of counterfeit letters, that the fate, intended for him by Fengon at the hands of the King of England, should overtake the two courtiers sent with him, much in the same way as Hamlet procures the banishment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but we may presume that these incidents were found in the old play, and were not taken by Shakespeare direct from the Hystorie.

As to the question whether Pavier's Hystorie of Hamblet was really published earlier than 1608—as Collier confidently asserted without an atom of proof—and before the production of the play, I think that it is completely answered by Elze, an abstract of whose cogent argument will be found in vol. ii. p. 89 of Dr. Howard Furness's New Variorum Edition of Hamlet. There are two passages in the History which have been often quoted as showing that Shakespeare had, at any rate, studied this prose story. They both occur in the scene, which corresponds to the scene in the Queen's closet in the play, in which Polonius is killed, and they will be found on page 236 of Vol. II. Part I. of Hazlitt's edition of the Shakespeare Library. In the first the narrator states that "the counsellor entred secretly into the Queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the *arras*." The next is that which describes Hamlet entering "like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner as cockes vse to strike with their wings), vpon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring vnder them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. ii. Pt. I. p. 236). It is very remarkable that neither in Saxo Grammaticus nor in Belleforest is there any mention of arras or hangings. In Saxo Grammaticus the word used is *stramentum*, the whole passage being: "obstrepentis galli more occentum edidit, brachiisque pro alarum plausu concussis, con(s)censo stramento[1] corpus crebris saltibus librare cepit, siquid illic clausum delitesceret, experturus. At ubi subiectam pedibus molem persensit, ferro locum rimatūs, suppositum confodit, egestumque latebra trucidauit" (Holder's ed. p. 91). The corresponding word, in Belleforest, to *stramentum* is *loudier* or *lodier*, and he says that "le Conseiller entra secrettement en la chambre de la Reine, se cacha sous quelque *loudier*" (Belleforest, Histoires Tragiques, vol. v. p. 42). As to the expression, *A rat, a rat!* there is not the slightest parallel to this either in Saxo Grammaticus or in Belleforest. It is highly improbable, to say the least, that these alterations should have been made by the translator, unless they had been suggested to him by the play. If we could discover any early copy of the translation which was published by Pavier, it would help us to determine whether these expressions were taken from the old play, or whether they were, as I think is more probable, inserted after Shakespeare's Hamlet had been represented on the stage.

It would be impossible to give here the many passages to be found in authors of the seventeenth century before the Restoration, in which portions of this play are either bodily "conveyed," or most obviously imitated. To take an early and a late one, one may fairly say that Marston's Malcontent (1604) would never have been written—though Giovanni Altofronto, otherwise Malevole, is

[1] I should have thought that *stramentum*, in this passage, meant the rushes or straw that are strewed on the floor; but Belleforest certainly seems to have taken it to mean "a counterpane," though the former meaning coincides better with the context of the passage in Saxo.

but a Brummagem imitation of Hamlet after all—if Shakespeare's play had not appeared. As a specimen of one of the later imitations of Hamlet, we may mention that little-known tragedy The Fatal Contract, by William Hemings, Master of Arts at Oxford, printed in 1661, but acted before that. In that play we have an Aphelia and a Ghost in armour; and, though the story of the play is totally different, many passages from Hamlet are either adapted or closely imitated.

The Cambridge editors say that the text of Hamlet in the Folio of 1623 is derived from an independent MS., one which had evidently been curtailed for the purpose of representation. Some passages are however found in the Folio which are not found in Q. 2, or in its successors, but some of which "are found in an imperfect form in the Quarto of 1603, and therefore are not subsequent additions" (vol. viii. p. xi.). The text is, in this edition, like that of most editors, founded upon a combination of those of Q. 2 and F. 1.

STAGE HISTORY.

From the time of its first production to the present day the tragedy of Hamlet seems to have kept a firmer and more uninterrupted hold upon the stage than any other play of Shakespeare's. Except during that brief and gloomy period, when Puritanism was in the ascendant, and no rational or wholesome amusements were allowed to the English people, one may venture to say that not a single year passed without it being represented several times, not only in London, but in the provinces. It is a common saying, amongst people connected with the stage, that no actor has ever yet positively failed in Hamlet; and managers, in town and country, will tell you that you have only to put Hamlet up, even with a bad cast, and you may rely on a fairly good house. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that, for the general public, who are not afflicted with that elegant complaint known as *ennui* or boredom—generally the result of too close an intimacy with and complete subserviency to one's own self,—for ordinary people who have not emasculated their minds and passions, Hamlet, even imperfectly represented, has always had a strong interest: while, whenever an actor of talent, to say nothing of genius, attempts the chief part, he is sure to attract a numerous and attentive audience. One need not go far back in the annals of the English stage to learn that on those few occasions when an actor of real genius has arisen to throw a new light upon the complex character of Hamlet, the theatre-going public have always evinced their sympathy and interest by flocking night after night to see such a performance. This extraordinary popularity of Hamlet as an acting play is full of instruction to two classes of persons; first, to those who are never tired of declaring that the taste of the present day necessitates a total separation between literature and the drama; secondly, to those who are always sneering feebly and dyspeptically at the actor's art—persons ravenously jealous of the applause which the actor receives, but which the public ungenerously withholds from them in any of their multifarious capacities. These latter may lay to heart the undoubted fact that Hamlet, the most poetic in some respects of any of Shakespeare's plays, could not have been written by anyone but a practised actor familiar with the stage and all its ways; also this fact, scarcely less disputable, that all the reams of criticism, which have been written on the character of Hamlet, have not been able to bring home to the minds of men the real meaning of the character so clearly as a single performance of some great actor.

Allusion has been made, in the Literary History of this play, to the peculiarity of the title-page of the first Quarto (1603). It is the only one of all the Shakespearian Quartos that contains any specific reference to performances out of London. If we are to believe that title-page, then, we know that Hamlet in its unrevised form was acted at both universities, and elsewhere in the provinces by some company, probably not Shakespeare's own. These performances may have been simultaneous with those of the revised play in London by the Lord-Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; or they may have taken place before Shakespeare produced his revised version. At any-

rate, during the lifetime of its author, Hamlet was already a popular play, and this is proved by the numerous allusions to it by contemporary writers. Of these allusions to the play as an acted play, one of the earliest and most interesting is an entry in the "journal" or log-book of Captain Keeling of the ship Dragon, in 1607; "September 5 [at 'Serra Leona'] I sent the interpreter, according to his desier, abord the Hector, whear he brooke fast, and after came abord mee, wher we gave the tragedie of Hamlett;" and again on the 31st of the same month, "I envited Captain Hawkins to a ffishe dinner, and had Hamlet acted abord," adding "wch I permitt to keepe my people from idlenes and unlawfull games, or sleepe" (Shakespere's Centurie of Prayse, p. 79). The next reference we find is in an elegy on "ye Death of the famous Actor Richard Burbedg," which mentions Hamlet amongst his characters:

> hee's gone & wth him what A world are dead.
> which he reuiu'd, to be reuiued soe,
> no more young Hamlett, ould Heironymoe, &c.
> —Centurie of Prayse, p. 131.

The materials for the stage history of any play during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. are very scanty; but the two following extracts may serve to show that this play was still a very popular one. In Anthropophagus: the Man-Eater, 1624, p. 14, by E. S., speaking of flatterers the author says: "for they are like *Hamlets ghost, hic et ubique*, here and there, and every where, for their oune occasion;" and in John Gee's New Shreds of the old Snare, 1624: "As for examples the *Ghost* in *Hamblet*, *Don Andreas Ghost* in *Hieronimo*" (Centurie of Prayse, p. 160).

Pepys saw Hamlet on August 24th, 1661, at the Opera—that is to say, the House in Lincoln's Inn Fields—"done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's parts beyond imagination" (vol. i. p. 342); and again, on November 28th of the same year, "very well done" (p. 382). Downes' first mention of Hamlet is in 1662, among the plays acted at the new theatre (Sir William Davenant's) in Lincoln's Inn Fields: "The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* being performed by Mr. *Betterton: Sir William* (having seen Mr. *Taylor*, of the *Black-Fryars* Company, act it; who being instructed by the Author Mr. *Shakespear*) taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it, gain'd him esteem and reputation superlative to all other plays. *Horatio* by Mr. *Harris;* the *King* by Mr. *Lilliston;* the *Ghost* by Mr. *Richards;* (after by Mr. *Medburn.*) *Polonius* by Mr. *Lovel; Rosencrans* by Mr. *Dixon; Guilderstern* by Mr. *Price;* 1st. Gravemaker by Mr. *Underhill;* the 2d. by Mr. *Dacres;* the *Queen* by Mrs. *Davenport; Ophelia* by Mrs. *Saunderson*" (afterwards Mrs. Betterton): "No succeeding Tragedy for several years got more reputation or money to the Company than this" (pp. 29, 30). This account of Downes incidentally opens the question as to who was the original representative of Hamlet, Taylor or Burbage? This is a point on which we have no decisive evidence. But whether Burbage was the original of Hamlet or not, we know that he acted the part and identified himself, to a great measure, with it, as will be seen from the funeral elegy on his death already quoted. Taylor, according to the Historia Histrionica, acted Hamlet "incomparably well." Pepys saw Hamlet again on May 28th, 1663, and on August 31st, 1668, on which latter occasion he says that he had not seen it "this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted" (vol. v. p. 347). So long as Betterton lived no one seems to have cared to dispute his supremacy in this part. In the Quarto, 1695,[1] as well as in the octavo edition,

[1] The cast prefixed to this edn. shows that except Betterton and his wife there were few survivors from the cast of 1662:

Claudius, King of *Denmark*	Mr. *Crosby.*
Hamlet, Son to the former King	Mr. *Betterton.*
Horatio, *Hamlet's* Friend	Mr. *Smith.*
Marcellus, an Officer	Mr. *Lee.*
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain	Mr. *Nouke.*
Laertes, Son to *Polonius*	Mr. *Young.*
Rosincravs, } two Courtiers	Mr. *Norris.*
Guildenstern, } two Courtiers	Mr. *Cademan.*
Fortinbrass, King of *Norway*	Mr. *Percival.*
Ostrick, a fantastical Courtier	Mr. *Jevan.*
Barnardo, } two Centinels	Mr. *Rathband.*
Fransisco, } two Centinels	Mr. *Floyd.*
Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father	Mr. *Medburn.*
Two Grave-makers	Mr. *Undrill.*
	Mr. *Williams.*
Gertrard, Queen of *Denmark*	Mrs. *Shadwel.*
Ophelia, in love with Hamlet	Mrs. *Betterton.*

1703, his name is in the cast. On December 20th, 1709, we find him at the Haymarket Theatre still acting Hamlet, though now above 70 years old, with the manner, gesture, and voice of youth. Even the crabbed Antony Aston was obliged to acknowledge that though Betterton in his old age could no longer *look* the Prince of Denmark, yet he *was* Hamlet. This must have been the last occasion on which he played the part, for on the 13th April, 1710, in the same season he made his last appearance as Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy. Rather than disappoint the public, he is said to have plunged his gouty foot into cold water in order to enable him to walk on the stage in a slipper. The result was that the disease flew to his head, and he was carried home from the theatre only to die. During Betterton's latter years Wilks and Powell both played Hamlet, but neither of them seems to have made any great impression in the part. At Drury Lane on February 14th, 1710, Miss Santlow, afterwards Mrs. Booth, played Ophelia for the first time; and after having drowned herself, apparently came to life again to speak the epilogue "in boy's clothes" (Genest, vol. ii. p. 435). Mrs. Mountford on November 6th, 1705, appeared, for the first time, as Ophelia at Drury Lane. According to an anecdote, said to have been related by Colley Cibber to the celebrated George Anne Bellamy, she subsequently became insane; but her madness not being of a violent nature, she was allowed a certain measure of freedom. One evening, learning that Hamlet was being played at the theatre, she managed to give her attendants the slip, and, to the astonishment alike of actors and audience, pushed on to the stage in the mad scene before the actress who was playing Ophelia could prevent her, when she gave what must have been one of the most touching realizations of that pathetic scene ever witnessed. This was indeed her last appearance, for death soon after put an end to her misery.

In the interval between Betterton's death and the appearance of Garrick, besides W. Powell already mentioned, Mills, Ryan, and Millward seem to have been the only representatives of Hamlet. Booth, curious to say, never seems to have attempted this part, but contented himself with that of the Ghost, as did Boheme. Quin wisely left the young Prince of Denmark alone. He played the King to Ryan's Hamlet at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1718, 1719; and later on he appeared as the Ghost at Drury Lane, apparently for the first time, in the season 1731–32, probably to the Hamlet of Wilks. This was a part which Quin's stately style of elocution well became, and it appears to have been one of his most successful characters. A handsome young Irishman, Dennis Delane, whose physical advantages atoned, with one portion of the audience at anyrate, for defects in his elocution and action, had appeared as Hamlet at Drury Lane on March 15th, 1742; having previously played the Ghost on January 26th of the same year, when Millward being unable to perform, Hamlet had to be read by Cibber, jun.; which must have been very like the tragedy with the Prince of Denmark left out. But Delane's rising fame was quite obscured by the appearance of Garrick as Hamlet for the first time in England—he had played the part in Ireland—on November 16th, 1742; on which occasion Delane, as the Ghost, had plenty of opportunities to observe his rival's triumph. The cast included Hallam as Laertes, Taswell as Polonius, and Macklin as the First Gravedigger, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. In spite of his unsuitable dress and his trick chair[1] in the closet scene, Garrick's Hamlet was a great success. He played it again, for his benefit, on the 13th January, and during this season (1742–43) no less than thirteen times.

While Garrick was establishing his fame in Hamlet and other Shakespearean characters, the rival house at Covent Garden could only oppose such attractions as Ryan in Hamlet, supported by Quin as the Ghost and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. On March 31st, 1744, the Irish actor Sheridan made his first appearance on the English stage as Hamlet, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen. Hamlet was one of the six characters that Garrick played in the summer of 1746 at Covent Garden, receiv-

[1] A chair so made that, when he rose from it, it fell over.

ing £300 for the six performances. On this occasion it may be worth noticing that Shuter appeared as Osric. This was an early performance of the celebrated comedian who, later in his career, was one of the most truly comic representatives of the First Gravedigger. In the next season, at Drury Lane, appeared the most formidable rival Garrick ever had to encounter, Spranger Barry, an Irish actor, who made his first appearance as Hamlet, at Drury Lane, for Macklin's benefit on the 24th March, 1747, but was never able to eclipse Garrick in this part as he did undoubtedly in that of Othello. On March 20th, 1755, for Woodward's benefit, there was a very strong cast in Hamlet, which included besides Garrick Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Cibber as Ophelia, and the *bénéficiaire* himself as Polonius, a part which did not suit him so well as that of Osric. The actor, who seems to have taken Garrick's place as Hamlet most frequently during his particularly short career on the stage, was Charles Holland, whom Churchill censures so much for his imitation of his great manager and master. Genest relates an amusing anecdote of this actor, with reference to the admirable reform introduced by Garrick in the season 1762–63, namely, the enlargement of Drury Lane so as to do away with the necessity of having members of the audience seated in a built-up amphitheatre on the stage, at benefits and other specially attractive performances. Holland was playing Hamlet for his first benefit, and the seats on the stage were filled with people from Chiswick, his native place. When the Ghost appeared, by the usual stage trick Hamlet's hat flew off, and it fell at the feet of a young damsel from Chiswick, who was a great admirer of Holland. She, with the very best intentions, picked up the hat, stole softly from her seat, and placed it on Holland's head, with the broad corner foremost as generally worn by drunken men; and Holland, unconscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, went on with the scene, to the huge delight of the audience. At Covent Garden on April 25th, 1788, for Bensley's benefit, William Powell made his first appearance as Hamlet with, "for that night only," Mrs. Yates as the Queen. He repeated the part three times in the following season. Had not this promising actor died at the premature age of thirty-four, it is possible he might have proved a serious rival to Garrick.

Hamlet had hitherto escaped the desecrating hand of adapters or mutilators such as Davenant, Dryden, Tait, Cibber, and others; but in an evil moment it occurred to Garrick to try and improve this matchless tragedy. Happily his version was so indifferently received that he never ventured to print it. Some of his ideas are quite unobjectionable, such as the different division into acts of the play; while one was distinctly good, namely, the restoration of the fourth scene of act iv. between Fortinbras and Hamlet. The chief alterations he made were in the last act, from which he excised bodily the Gravediggers and Osric. The Queen was not poisoned on the stage, but was led from her seat in a supposed state of insanity brought on by remorse; the King, when attacked by Hamlet, draws his sword and defends himself, and is killed in the struggle. Tate Wilkinson, unable to get a copy of Garrick's alteration, arranged a version for himself, which he published in his Wandering Patentee. In this he inserted passages from other plays of Shakespeare, putting into the mouth of the King the dying speech of Cardinal Beaufort from II. Henry VI. iii. 3. 8–18. He also saved the life of Laertes. Garrick's version was played at Drury Lane up to April 21st, 1780, when, for the benefit of Bannister, jun., "Hamlet as written by Shakespeare" was produced. After this, Garrick's version never seems to have been acted. Hamlet could not certainly have been among Jack Bannister's best characters; but, nevertheless, he did good service in restoring Shakespeare's play to the stage.

Henderson, who next to Barry was the most powerful rival against whom Garrick had to contend, made his first appearance as Hamlet at Drury Lane, September 30th, 1777; among the cast being Palmer as the Ghost, Farren as Horatio, and Mrs. Mary Robinson (Perdita) as Ophelia. He had made his original début, anonymously, in this character at Bath on October 6th, 1772. His physical dis-

qualifications for the part were many, his fencing being one of his weakest points; but in the delivery of some of the soliloquies, and in the scene with the Players, he was inferior to none of his great rivals.

A mere enumeration of the many actors who have played Hamlet in London alone would occupy a considerable space; while pages might be filled with criticisms of the stately John Kemble, the scholarly Young, and the passionate Edmund Kean, whose scene with Ophelia was so infinitely touching. G. F. Cooke failed completely in Hamlet. Charles Kemble looked the Prince completely, but Hamlet was not one of his greatest successes. Mrs. Siddons played the part some five or six times, but only in the country; she did not venture on the experiment in London. She is by no means the only actress who has essayed the part. Charlotte Cushman played it a few times in America, and alluded to it in her letters as the very highest effort she had ever made; Miss Marriott played Hamlet more than once in London, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere; and Madame Sarah Bernhardt was seen as the Danish Prince in a French version, produced at the Adelphi, June 12, 1899. Some critics have tried to prove that Hamlet really was a woman; and perhaps a female Hamlet may be less unsatisfactory than a female Romeo. Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, and numerous other actors distinguished themselves, more or less, as Hamlet in the first half of last century. The most sensational Hamlet within recollection, in some points at least, was the late Charles Fechter, whose performance (1863) was certainly full of charm; and when we consider the great difficulties that he had to overcome, we cannot but admit that, coming from a Frenchman, it was one of the greatest tributes to the genius of Shakespeare which has been given in our time. This character has always had the strongest fascination for foreign actors. Some persons, *laudatores temporis acti*, have insisted that Devrient was the greatest Hamlet they ever saw. Rouvier was seen to little advantage at the St. James's Theatre as Hamlet. Other distinguished foreign actors who have essayed the part in this country are Salvini, Ernesto Rossi, and Mounet Sully.

No greater tribute to the intrinsic power which Hamlet possesses over an audience has ever been shown, than the wonderfully long run which this play had, when produced by Mr. Bateman at the Lyceum (October 31st, 1874), with Henry Irving as the Prince. The representation had no adventitious advantages of scenery, and the cast in some respects was not particularly strong. Since then the play has been revived with every advantage that beautiful scenic accessories could give, but with scarcely greater success than it had for the two hundred consecutive nights when it was represented in its unadorned state. Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet commanded the profound admiration and appreciative study of scholars and the public, and held its place in the front rank of the great actor's representations, from the date of his first appearance in the part to that of his lamented death—full of honours rather than of years—on October 13th, 1905. Miss Terry's Ophelia, which graced the revival of Hamlet at the Lyceum under Irving's own management (December 30th, 1878), was pronounced ideal and divine. Several actors have given, during recent years, versions of the part usually rendered interesting by the exponents' earnest efforts to realize to the utmost the character of Hamlet, as seen in the light of the critical and illuminative study bestowed on it by modern writers and thinkers. Among such performances have been those of Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree (who produced the tragedy with every scenic advantage at the Haymarket, in January, 1892); Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson (Lyceum, September, 1897); Mr. H. B. Irving (Adelphi, April, 1905); and Mr. Martin Harvey (Lyric, May, 1905).

What is believed to have been the first representation in America of Hamlet was, in spite of Quaker opposition, given in Philadelphia, 27th July, 1759, by the company under the management of Douglass.

The cast, so far as it can be traced, was:

Hamlet	= Hallam.	Laertes	= Reed.
Polonius	= Harman.	Horatio	= Morris.
Ghost	= Douglass.	King	= Tomlinson.

Grave-diggers	=	Allyn.
		Harman.
Player King	=	Scott.
Osric	=	A. Hallam.
Guildenstern	=	Horne.
Ophelia	=	Mrs. Harman.
Queen	=	Mrs. Douglass.
Player Queen	=	Mrs. Love.

Since then Hamlet has been as popular in America as in England, and every tragedian of note—Booth, Wallack, Forrest, and others, whose names are scarcely less familiar here than there—has been seen as "Hamlet the Dane."

HAMLET IN GERMANY.

I have thought it best, under the above heading, to treat a question which concerns both the Literary and Stage History of Hamlet. In his interesting work, Shakespeare in Germany, published in 1864, Mr. Cohn says: "About the year 1665, this piece was performed by the Veltheim company, but it is of a much older date than this, for we find it in the Dresden Stage-library in 1626, and even then it was no new piece, as there is every reason to believe that it had been brought to Germany by the English players as early as 1603" (part i. p. cxx). In part ii. (pp. 241–304 inclusive) he gives the German text and an English translation, side by side, of this tragedy, the full title of which is "Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark." The German text given Mr. Cohn describes as a "late and modernized copy of a much older manuscript." The copy bears the date "Pretz, den 27. Oktober 1710"; it is entitled TRAGOEDIA. Der beſtrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark (Tragedy. Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark), and appears to have been first published, in its entirety, in 1781, "in the German periodical Olla Potrida" (sic). It commences with a short Prologue, the speakers in which are *Nacht* (Night), and the Three Furies, *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Mœgœra*. This Prologue is in verse, with the exception of one long prose speech of Night; and it is the only portion of the play which contains anything which can pretend to the title of poetry. The tragedy itself is a wretchedly dreary composition, written entirely in prose, with the exception of one or two rhyming couplets at the end of scenes, and is remarkable for having every vestige not only of the poetry, but of the dramatic vigour of Shakespeare's play, carefully eliminated. In fact it bears about as much relation to the Tragedy of Hamlet—as we know it from the Second Quarto (1604), or the Folio, or even in the mutilated version of the Quarto of 1603—as one of Kirkman's Drolls does to the play on which it was professedly founded, whether the work of Shakespeare or of any contemporary author. Of Hamlet's wonderful soliloquies not a line remains; and even where the story does follow that of Shakespeare's tragedy, the scenes are so arranged as to destroy entirely the dramatic construction of the original. In short it is such a contemptible production, that any student or admirer of Shakespeare may be excused if he finds himself unable, from want of patience, to read the whole of it. I have been through it carefully myself, line by line, and, after making allowances for the extensive modernization the printed version may have undergone, it is impossible to believe that it represents, however remotely, any version of Hamlet written by Shakespeare. Mr. Cohn says (part i. p. cxxi): "Single passages in the German piece shew that an edition of the original must have been used which contained passages that are in the folio, but not in the first quarto, while other passages prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator. Thus, for instance, the Ghost says to Hamlet, 'Mark me, Hamlet, for the time draws near when I must return to whence I came,' and concludes his speech with the words 'Thus was I robbed of kingdom, wife and life by this foul tyrant.' The former is evidently taken from the words which the Ghost uses in our accepted text of Hamlet:

> My hour is almost come,
> When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
> Must render up myself;

while the latter corresponds exactly to the order in which the Ghost mentions the same things in the original,

> Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
> Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
> At once deprived,' etc."

But I cannot really see anything in the text of the German piece to justify these statements of Mr. Cohn. That the author, whoever he was, had seen or read Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we have it in the Folio or the Quarto of 1604, is most probable, if not certain; also that he must have had access to some copy of the Quarto of 1603, which edition, it will be remembered, was not then known to any of the English commentators of the 18th century. This, in itself, is a very interesting fact, for we may venture to infer from this that this Quarto of 1603, or something like it, had been represented on the stage in Germany, whether in English or in a German translation we have no evidence to show. On the other hand, that there are passages in the German play, which, to quote Mr. Cohn, "prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator," I cannot see. If we found in the German version that the peculiar sequence of the scenes, for instance, in the Quarto of 1603, was followed rather than that of the Folio or the Quarto of 1604; or if there were any parallels to the one scene peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, the scene between Horatio and the Queen (see Shakspere Quarto Facsimile of Hamlet, scene xiv. p. 53), Mr. Cohn's statement, quoted above, might be justifiable; but we find no such thing. On the other hand there seems to me no internal evidence that the author of the German piece, "Fratricide Punished," &c., need have used the Quarto of 1603 at all. He could have obtained the wretchedly bald skeleton of Hamlet, which he has dressed up in dull and shabby prose, from the Folio, or from the Quarto of 1604. Bald, and corrupt in many passages the Quarto of 1603 undoubtedly is; but it does contain the germs of three of the finest soliloquies, and many passages of beautiful poetry, all of which the German adapter succeeded in eliminating; so that it really could be only a trifle to him to have got rid of the additional poetry, and of the finer passages first given in the Quarto of 1604.

The only absolute point of resemblance between the German play and the Quarto of 1603 is that Polonius in the former is called *Corambus*, and in the latter *Corambis;* but there is no resemblance in the names of the other characters; for instance Laertes, who is called in Q. 1 Leartes, in the German play is Leonhardus; Claudius is called Erico, apparently a modified form of Eric; the Queen is called Sigrie; while Hamlet, Horatio, and Ophelia (not Ofelia as in the Quarto of 1603), and Francisco are found both in the German play and in the Quarto of 1604. In the first scene of the German play the Two Sentinels, as in the Quarto of 1603, are simply First and Second Sentinel; but the name Barnardo, which occurs in the Quarto of 1603, does not occur in the German play. Of new characters introduced into the latter we have Phantasmo the Clown, who takes the place of Osric in the last act, and who is a most abominable excrescence in the other scenes, principally the mad scenes of Ophelia, in which he appears. There is also Jens a Peasant, an unimportant character, who appears only in a short scene in the third act. The Principal of the Comedians is called Carl. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not appear; but "Two Ruffians" are introduced in their place, who accompany Hamlet on his voyage to England by the King's orders; they attempt, in a ridiculous scene in the fourth act, to shoot Hamlet. From a careful examination of the German text I can only discover one passage which could hardly have been written, unless the author had seen either the Quarto of 1604 or the Folio, and that is in act i. scene 7 of the German piece, which commences with the speech corresponding to that of the King in Shakespeare's play:

> Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death.
> —Act i. sc. 2.

In the German version the beginning of that speech is thus rendered: "Obschon unsers Herrn Bruders Tod noch in frischem Gedächtniss bey jedermann ist, und uns gebietet, alle Solennitäten einzustellen, werden wir doch anjetzo genöthiget, unsere schwarze Trauerkleider in Carmosin, Purpur und Scharlach zu verändern." The English translation given

in Cohn's book is slightly misleading; it runs thus: "Though yet of our dear brother's death the memory is *green* to all and it befitteth us to suspend all joyous demonstrations, yet from this time 't is meet we change our *suits of solemn black* to crimson, purple, and scarlet" (part ii. p. 256). Literally it should be translated thus: "Although our brother's death still is in fresh remembrance with every one, and it befits us to defer all [state] solemnities, yet are we from this time compelled to change our black mourning clothes into crimson, purple, and scarlet." In many places the translator has, very naturally, paraphrased the German text in the language of Shakespeare, even where the latter does not literally render the words of the former.

As to any actual evidence of the representation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, or of any other play on the same subject as early as 1603 or 1604, we can find none in Mr. Cohn's work. In the collection of so-called English Comedies and Tragedies, published in 1620[1] (see Cohn, part i. pp. cvii–cxi), Hamlet does not occur. The first mention of its representation appears to be in a very interesting catalogue of plays, written in an almanac by an officer of the Dresden Court in 1626, in which we find that on the 24th June of that year, *Tragœdia von Hamlet einen printzen in Dennemarck* (Tragedy of Hamlet, a Prince of Denmark) was represented. The other Shakespearean plays contained in the list are Julius Cæsar, Lear, and Romeo and Juliet, which alone appears to have been acted more than once (see Cohn, part i. pp. cxv, cxvi). Marlowe's tragedy of "Barrabas the Jew of Malta" was acted twice, and so was a comedy called "Josepho the Jew of Venice," which may have been partly taken from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, and partly from Marlowe's play. There is nothing to show that the Hamlet in this list was not Shakespeare's tragedy as we have it in the Folio.

But now we come to a second very interesting question, namely, was this wretched version of Hamlet, the modernized text of which is given in Cohn, really taken from an old German play, founded, not on Shakespeare's Hamlet, but on the old play of that name mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under the year 1594? The bald way in which the story is treated, the introduction of incongruous comic characters and scenes, and, perhaps, the fact that the German play is preceded by a prologue, which is written in a serious vein and in somewhat poetical language, all lead us to infer that such may have been the case; but, of course, till we have discovered, if we ever do, the text of the old play of Hamlet, this question must remain undecided. But, at least, we may say this, that it is much more likely that the German play had for its original an old-fashioned tragedy, written before Shakespeare's time, than that the author took the trouble to concoct such a wretched unpoetical and dull piece of work from any one of the versions of Shakespeare's Hamlet which have come down to us.

[1] A second edition with exactly the same contents was published in 1624, *ut supra*, p. cix.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The extraordinary popularity of this tragedy, not only on the stage and in the study of the scholar and poet, but amongst the people who read anything at all, is probably not exceeded, even if it be equalled, by any other literary work in our language, and certainly not by any dramatic work ever written. Hamlet has enriched our language even more than any other work of Shakespeare's with popular and familiar expressions, which indeed have become household words. Wherever the English language is spoken men and women will be found, not always consciously, perhaps, clothing their ideas—ideas common to all humanity—in the language of Hamlet. The enormous amount of intellectual activity, which this play of Shakespeare has produced, may be seen in the formidable list of works written on the subject, given in Furness's New Variorum edition of Hamlet, vol. ii.; nor is the bulk of this literature mere polemical writing. Those who have made a study of the whole play, or of the single character of Hamlet, have, in the course of that study, generally been brought to think about subjects on which they might otherwise have bestowed very little consideration. As for its popularity as an acting play,

I have spoken of that already. When we come to ask ourselves how is it that this tragedy and its strange philosophic, weak, irresolute hero has taken such a hold on the minds and hearts of the people, it is not very easy at first sight to give an answer. Many more sympathetic stories have been dramatized; for, after all, the main motive of Hamlet, filial love, is not so popular as sexual love. Again, the story has many features in it which can appeal but little to general sympathy. Incestuous marriages, performed in such indecent haste as that of Gertrude and Claudius, are not common; while in the fitful energy with which he carries out his task of vengeance, Hamlet does things which cannot but alienate our sympathies.

Indeed some critics have denounced Hamlet as an immoral and almost contemptible character. They have had no difficulty in pointing out instances of his deplorable weakness, and of his cowardly inaction at those decisive moments in his life which demand firm decision and prompt action. But, perhaps, it is the very weakness of Hamlet which inspires our sympathy; he is no hero cast in a semi-divine mould. His imperfections, his errors, no less than his affections and his passions, are intensely human. They appeal to the great heart of mankind; his intellectual superiority to those around him, which he feels himself no less than we do, is never allowed to dominate his character so as to paralyse his emotions, or to fetter his impulses. His philosophy is not of that kind which sets him up on an eminence, whence he looks down with calm and rational contempt on the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. His scepticism is of the most superficial nature. It is a mere film, so to speak, over his heart, which throbs with the tenderest affection and the warmest passion.

As to Hamlet's love for his father, which is evidently the strongest affection in his nature, we feel that it was something far beyond the habitual respect or submission which so often does duty for filial devotion. This love is founded not on the false basis of family pride, nor on a mere blind admiration of his father's talents and virtues, but on a keen appreciation of all his nobler qualities; qualities with which Hamlet sympathizes, not from the point of view of a mere outside admirer—if one may use the expression—who felt that they were quite beyond his own reach, but with the earnest veneration of one who kept them always before his eyes as an example to be imitated; who was sensible that these qualities were the real source of that feeling of genial companionship, which raises the love of a son for his father so far beyond the sterile region of duty.

The close sympathy that existed between the elder Hamlet and his son, which is so insisted on by the dramatist, directs our attention to what is the key-note to the whole play, which may in some respects be called the Tragedy of Uncongeniality. When Hamlet first appears upon the scene, one cannot fail to be struck by the painful moral isolation of his position. Not one single soul of all those around him seems to share the least in the great sorrow which weighs him down. Not two months have elapsed since the sudden death of his father; of the king whom all his subjects appeared to love and honour; of the generous open-hearted brother, the chivalrous, tender, devoted husband; yet on no face, save on that of his son, is there any shade of sadness. Hamlet looks to the throne, and he sees there his uncle with a smile of smug self-satisfaction on his sensual face. He listens to him pouring forth sentence after sentence of plausible platitudes with an unctuous hypocrisy, which must have been unspeakably nauseous to the son of that murdered brother whose throne he had, morally if not legally, usurped. And by that uncle's side what does he see? His mother; who was scarcely a widow before she was again a bride; a mother from whose loving sympathy he had looked to find his greatest consolation in his sorrow, on whose sobbing breast he had thought to pour forth all the anguish of his soul. But—horrible disillusion—he had found that breast disturbed by nothing but the throbs of an incestuous passion; and those tears, the worthless tribute of conventional hypocrisy, to the memory of her dead husband, dried by her lover's kisses. If those who were bound by the nearest

and dearest ties to his lost father, were so shamelessly forgetful of his death, what could he expect of the courtiers around him? They might well be forgiven if, in their anxiety to curry favour with the new king, they forgot even that decent affectation of regret for the loss of their late master, however kind and gracious he had been, which they may have thought themselves bound to cast off with the court mourning. So the young prince sits there, the one dark spot on the gay scene; his head bowed down with grief, his heart quivering, his brain reeling from the shock he had received; while he listens to that mother whom he had seen hanging on her late husband's neck, as if she would grow there, exhorting him in placid tones to cast off his "inky cloak," and to look cheerful; an effort which could not but have been rendered much easier by the admirable exhortation from the crowned adulterer, who reminded him that everyone must die some time or other, and that the father, whose death Hamlet showed such bad taste in not forgetting, had at some distant period lost his father. One person there was who longed to throw her arms around his neck, and tell him how she shared his grief and his painful bewilderment at the jarring merriment around him. But she dared not show the secret of her heart; for she was bound, hand and foot, by the trammels of conventionality, and forced to keep silence by the filial awe she felt for her worldly time-serving father, supported as he was by her still more worldly and time-serving brother.

It is important to notice the condition of Hamlet's mind before Horatio describes to him the appearance of his father's ghost. Half stupefied by the shock which his mother's marriage has given him, he had begun, unconsciously, to piece together in his mind the suspicious circumstances of his father's death; and the accusation which he had but half framed against his uncle is suddenly and supernaturally confirmed by the revelation of the ghost. All the tenderest feelings of his nature are wrung by the pathetic story of his father's end which is now revealed to him. He has to bear, in addition, the overwhelming burden of that solemn duty of revenge enjoined on him by his supernatural visitant. Small wonder if, under this severe strain on his emotional and mental faculties, his reason for a short time totters on its throne; and when his friends rejoin him after the interview with the Ghost, his wild and agitated manner might well induce them to believe that the announcement of his intention to put on an "antic manner" was a conscious anticipation of the madness that he felt to be coming on him. Repeated study of Hamlet only confirms me in the opinion, which I have already ventured to express,[1] that Hamlet's intention of assuming insanity is not inspired only by the idea that he would thus be able to accomplish his task of vengeance more easily, but by the clear consciousness of the fact that, unless his overtaxed mind can have the relief of eccentricity, the assumption must become, sooner or later, a reality. I will again quote that sentence from Coleridge, which is worth all the remarks that German æstheticism or mysticism has perpetrated on this subject: "Hamlet plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts." That Hamlet is not absolutely mad, even at this most critical moment of his life, is clear from the beautiful speech which concludes the first act.

In the interval supposed to elapse before the action of the play recommences Hamlet has taken one most important practical step towards the fulfilment of the solemn charge imposed on him by his father's spirit. The terrible disillusion, as regards his mother's real nature, which he has undergone, has swept away all that holy confidence, and nearly all that still holier love between them, which now would have been his greatest consolation. Instinctively Hamlet feels that he must deny himself also that other great consolation which seems within his reach, the sympathetic love of Ophelia. If the great task enjoined him—of his own unfitness for which by nature he is well aware—is ever to be accomplished, he must put aside all temp-

[1] See A Study of Hamlet (Longmans, 1875), p. 22.

tation to tread "the path of dalliance" by the side of her whom he loves. Shakespeare only allows us a glimpse—but what a vivid one it is—of the fearful struggle that must have gone on in Hamlet's mind before he resolved to give up his love, in that beautiful description which Ophelia gives her father of Hamlet's strange visit to her. He could not, it seems, trust himself to speak a word, but his actions, as she describes them, tell us all that we need know. In the future which lies before him there is no room for love or marriage. Whether he succeeds or whether he fails in the duty supernaturally enjoined him, he will succeed or fail alone. Ophelia must have clearly understood that this strange silent interview was meant by Hamlet to be their last; and she may well be forgiven for lending herself—as she undoubtedly does in the first scene of the third act, however some commentators may try to deny the fact—to an innocent deception, which she believes may aid in at once restoring her lover to reason and to her. It is absolutely necessary, in order to understand that scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, to recognize this fact; that, suspicious as he then is of all around him, Hamlet is convinced, on evidence which would be sufficient even for a more dispassionate mind, that Ophelia has sought that interview, not of her own accord, but at the instigation of those whom Hamlet naturally looks upon as his worst enemies. Thus there comes to him the second great disillusion of his life, more terrible if possible than that which shattered the image of his mother cherished from childhood. For he now learns that she, whom he loved with a love which inspired that bitter cry by the side of her grave (see v. 1. 292–294), is leagued with his enemies, at least so far that she does not scruple to lend herself as an instrument of deception, and as the bait of a trap which they have laid for him. Henceforth there is one being, and one only, in all the world whom Hamlet feels that he can trust, namely, Horatio; and in him his trust remains unshaken to the end.

In the great soliloquy, which concludes the second act, Hamlet shows how clearly he is sensible of his own weakness. He distrusts even his father's ghost, and, for a short time at least, entertains the idea that the spirit he has seen "may be the devil," who has imposed upon his weakness and his melancholy disposition. One expression in this soliloquy is very remarkable, and that is where Hamlet, comparing his inactivity with the emotion shown by the player in reciting the sufferings of Hecuba, does not say "I can *do* nothing," but "I can *say* nothing." Even now he shrinks from any action, till the Ghost's word has been confirmed by the device of the play. After the success of that experiment he declares that he has no longer any doubt; yet the very next moment he has an opportunity of killing the king when on his knees and unprepared for any attack. The reasons, which Hamlet assigns for not killing Claudius then, are couched in what one cannot but call repulsive language; but the fact is that they are not his real reasons at all. His nature shrinks from the wild justice of revenge; to him an assassination is always an assassination; and therefore he spares Claudius at that moment; though, scarce half an hour afterwards, he does not hesitate to stab him, as he believes, through the arras behind which he thinks that his uncle is concealed. He has worked himself up to such a state of mental exaltation that when he finds his mistake, and that it is Polonius and not Claudius whom he has killed, he does not at the moment feel any remorse; his energies are all concentrated on the first real action which he is about to take in obedience to the command of his father's spirit. This action, if it can be called so, is to be performed by words rather than by deeds. He has resolved to make a bold attempt to awaken his mother's conscience; and the reappearance of the Ghost, while he is engaged in this, serves to confirm him in the idea, of which he has shown some trace in the scene with Ophelia, that he is appointed by heaven as an instrument of vengeance. After the excitement of the scene with his mother, reaction sets in. He weeps over the body of Polonius; and submits without a struggle to the King's command which sends him away to England; though by doing so it would seem, at first sight, that he puts it for ever out of

his power to punish his father's murderer. It was, perhaps, because Shakespeare felt this that he introduced the final part of act iii. scene 4 (lines 177–217). For there Hamlet distinctly states to his mother (lines 200–210), that he *knew* there was some plot against him in sending him to England. This affected knowledge of his uncle's intended treachery may have been only suspicion; but there is another reason for Hamlet falling in with his uncle's plan; if he remained in Denmark he might have to answer for the death of Polonius.[1] The careful reader will observe that, after his interview with his mother, his conduct is much more outrageous towards Claudius. His assumption of insanity is more marked, and he is quite reckless as to what language he uses towards the King. It is also most noticeable that from this time, especially after his interview with the captain of Fortinbras's "lawless resolutes," much of the irresolution of his character disappears. The remarkable soliloquy, suggested by the sight of the young Norwegian prince's force on its march, ends with the words

> O, from this time forth,
> My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
> —iv. 4. 65, 66.

This resolution Hamlet certainly fulfils. He loses no time, according to the account he gives Horatio, in securing himself against the treachery of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and providing, most cleverly, for their substitution in his place as victims of the king's treachery. When the pirates take possession of the ship, instead of philosophizing in the background, Hamlet is in the very front of the action, and so is taken prisoner. When Horatio tells him that the king must soon learn from England the trick that has been played him, Hamlet's answer is, "The interval is mine." In fact, from being a man of mere words, he has now become a man of action. No doubt Shakespeare was indebted more or less to the old history of Hamlet, whether in the form of a play or in that of a story, for the incidents in the latter part of his own tragedy; but still we are justified in supposing that he adopted those incidents deliberately; for the design of the play shows far too much thought and care to admit of the theory that the character of Hamlet was not presented to his mind as a consistent whole, consistent in its very inconsistencies. It is true that Hamlet allows an interval, as it were, to take place in the fencing bout with Laertes; and that he treats Claudius, both in the hypocritical letter he sends him after being set on shore by the pirates, and throughout what may be called the prologue to the fencing scene, with an almost exaggerated courtesy. His innate aversion to open violence, which, as shown by his conduct to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has been overcome so far that he does not mind shedding human blood by proxy, might have caused him still to delay his vengeance against his father's murderer, had not the treachery practised towards himself driven him into sudden action.

As to the objections which are so freely advanced against the slaughter-house aspect of the stage at the end of the play, I cannot but think that they are somewhat superficial; for surely the many deaths which are the result, partly of the crime of Claudius and Gertrude, and partly of Hamlet's own irresolution, point sternly and appropriately the moral of the tragedy. Had Hamlet proceeded directly to the task imposed on him by his father's spirit, many of the lives forfeited would have been spared, and he himself might have succeeded to the throne of Denmark; but it is the very essence of crimes, such as are portrayed in this play, that their consequences are far-reaching, and involve the lives of the innocent, as well as those of the guilty.

The other characters of the play, with the exception of Polonius and Laertes, have not very much individuality, but they serve admirably as contrasts or foils to Hamlet. His great fault is that he is too introspective; he is always trying to take himself to pieces as it were, and to examine the moral machinery

[1] Perhaps the real meaning of line 211 in that scene,

> This man shall set me packing,

is that Hamlet recognizes the fact that his rashness, in killing Polonius, has left him no choice as to his going to England.

of his nature; to dissect his own soul, to trace every nerve and fibre of its inner and spiritual nature; but those around him in the court of Denmark cannot be accused of holding overmuch converse with their consciences. They take the world just as it comes, and do what those around them do, without ever troubling themselves whether it is right or wrong. Hamlet the elder was a courageous and noble king; his nature, perhaps, was a little too high to be quite appreciated by them, still they appear to have detected that the metal of Claudius had a good deal of alloy in it. But then the latter is king, and, after all, he is a good sort of fellow; he entertains, and does not stint his hospitality; therefore they do not trouble themselves how it was that he came to find himself on his brother's throne and in his brother's bed. Polonius no doubt was a very good servant to the elder brother; but he is not much troubled by the fact that Claudius does not keep the court in mourning quite as long as etiquette, to say nothing of decency, demanded. He serves the younger brother with precisely the amount of laborious vacuity, and short-sighted penetration, which he devoted to the service of the elder. As for Laertes, once the favourite companion and playfellow of the young Hamlet, he is a thorough contrast to his prince. He is essentially a young man of the period, and finds the society of Paris gayer than that of Elsinore. He has any amount of theoretical morality; with amazing self-confidence he can read his sister lectures upon prudence and chastity, but to the practical exposition of such precepts he evidently does not devote much of his time or energy. At any rate, his moral principles do not rest on a very firm basis; and when Claudius proposes to him to take advantage of an apparently friendly contest with Hamlet, and so assassinate him, he is in no way shocked at the proposition; but, with admirable presence of mind, remembers that he has a poison, with which to make his treacherous work more certain. But still he was, from a certain point of view, not a bad sort of son and brother; and had he been in Hamlet's place he would, doubtless, have fulfilled the Ghost's injunctions with greater alacrity, and the tragedy would have been in one or two, instead of in five acts. Horatio is quite a different type of man, poor, and, though brought up in the atmosphere of a court, no sycophant; devoid almost, as it would seem, even of ambition, but loyal to the bottom of his heart; one who knew how to respect his prince without servility, and to love his friend without adulation. Of the other male characters Fortinbras is a mere sketch. He serves as a contrast, suggested more than carried out, to Hamlet, representing as he does the restless active nature that never weighs the consequences of any action. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are admirable portraits of the conventional courtier. They are as like one another as two pieces of Italian paste cut out by the same stamp. They are loyal to the king for the time being, whoever he may be; and are always ready to give proof of their loyalty by doing promptly any dirty action that royalty may bid them do.

With regard to the female characters, the Queen is an excellent type of those women who are wax in the hands of any strong-minded man, but whose honour rests upon a foundation of sand that a passing puff of passion can overthrow; kind-hearted, averse to cruelty, and affectionate enough if they can only make up their minds where their affection is to be placed. Such women drift into crime, because they never look inside themselves, but always at the outside. Ophelia[1] has been shamefully maligned by some critics, who, following Goethe's utterly false and sensuous picture of her, have failed to see the beautiful picture of purity that Shakespeare has drawn in her character. It is only necessary to read what Shakespeare has written about her, and not what some critics may say he has written, to perceive that, though there may be traces of weakness about her, she has not lost her honour; but that she was justly entitled to her "virgin crants," and to the reverence that such a simple, innocent, and loving nature should inspire in a man.

[1] Any reader, who wishes to see the whole question of Ophelia's chastity argued at length, may be referred to my Study of Hamlet.—See Appendix D, pp. 128–151.

THE RELATIONS OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA.[1]

There is one deep note in this play of "Hamlet" which sounds through all the discords of fate, love, and ambition. This note is Hamlet's profound affection for his father. In no literature is there any filial devotion which surpasses that. It is outraged by the beloved father's murder and by the mother's frailty; it is tortured by doubt and irresolution; it is the motive and the cue for the passion which wrecks Ophelia's hopes and ruins her life.

If we do not bear this in mind, Hamlet's conduct in the last interview with the unhappy girl becomes inexplicable, and may easily be assigned to that insanity which is the simplest but most unsatisfactory solution of the problem. In this scene, perhaps, the actor has the most difficult task in the whole range of the drama. He has to present the conflict in Hamlet's soul so clearly that it shall connect itself in the minds of the audience with the whole train of thought which precedes it, instead of seeming the brutal outbreak of a mere madman. So grave is the difficulty of interpretation that I am anxious, in the interests of any young actor who may undertake it, that playgoers should think out the story before they see the tragedy.

Let us remember that the terrible duty which has been laid upon Hamlet by the spirit of his dead father forces him to wipe away from the tablets of his brain all "trivial, fond records," for in a soul doomed to be the avenger of "a dear father murdered," there is no room for the love of woman. Was it not a woman, too, who was the cause of this appalling crime? What crime? "What evidence," reasons Hamlet with himself, "what evidence have I to sustain my story? The testimony of a visitor from another world! With a disclosure made only to me—for nobody else heard it. Who will believe it? Who will believe such witness to the justice of my vengeance?" Should Hamlet revenge himself upon his father's murderer, *he* will appear to the people of Denmark just what he charges Claudius with being—a murderer—and the people will wreak their vengeance upon him. Distracted by doubt, he is actually contemplating suicide when he is disturbed by the approach of Ophelia, and on this innocent victim of destiny, who had been the idol of this sweet prince's heart—by a process familiar in human experience—all the elements in his mental struggle are at once concentrated with overwhelming force, spurred, too, by the suspicion that she is privy to the eaves-dropping of her father and Claudius.

In all Hamlet's assumptions of mental wandering he is greatly aided by the excitability of his temperament. His emotions are always ready to carry him away, and his wild imaginings easily lend themselves to the maddest disguises of speech. A flash of volition may often be the exponent of a chain of thought, and perhaps the action of Hamlet's mind was somewhat after this manner: He feels the woe of Ophelia and his own. He writhes under the stigma of heartlessness which he cannot but incur. How remove it? How wipe away the stain? It is impossible. Cursed then be the cause. His whole nature surges up against it—the incestuousness of this king; the havoc of illicit passion, which has killed his noble father, wrecked his fairest hopes, stolen from him his mother's love—nay, robbed him even of the maternal idea, which remains to many a man in unblemished purity and even sweetness, long after a breach has taken place between his mother and himself. His (Hamlet's) mother was once fair and honest, honest as Ophelia now. *Is* Ophelia honest? Impossible to think otherwise. But it were a mad quip to ask her, and let the after dialogue take its own course. Take what course it will, it must dwell on the one subject which will harden Hamlet's heart, and give rigour to his nature. Thus comes the paradox:—

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Ophelia. My lord!
Hamlet. Are you fair?

[1] From the President's Annual Address to the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, delivered by Henry Irving, 19th February, 1890.

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

Hamlet's mother's beauty had been her snare. Her honesty had fallen a victim to her beauty. Let beauty and honesty therefore—here was the stroke of mad exaggeration—have no discourse.

Hamlet. I did love you once.

Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.

The thought underlying this is one of almost peevish aggravation of the root-grievance cankering in the speaker's mind: "I am nothing but vicious. You should not have believed me. My old stock—that is, the vice I had from my mother—would so contaminate all that was honest in my nature, or all the *good* I might have got through my intercourse with you, would be so polluted by the overpowering *bad* impulses in me that you had better not have known me—infinitely better not have loved me." And then with a wild "bolt," as it were, he utters the words that may most sharply end all—"I loved you not." This is the surgeon's knife for such complaints, and many a man has used it coolly and callously. But such men were not Hamlets. He uses it more in frenzy than in judgment, in an agony of pain, amid a thousand fond remembrances, but dominated by the one conviction that he must break with Ophelia, cost what it may. His instincts were accurate, though his temperament was not calculating, and the impetus of necessity drove him, in that moment of miserable stress, to use words which could not have been more ruthlessly and effectually chosen by the most cold-blooded of deceivers.

There is nothing more pitiable, tender, or forlorn, in the whole range of the drama, than Ophelia's reply: "I was the more deceived." These are her last voluntary words, except her ejaculations of prayer that Heaven may help and restore her lover; but these do not come till further wild and whirling words have convinced her that it is with a madman she is talking. For the moment it is enough that she is abandoned, and the past repudiated. Her heart is wrecked. She incoherently answers the one question Hamlet puts to her —"Where's your father?"—and gazes and listens in frozen horror to the tirades which he has now worked himself up to deliver.

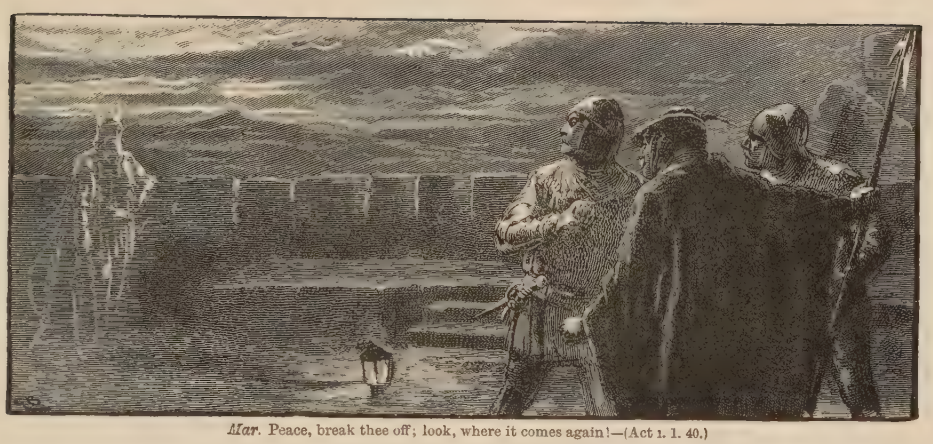
But his words are not devoid of sequence, nor is their harshness untouched with sympathy. "Get thee to a nunnery." Where else, but in such a sanctuary, should so pure a being be sheltered? Where else could Ophelia so well escape the contamination on which her lover's mind was still running? The next lines, violent, self-accusing, cynical, almost gross in their libel of humanity, are probably uttered in desperate and yet restrained anxiety to snatch at and throw to the heart-pierced maiden some strange, morbid consolation, but without giving her any faint shadow of the one solace which he so well knows would be all-sufficing. It is neither necessary nor possible to suppose that all this was deliberately thought out by Hamlet. At such moments as he was passing through, the high pressure of a forcible mind carries it over the difficulties in its course, and as truly so when the leaps and bounds seem without system as when the progress is more regular. But for any purpose of comfort, how utterly is this without effect! Mute is Ophelia, and after his burst of self-condemning, man-condemning fury, her lover is mute also.

Let us imagine them thus together, when suddenly Hamlet remembers—there is no need for him to have any reminder—the hidden presence of the king. He sharply asks Ophelia, "Where's your father?" How shall we interpret her reply?

Her words are, "At home, my lord." How comes she to say this? If she had known her father and the king were behind the arras, as you know in this play they are supposed to be, she might still have made the same

reply, so wrapt in her thoughts that all recollection of the king's and Polonius's presence might have left her: in short, the words might have been spoken in mere vacancy. If she did not know the king and her father were watching, of course the words were simple sincerity and truth; or, taken by surprise by the question, and feeling herself to be an unwilling instrument in something that was going on, while, though her own motive was pure, she was at a loss how to explain it, she may have given a reply which she knew to be false in the desire to clear herself of complicity in what Hamlet would certainly think mean and despicable. This or worse is probably Hamlet's opinion for the moment, but that he banishes the thought is curiously proved by the tender passage which follows; for, after sternly rebuking Polonius, Hamlet may be said to excuse himself by implication, and to ask pardon indirectly for the seeming reproach. "Be thou as chaste," he says, "as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

And now Hamlet's excitement reaches its greatest height. Goaded within and without, nay, dragged even by his own feelings in two opposite directions, in each of which he suspects he may have gone too far under the eyes of malignant witnesses, he is maddened by the thought that they are still observing him, and as usual, half in wild exultation, half by design, begins to pour forth more and more extravagant reproaches on his kind. He must not commit himself to his love, nor unbosom his hate, nor has he a moment's pause in which to set in order a contrived display of random lunacy. As usual passion, and preconceived gloomy broodings abundantly supply him with declamation which may indicate a deep meaning or be mere madness according to the ears that hear it, while through all his bitter ravings there is visible the anguish of a lover forced to be cruel, and of a destined avenger almost beside himself with the horrors of his provocation and his task. The shafts fly wildly, and are tipped with cynic poison; the bow from which they are sped is a strong and constant though anxious nature, steadily, though with infinite excitement, bent upon the one great purpose fate has imposed upon it. The fitful excesses of his closing speech are the twangings of the bow from which the arrow of avenging destiny shall one day fly straight to the mark.



Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!—(Act I. 1. 40.)

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle. Midnight.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. The clock strikes twelve. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.[1]
Ber. 'T is now[2] struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart. 9
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[3] of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there? 14

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.[4]
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you[5] good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you[5] good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus. 20
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along

[1] *Upon your hour, i.e.* exactly at your hour.
[2] *Now*=just now. [3] *Rivals, i.e.* partners.
[4] *Ground, i.e.* country. [5] *Give you, i.e.* God give you.

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Hush, tush, 't will not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears, 31
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again! 40

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows[1] me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak! 49
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,[2]
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump[3] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
[*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, 70
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward,[4] that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day: 78
Who is 't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat: in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of[5] to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent[6] 90
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same comart,

[1] *Harrows*, afflicts, tortures; or, perhaps, figuratively = tears, lacerates.

[2] *Parle*, parley.
[3] *Jump*, exactly.
[4] *Toward*, at hand.
[5] *Seiz'd of*, possessed of.
[6] *Competent*, corresponding.

And carriage of the article design'd, 94
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[1] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise 99
That hath a stomach[2] in't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage[3] in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king 110
That was and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.]
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,[4]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates, 122
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter GHOST.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done, 130
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily,[5] foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*Cock crows.*]
Stop it, Marcellus. 139
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'T is here!
Hor. 'T is here!
Mar. 'T is gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
[For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.]
Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, 149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant[6] and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, 162
No fairy takes,[7] nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life, 170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
[Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.]
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Unimproved*, untutored.
[2] *Stomach, i.e.* courage.
[3] *Romage*, disturbance.
[4] *The moist star, i.e.* the moon.
[5] *Happily*, haply.
[6] *Extravagant*, wandering.
[7] *Takes*, bewitches.

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,— 10
[With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—]
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
[Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands[1] of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles[2] allow.

[1] *Bands,* bonds.
[2] *Dilated articles,* articles set out at large.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty. 40
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
[You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?]
Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, 52
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed[3] lids 70

[3] *Vailed,* lowered.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust: 71
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound 90
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious[1] sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
[For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so."] We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
[And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,]
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: 118
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away,
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*
Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve[2] itself into a dew! 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this, 139
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[3] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or e'er those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle, 151
My father's brother, but no more like my father

[1] *Obsequious,* mourning (*i.e.* referring to "obsequies").
[2] *Resolve, i.e.* dissolve.
[3] *Beteem,* permit.

Than I to Hercules: within a month; 153
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
{She married. [O, most wicked speed, to post
{With such dexterity[1] to incestuous sheets!]
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.—(Act i. 2. 195.)

Horatio,—or I do forget myself. 161
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Bernardo*] Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not have your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report 172
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats 180
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

[1] *Dexterity, i.e.* swiftness.

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw who? 190
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,[1]
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arméd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé, 200
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good 210
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'T is very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it. 223
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. Ber. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. Ber. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. [*Abruptly*] Then saw you not his face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver[2] up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly? 231
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw 't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night; 242
Perchance 't will walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

[1] *Deliver,* relate.

[2] *Beaver,* the front part of the helmet.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy[1] in blood,
[A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute; 9
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel[2] doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:]
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do, 19
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
[And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.]
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent[3] ear you list his songs; 30
[Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.] 32
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
[Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons[4] be disclos'd; 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.]
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, 47
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comráde. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

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[1] *Toy*, caprice. [2] *Cautel*, craft.
[3] *Credent*, *i.e.* credulous.
[4] *Buttons*, buds (Fr. *boutons*).

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.[1]

Oph. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.—(Act i. 3. 46-51.)

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought: 90
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 't is put on me,[2]
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

[1] *Tend*, wait,

[2] *Put on me*, urged on me.

Which are not sterling. Tender[1] yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call 't; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. [From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments[2] at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,[3]
Not of that dye which their investments[4] show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile.] This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander[5] any moment's leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before the castle.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager[6] air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
[This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe[7] us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition;[8] and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.]
Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter GHOST.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

[1] *Tender*, regard.
[2] *Entreatments*, solicitations.
[3] *Brokers*, bawds.
[4] *Investments*, vestures.
[5] *Slander*, misuse.
[6] *Eager*, sharp.
[7] *Clepe*, call.
[8] *Addition*, title.

HAMLET

Pol For Lord Hamlet.
Believe so much in him, that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you

Be thou a spirit of health[1] or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, 41
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,[2]
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canóniz'd bones,[3] hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws 50
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I 'll follow thee.—(Act i. 4. 78, 79.)

That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60
It waves[4] you to a more removed ground: 61
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

[1] *A spirit of health, i.e.* a saved spirit.
[2] *Questionable shape, i.e.* shape inviting question.
[3] *Canóniz'd bones,* bones buried with due funeral rites.
[4] *Waves,* beckons

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys[1] of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee. 79
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.
[*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen;
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[2] me:
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.[3] To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of the platform.*

Enter GHOST *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

[1] *Toys*, freaks.
[2] *Lets*, hinders.
[3] *Have after*, follow.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit; 9
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:[4] 20
But this eternal blazon[5] must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'T is given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

[4] *Porpentine*, porcupine.
[5] *Eternal blazon*, revelation of eternity.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! 41
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
Of wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline[1]
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine! 52
[But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.]
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon, 60
Upon my sécure[2] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager[3] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
[And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 71
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.]
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:[4]
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd,[5] disappointed,[6] unanel'd;[7]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

[1] *Decline*, turn aside. [2] *Sécure*, unsuspicious.
[3] *Eager*, sour. [4] *Dispatch'd*, deprived.
[5] *Unhousell'd*, without the sacrament.
[6] *Disappointed*, unprepared.
[7] *Unanel'd*, without extreme unction.

A couch for luxury[8] and damned incest. 83
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

Ham. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.—(Act i. 5. 95-97.)

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire: 90
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

[8] *Luxury*, lust.

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond[1] records, 99
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me." 111
I have sworn 't.
Hor. [*Within*] My lord, my lord!
Mar. [*Within*] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [*Within*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. [*Within*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS,

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you 'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it? -- 121
But you 'll be secret?
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you're i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance[2] at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire, 130
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, 140
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?— 150
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword. 160
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

[1] *Fond*, foolish. [2] *Circumstance*, circumlocution

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends. 163
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,— 172
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would,"
Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they might,"
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear. 181
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! 190
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvell's wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
[*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer 11
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him;" do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And in part him; but," you may say, "not well:
But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild;
Addicted so and so;" and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that; 21
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency; 30
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly[1]
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed[2] blood,
Of general assault.

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[1] *Quaintly*, artfully. [2] *Unreclaimed*, untamed.

Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:[1]
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, 41
Your party in convérse, him you would sound,

Pol. Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
—(Act ii. 1. 63.)

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
According to the phrase or the addition[2]
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Rey. At "closes in the consequence," at "friend or so," and "gentleman." 53
Pol. At "closes in the consequence,"—ay, marry;

[1] *Fetch of warrant,* warranted device.
[2] *Addition,* title.

He closes with you thus: "I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,[3]
With windlasses[4] and with assays of bias,[5]
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you! fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord!] 70
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved[6] to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, 81
And with a look so piteous in purpórt
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?

[3] *Of reach, i.e.* far-sighted.
[4] *Windlasses,* roundabout ways.
[5] *Assays of bias,* indirect attempts.
[6] *Down-gyved, i.e.* hanging about his ankles like gyves or fetters.

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 90
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,[1]

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard.—(Act ii. 1. 87.)

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king. 101
This is the very ecstasy[2] of love;
Whose violent property fordoes[3] itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

[1] *Bulk*, breast.
[2] *Ecstasy*, madness.
[3] *Fordoes*, destroys.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied 109
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.—
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted[4] him: [I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy![5]
By heaven, it is as proper to our age

[4] *Quoted*, observed.
[5] *Jealousy*, suspicion.

To cast[1] beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.] Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you; 19
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry[2] and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey, 29
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,[3]
To lay our service freely at your feet, 31
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, 40
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear. 50
[*Pol.* Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit[4] to that great feast
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;[5]
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

[1] *Cast*, plan. [2] *Gentry*, courtesy. [3] *Bent*, inclination. [4] *The fruit*, *i.e.* the dessert. [5] *The main*, *i.e.* the main source.

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,[1] sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more 70
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance 79
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
Pol. This business is well ended.]
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate[2]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,[3]
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, 91
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect, 101
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.[4]
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
[*Reads.*
"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"— 110
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*
"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*
"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love. 119
"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."
This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 131
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

[1] *Borne in hand*, deluded.
[2] *Expostulate*, discuss in full.
[3] *Wit*, *i.e.* understanding.
[4] *Perpend*, consider.

What might you think? No, I went round[1]
to work, 139
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be:" and then I prescripts gave
her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch,[2] thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness,[3] and, by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves 150
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I 'd fain
know that—
That I have positively said "'T is so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take
this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four
hours together 160
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter
to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor
wretch comes reading. 168

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,[4]—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord? 193

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him

[1] *Round, i.e.* roundly, directly.
[2] *Watch,* sleeplessness. [3] *Lightness,* lightheadedness.
[4] *A good kissing carrion, i.e.* carrion good for kissing.

and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, —except my life, except my life, except my life. 221

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Pol. [*Aside*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
Ham. Into my grave?—(Act ii. 2. 208–210.)

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 230

[*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet.] What's the news? 240

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

[*Ros.* Then is the world one. 250

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.]

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to you: for

there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow. 268

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 278

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 291

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even[1] and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guildenstern*] What say you? 300

[1] *Even*, straightforward.

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of[2] you.—If you love me, hold not off. 302

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted[3] with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts. 325

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said "man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[4] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man[5] shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

[2] *Of*, on. [3] *Fretted*, adorned. [4] *Coted*, overtook and passed.
[5] *The humorous man*, *i.e.* the man of "humours" or fantastic caprices.

[*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.]

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases,[1] that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession. 368

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them[2] to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.] 379

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'S blood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 385

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: [let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent[3] to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours.] You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord? 395

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily[4] he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,— 410

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 421

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

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[1] *Eyases,* nestlings. [2] *Tarre them,* set them on. [3] *Extent,* condescension.

[4] *Happily,* haply.

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes. 439

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends. —O, my old friend! why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress; By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[1] [Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.]—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech. 452

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets[2] in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection;[3] but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see: 471

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'t is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
[Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd[4]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light 482
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized[5] with coagulate gore,]
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon he finds him 490
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. [Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.]
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack[6] stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region;[7] so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; 510
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! [All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!"]

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: [he 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on:] come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled[8] queen—"

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[1] *Chopine*, high shoe.
[2] *Sallets*, salads.
[3] *Affection*, *i.e* affectation.
[4] *Trick'd*, traced, coloured (in heraldry).
[5] *O'er-sized*, covered as with glue.
[6] *The rack*, the vaporous upper clouds.
[7] *The region*, *i.e.* the air.
[8] *Mobled*, veiled.

Ham. "The mobled queen"?

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson[1] rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe, 530
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods." 541

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'T is well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. 559

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord. 569

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*]

[1] *Bisson*, blinding.

My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore. 573

Roz. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so God be wi' ye.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Ham. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.—(Act ii. 2. 593-596.)

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, 581
A broken voice, and his whole function[2] suiting
With forms to his conceit?[3] and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,

[2] *His whole function*, *i.e.* all his faculties.
[3] *Conceit*, conception.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, 590
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,[1]
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat[2] was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat, 601
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'S wounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites,
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless[3] villain!
O, vengeance! 610
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About,[5] my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene 619
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent[6] him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses[7] me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative[8] than this. The play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,[4]
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession 9
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

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[1] *Peak*, mope. [2] *Defeat*, destruction.
[3] *Kindless*, unnatural.
[4] *Drift of circumstance*, roundabout method.
[5] *About, i.e.* to work. [6] *Tent*, probe.
[7] *Abuses*, deludes.
[8] *Relative, i.e.* to the purpose.

We o'er-raught[1] on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order 20
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'T is most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely[2] sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here 30
Affront[3] Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues 40
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. [*Aside*] O, 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! 50

[1] *O'er-raught,* overtook.
[2] *Closely,* secretly.
[3] *Affront,* confront.

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, 51
Is not more ugly to[4] the thing that helps it

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
—(Act iii. 1. 5. 6.)

Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!
Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

[4] *To, i.e.* compared to.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end 61
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'T is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect[1]
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 70
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[2] make
With a bare bodkin?[3] who would fardels[4] bear,
To grunt[5] and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons 89
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?[6]

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty? 110

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived. 121

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent[7] honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father? 133

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape

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1 *Respect*, consideration.
2 *Quietus*, discharge.
3 *Bodkin*, dagger.
4 *Fardels*, burdens.
5 *Grunt*, groan.
6 *Honest, i.e.* virtuous.
7 *Indifferent*, fairly.

calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell. 146

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all

Oph. Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.—(Act iii. 1. 100–102.)

but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy:[1] O, woe is me
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend; 170
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

[1] *Ecstasy, madness.*

Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul, 172
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
[And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:] he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel 180
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play, 189
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find[1] him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET *and several Players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour. 17

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from[2] the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.[3] Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure[4] of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir. 41

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

[*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

[1] *Find, i.e.* find out.

[2] *From,* apart from, contrary to.

[3] *Pressure,* impression, stamp.

[4] *Censure,* judgment.

Ros. Guil. We will, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]
Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.[1] 60
Hor. O, my dear lord,—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those 73
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king; 80
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted[2] guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.[3] Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure[4] of his seeming.

[1] *Cop'd withal,* encountered with.
[2] *Occulted,* concealed.
[3] *Stithy, i.e.* forge.
[4] *Censure,* judgment.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle:[5]
Get you a place.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.—(Act iii. 2. 59, 60.)

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so. 100

[5] *Idle,* crazy.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine. 102

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me. 109

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

[*Oph.* No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.]

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? 130

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; [or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."] 145

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a KING *and a* QUEEN *very lovingly; the* QUEEN *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* KING'S *ears, and exit. The* QUEEN *returns; finds the* KING *dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the* QUEEN *with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 150

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: [the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.]

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency, 160
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy[1] of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING *and a* QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart[2] gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
[For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

---

[1] *Posy, i.e.* a rhymed motto. [2] *Cart,* chariot.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so: 180
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave[1] to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 190

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

[*P. Queen.* The instances[2] that second marriage move
Are base respects[3] of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.]

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
[Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:[4]
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, 200
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:]
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
[The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange 210
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether[5] love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons[6] him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun, 220
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:]
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
[To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[7] cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite,[8] that blanks[9] the face of joy, 230
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!]
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks. 240

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. 253

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

[*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.] Begin, murderer; [pox,] leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

---

1 *Leave*, leave off, cease. 2 *Instances*, inducements.
3 *Respects*, considerations. 4 *Validity*, efficacy.
5 *Whether*, pronounced (as it was often written) *whe'r*.
6 *Seasons, i.e.* brings to maturity in his true character.
7 *Anchor's, i.e.* anchorite's, hermit's.
8 *Opposite*, obstacle.
9 *Blanks*, blanches, pales.

With Hecate's[1] ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property 270
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
[Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, —if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry[2] of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.]
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders![3]
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,— 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.[4]

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation[5] would perhaps plunge him into far more choler. 319

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon,[6] and my return shall be the end of my business. 330

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.[7] 339

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade[8] with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers. 349

[1] *Hecate*, pronounced Hecat.
[2] *Cry*, company (from a *cry* of hounds).
[3] *Recorders*, musical instruments.
[4] *Distempered*, discomposed (used also of bodily disorder).
[5] *Purgation*, a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word.
[6] *Your pardon*, *i.e.* your leave to go.
[7] *Amazement and admiration*, *i.e.* surprise and wonder.
[8] *Trade*, business.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"[1] —the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me,[2] as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you. 370

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages[3] with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill. 378

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret[4] me, you cannot play upon me.

[1] "While the grass grows the steed starves."

[2] *To recover the wind of me, i.e.*, in hunting, to get to windward of the game, that it may be driven into the toil without scenting it.

[3] *These ventages*, the stops.

[4] *Fret*, a quibble; the *frets* are the stops of an instrument.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir! 390

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. 399

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.[5] I will come by and by.[6]

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*]—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Horatio, and Players.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. 410
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
[My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,[7]
To give them seals[8] never, my soul, consent!]

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

[5] *Bent*, tension, as of a bent bow.

[6] *By and by*, immediately.

[7] *Shent*, confounded, put to shame.

[8] *To give them seals, i.e.* to put them in execution.

And he to England shall along with you:
[The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.
Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance;[1] but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease[2] of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.—(Act iii. 3. 73.)

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things 19
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.]
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home: 29
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear

[1] *Noyance*, injury. [2] *Cease*, extinction.

The speech, of vantage.[1] Fare you well, my liege: 33
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Polonius.*
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will: 39
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above; 60
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?[2]
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed[3] soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engag'd.[4] Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel, 70
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would[5] be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush[6] as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
[Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;] 90
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
[*Exit.*
[*The King rises and advances.*
King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad[7] to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between

[1] *Of vantage, i.e.* from a point of vantage.
[2] *Rests,* remains.
[3] *Limed,* caught with bird-lime.
[4] *Engag'd,* entangled.
[5] *Would, i.e.* requires to.
[6] *Flush,* full of vigour.
[7] *Broad,* unrestrained.

Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 10
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass 19
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain!
[*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, 28
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy in some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.[1]
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction[2] plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50
Is thought-sick[3] at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station[4] like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed, 60
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten[5] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

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[1] *Sense*, feeling.
[2] *Contraction*, *i.e.* marriage contract.
[3] *Thought-sick*, sick with anxiety.
[4] *Station*, attitude in standing.
[5] *Batten*, grow fat.

You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment 70
Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion:[1] but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity[2] of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?[3]
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans[4] all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80

Ham. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.—(Act iii. 4. 31, 32.)

Could not so mope.]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained[5] spots
As will not leave their tinct.

[*Ham.* Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed[6] bed, 92
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—]
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent[7] lord; a vice of kings;[8]
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

[1] *Motion*, emotion. [2] *Quantity*, portion.
[3] *Hoodman-blind*, blindman's-buff.
[4] *Sans*, without. [5] *Grained*, dyed in grain.
[6] *Enseamed*, defiled.
[7] *Precedent*, former.
[8] *A vice of kings*, *i.e.* a buffoon king.

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more! 101
Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter GHOST.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important[1] acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit[2] in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
[And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded[3] hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end.] O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.[4] Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood. 130
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy[5]
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, 140
And makes as healthful music: 't is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
[And do not spread the compost[6] on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue; 152
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb[7] and woo for leave to do him good.]
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either lay the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:] 170
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,

[1] *Important*, urgent. [2] *Conceit*, imagination.
[3] *Bedded*, matted. [4] *Capable*, susceptible.
[5] *Ecstasy*, madness.
[6] *Compost*, manure.
[7] *Curb* (Fr. *courber*), bow.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well 176
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: 181
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;[1]
And let him, for a pair of reechy[2] kisses,

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?—(Act iii 4. 103, 104.)

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,[3] from a bat, a gib,[4]
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 192
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,[5] in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 't is so concluded on. 201
Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,

[1] *Mouse*, a term of endearment.
[2] *Reechy*, dirty.
[3] *Paddock*, toad. [4] *Gib*, tomcat.
[5] *Conclusions*, experiments.

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 't is the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar:[1] and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:[2] 211
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.]
[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 't is fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.
[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who exeunt.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish[3] apprehension, kills 11
The unseen good old man,
King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short,[4] restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease, 21
To keep it from divulging, let it feed 22
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore[5]
Among a mineral[6] of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill, 31
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what 's untimely done: so, haply, slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41
As level as the cannon to his blank,[7]
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] *Petar*, petard.
[2] *Packing*, plotting (as well as in its present sense).
[3] *Brainish*, brainsick. [4] *Kept short*, under control.
[5] *Ore*, probably = gold.
[6] *Mineral*, lode.
[7] *Blank*, mark.

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. Guil. [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what? 10

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,[1] his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. 23

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing— 30

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter KING, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

[1] *Countenance*, favour.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

Queen. Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.—(Act iv. 1. 9-12.)

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where? 19
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 30
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. 40
[*To some Attendants.*
Ham. He will stay till ye come.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend,[1] and everything is bent
For England.
Ham. For England!
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet. 52
Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
[And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,— 60
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe,
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set[2]
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 68
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

[*Enter* FORTINBRAS, *a Captain, and Forces, marching.*
For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;[3]
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly[4] on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

[1] *Tend,* attend, wait.
[2] *Coldly set,* regard with indifference.
[3] *In his eye,* in his presence.
[4] *Softly,* slowly.

Cap. They are of Norway, sir. 10
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main[1] of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21
A ranker[2] rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume[3] of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*
How all occasions do inform against me, 32
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,[4]
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust[5] in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"
Sith[6] I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame 61
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent[7]
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. [What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously[8] at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection;[9] they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts; 10
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queen. [*Aside*] 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.]

[1] *The main*, the chief power. [2] *Ranker*, richer.
[3] *Imposthume*, abscess.
[4] *Discourse*, reasoning faculty.
[5] *Fust*, grow stale. [6] *Sith*, since.
[7] *Continent*, *i.e.* that which contains.
[8] *Enviously*, angrily. [9] *Collection*, inference.

Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:[1]
So full of artless jealousy[2] is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*]
How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat[3] and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone; 30
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*]
Larded[4] with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 40

Oph. Well, God 'ild you![5] They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window, 50
To be your Valentine.
[Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd[6] the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.]

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

[[*Sings*] By Gis[7] and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame! 60
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock,[8] they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.]

King. How long hath she been thus? 67

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*
O, this is[9] the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! [First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author 80
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger[10] to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

[1] *Amiss*, misfortune. [2] *Jealousy*, suspicion.
[3] *Cockle hat*, badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea. [4] *Larded*, garnished.
[5] *God 'ild you*, God yield you (*i.e.* God bless you).
[6] *Dupp'd*, opened (*dup*=do up, *i.e.* lift the latch).
[7] *Gis*, *i.e.* Jesus. [8] *Cock*, a vulgarism for God.
[9] *This is*, pronounce *this'*.
[10] *In hugger-mugger*, secretly.

Like to a murdering-piece,[1] in many places
Gives me superfluous death.] [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack, what noise is this?
King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?
Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,[2] 99
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,[3]
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
[And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,]
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! 109
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed; Danes following.*

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.
Danes. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Danes. We will, we will.
[*They retire without the door.*
Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!
[*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows 119
Of my true mother.]
King. What's the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with: 130
To hell, allegiance! [vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:] to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
[If you desire to know the certainty 140
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them, then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.]
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

---

[1] *A murdering-piece,* a cannon loaded with case-shot.
[2] *List,* boundary. [3] *Head,* armed force.

O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160
Nature is fine[1] in love; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.—(Act iv. 5. 175, 176.)

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. 173

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,[2] that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document[3] in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted. 179

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*]

And will he not come again? 190
And will he not come again?

[1] *Fine*, delicate, tender.
[2] *Pansies*, Fr. *pensées*, thoughts.
[3] *Document*, instruction.

No, no, he is dead, 192
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God be wi' ye. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God? 201

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not, 209
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a Servant.*

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir. an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 11

Hor. [*Reads*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means[1] to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 30

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter KING *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: [but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd, 10
And yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother

---

1 *Means, i.e.* means of access.

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She 's so conjunctive[1] to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender[2] bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, 20
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.]

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think 30
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them 40
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] "High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? 50
Or is it some abuse,[3] and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didst thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; 60
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge[4] the practice,[5]
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so, 70
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.[6]

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears 80
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,

[1] *Conjunctive*, closely united.
[2] *General gender*, common race.
[3] *Abuse*, deception.
[4] *Uncharge*, make no accusation against.
[5] *Practice*, stratagem.
[6] *Unworthiest siege*, lowest rank.

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:— 83
[I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorps'd[1] and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd[2] my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was 't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,[3] indeed,
And gem of all the nation.]
King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers[4] of their nation, 101
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
[*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father; 111
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,[5]
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes, 120
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back:] what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son indeed
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;[6]
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber. 130
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,[7]
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword, unbated,[8] and, in a pass of practice,[9]
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do 't: 140
And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,[10]
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm[11] so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let 's further think of this;

---

1 *Incorps'd*, incorporate. 2 *Topp'd*, surpassed.
3 *Brooch*, an ornamental buckle worn in the hat.
4 *Scrimers* (Fr. *escrimeurs*), fencers.
5 *Plurisy*, plethora.
6 *Sanctuarize*, afford sanctuary to; probably a self-coined verb. 7 *Remiss*, careless.
8 *Unbated*, unblunted.
9 *A pass of practice*, a treacherous thrust.
10 *Mountebank*, quack-doctor. 11 *Cataplasm*, salve.

[Weigh what convenience both of time and means 150
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.[1] Soft! let me see:]
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepar'd him 160
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,

Queen. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up.—(Act iv. 7. 176, 177.)

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,[2]
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples, 170
[That liberal[3] shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:]
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver[4] broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable[5] of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd 180
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

[1] *Blast in proof, i.e.* in proving, like badly-tempered cannon.
[2] *Stuck, i.e.* thrust.
[3] *Liberal,* free-spoken.
[4] *Sliver,* a branch stripped from the tree.
[5] *Incapable,* insensible.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. 185
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick;[1] nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 190
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.[2] [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight:[3] the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 't is found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo;*[4] it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal,[5] she drowned herself wittingly. 13

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law? 23

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.[6] Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up[7] Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none. 39

First. Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 50

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell. 60

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

---

[1] *Trick*, habit. [2] *Douts it*, puts it out.
[3] *Straight*, straightway.
[4] *Se offendendo*, i.e. *se defendendo*, a finding of the jury in justifiable homicide.
[5] *Argal*, the Clown's form of *ergo*.
[6] *Even Christian*, fellow Christian. [7] *Hold up*, maintain.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at some distance.*

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet, 70
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician,[1] which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord. 89

[*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard[2] with a sexton's spade: here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't.] Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't. 101

First Clo. [*Sings*]

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding-sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[3] now, his quillets,[4] his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? [Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,[5] his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 121

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance[6] in that.] I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. 130

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you. 140

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

---

[1] *Politician*, schemer. [2] *Mazzard*, skull.

[3] *Quiddits*, equivocations. [4] *Quillets*, nice distinctions.
[5] *Statutes*, mortgages.
[6] *Assurance*, a play on the legal meaning, a conveyance of lands or tenements by deed.

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. 147

Ham. How absolute[1] the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,[2] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.[3] How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since? 158

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young

Ham. I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.—(Act v. 1. 203, 204.)

Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England. 162

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—[as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—] he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned

[1] *Absolute*, positive. [2] *Picked*, smart. [3] *Kibe*, chilblain.

with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your [whoreson] dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years. 191

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? 200

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[1] she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth? 220

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. 228

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious[2] Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw![3]

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes *and Mourners following;* King, Queen, *their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow? 241
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.
Couch[4] we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order, 251
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[5]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her 260
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

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[1] *Favour*, complexion.

[2] *Imperious*, imperial.

[3] *Flaw*, blast of wind.

[4] *Couch*, lie close.

[5] *Crants*, garland.

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! 266
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woes
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious[1] sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis?—(Act v. 1. 277, 278.)

Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wandering stars and makes them stand 279
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

[1] *Ingenious,* keen in apprehension.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'S wounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine? 300
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove 309
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit Horatio.*
[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.[1]
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 321
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines[2] in the bilboes.[3] Rashly,[4]—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—
Hor. That is most certain
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,— 19
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs[5] and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,[6]
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is 't possible?
Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,— 29
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish, 40
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like "as'es" of great charge,—

[1] *Present push*, instant test. [2] *Mutines*, mutineers.
[3] *Bilboes*, fetters used on board ship.
[4] *Rashly*, hastily.
[5] *Bugs*, bugbears.
[6] *No leisure bated, i.e.* without any abatement or intermission of time.

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse, 49
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow: 59
'T is dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.[1]

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

[*Ham.* Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon[2]—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is 't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In[3] further evil?] 70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say "one."
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery[4] of his grief did put me
into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark. 82

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to Horatio*] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [*Aside to Hamlet*] No, my good lord.

Ham. [*Aside to Horatio*] Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him.
[He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 't is a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.] 90

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly. 99

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember— 108

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,[5] of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry,[6] for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

[*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of

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[1] *Opposites*, opponents.

[2] *Does it not, stand me upon, i.e.* is it not imperative on me?

[3] *In*, into.

[4] *Bravery*, ostentatious display.

[5] *Differences*, distinctions from others; probably an allusion to the term in heraldry.

[6] *Gentry*, gentility.

memory, and yet but yaw[1] neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion[2] of such dearth[3] and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace[4] him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir? 130

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.]

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. [*Aside to Hamlet*] His purse is empty already: all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant— 139

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.[5] Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; [but in the imputation[6] laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.] 150

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed,[7] as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,[8] and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.[9] 160

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[*Hor.* [*Aside to Hamlet*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: [I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it?] 171

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 179

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn. 192

[*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[10] with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 202

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him

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1 *Yaw*, to move unsteadily (nautical term).
2 *Infusion*, essential qualities. 3 *Dearth*, dearness.
4 *Trace*, follow. 5 *Approve me*, be to my credit.
6 *Imputation*, repute.
7 *Imponed*, staked (perhaps = impawned).
8 *Hangers*, straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle. 9 *Liberal conceit*, lavish ornamentation.

10 *Comply*, use ceremony.

to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.[1]

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving[2] as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 229

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *Lords*, Osric, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
[This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd 240
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception[3]
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250
Sir, in this audience,]
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace, 260
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet, 270
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

[1] *In happy time*, à la bonne heure.
[2] *Gain-giving*, misgiving.
[3] *Exception*, objection, as in the phrase "to take exception."

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union[1] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle[2] to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*—(Act v. 2. 332, 333.)

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

[1] *Union,* pearl. [2] *Kettle,* kettledrum.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,[1] rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. [*Drinks.*
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. 303
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them; they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,— 320
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, 329
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself. 339
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you--
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; 349
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
[*March at some distance, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland, 361
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows[2] my spirit:

[1] *Napkin,* handkerchief.

[2] *O'er-crows,* triumphs over (as a cock over his beaten antagonist).

I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,[1] more and less,
Which have solicited[2]—The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, 370
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[Why does the drum come hither?
[*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English Ambassadors, and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry[3] cries on havoc. O proud Death,
What feast is toward[4] in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing, 380
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump[5] upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view; 389
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me. 401
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T' have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.
[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

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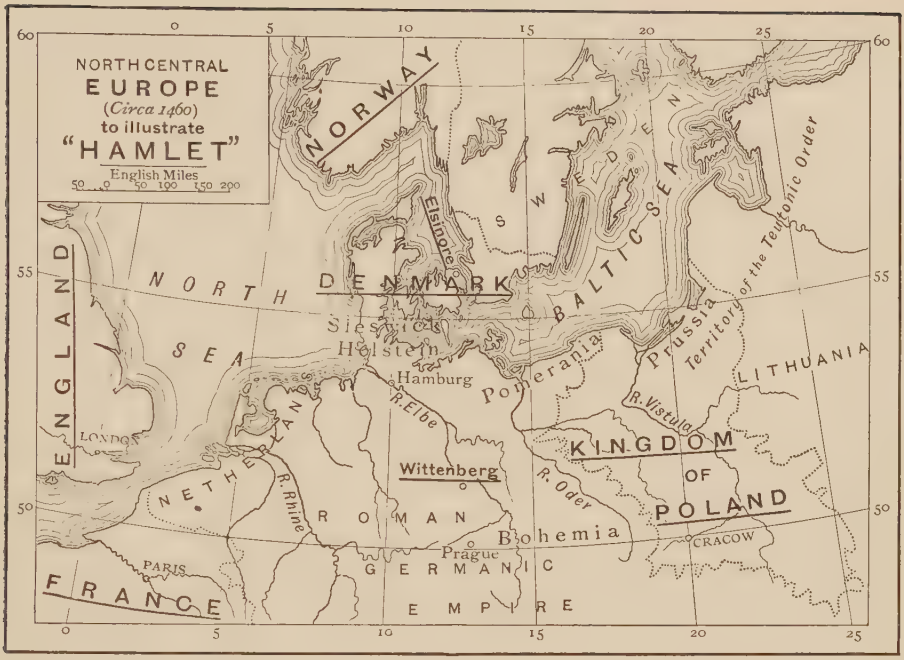
[1] *Occurrents*, occurrence.
[2] *Solicited*, prompted, brought on.
[3] *Quarry*, the game killed.
[4] *Toward*, at hand. [5] *Jump*, exactly.



NOTES TO HAMLET.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the notes to this play, which is considerably the longest of Shakespeare's plays,[1] all the minute differences of reading will not be given, but only the more important ones; Q. 2 and F. 1 being taken as the two chief authorities for the text. Where the reading of any other text, or any emendation, is adopted, it will be stated in the notes. In quoting the Qq. we have adopted the same principle as the edd. of the Cambridge Shakespeare, that is to say, the term Qq. does not include Q. 1 (1603) unless it is expressly so stated.

NOTE ON THE DIVISION INTO ACTS AND SCENES.

This play is not divided into acts and scenes at all in the Quarto, and in the Folio only as far as the second scene of act ii. The modern divisions are therefore perfectly arbitrary, except in as far as they are taken from the divisions in what are called the Players' Quartos, the earliest of which was printed in 1676; but these, judging from the Quarto of 1695, are divided only into acts and not into scenes. As to the manner in which the acts are divided, it is pretty clear that act ii. should terminate with the soliloquy of Hamlet; but commentators are not agreed as to where act iii. should end. As the play is acted, it always terminates with what is called the Closet Scene between the Queen and Hamlet; but it seems clear, according to both Q. 2 and F. 1, that the author did not intend the act to terminate there. The events which occur in the last scene of act iii. (as at present arranged), and in the first and second scenes of act iv., take place, evidently, on the same night. In F. 1, after the stage-direction *Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius*, we have *Enter King*, which shows that the next scene is merely a continuation of the one before. It is only in Q. 2 that we have the stage-direction after Hamlet's exit *Enter King and Queen with Rosencrantz and Gildenstern;* but it will be noticed that there is no *Exeunt* marked, even in Q. 2. At the end of the scene between Hamlet and his mother in Q. 1, the stage-direction, after Hamlet's exit with the dead body, is *Enter King and Lords*, when the King in-

[1] The longest plays of Shakespeare seem to be Hamlet, Richard III., Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Othello, and Antony and Cleopatra. According to the Globe edition the number of lines contained in each of these six plays respectively is as follows: 3928, 3506, 3407, 3342, 3303, 3067. But it must be remembered that Richard III. has no prose in it, while Coriolanus has a good deal; so that the latter play is probably, as far as words go, the next longest play to Hamlet.

cidentally addresses Gertrude. There is no doubt that, in that version at least, the two scenes were continuous; and if we look at scene 2 of act iv. (according to the general division of the scenes), we shall see that, evidently, Hamlet has just returned from stowing away the body of Polonius; so that this scene must take place on the same night as the interview with his mother and the accidental killing of Polonius. The same is true of scene 3, act iv., in which the King is waiting for the return of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with Hamlet, to fetch whom the King has sent them; nor between scenes 3 and 4 can there be an interval of any length; for the King says in his speech, act iv. scene 3, "Follow him;" and therefore when Hamlet meets Fortinbras it is on the same night as, or rather in the early morning after, the interview with his mother. But after scene 4, act iv. there must be a considerable interval, during which Laertes has had time to get from Paris to Elsinore, and Hamlet has evidently been away for several days, during which he was captured by the pirates, with whom he appears to have remained some little time. When this tragedy is played on the stage, and any portions of scenes 1, 2, 3, 4 of act iv. are retained, we cannot help being struck by the abruptness of Ophelia's madness, and the remarkable expedition with which Laertes has reached Denmark from Paris; nor can we help wondering how, in an age when news travelled slowly, he could possibly have heard of his father's death in so short a time. In fact the modern division into acts and scenes—at least as far as acts iii. and iv. are concerned—is a very lame one. But as act iii. is, even at present, of preposterous length, it would be impossible to divide the play, consistently with probability, without making it in six acts. It may be interesting to see which of the tragedies in F. 1 are divided into acts and scenes; we therefore give a list of them in the order in which they are printed, showing how far they are so divided:

Troilus and Cressida (Q. and F.); not divided into acts and scenes.

Coriolanus (F.); divided into acts only.

Titus Andronicus (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts only in F.

Romeo and Juliet (Q. and F.); act i. scene 1; no other division.

Timon of Athens (F.); not divided into acts and scenes.

Julius Cæsar (F.); divided into acts only.

Macbeth (F.); divided into acts and scenes.

Lear (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts and scenes in F.

Othello (Q. and F.); in Q. the only divisions marked are acts ii. iv. and v.; divided into acts and scenes in F.

Antony and Cleopatra (F.); not divided into acts or scenes.

Cymbeline (F.); divided into acts and scenes.

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. Lines 1, 2:

Ber. *Who's there?*

Fran. *Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.*

It would seem that only one of the commentators, Tschischwitz, has noticed the significance of the fact that Bernardo, who is going to relieve guard, challenges Francisco, who is a sentinel still on duty, and who, of course, should challenge him, as he points out in his answer:

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

This is one of the many dramatic touches in this opening scene, which, so far from being unnecessary—as Seymour, in his Remarks, with a singular obtuseness, declared it to be—is one of the most remarkable examples of Shakespeare's skill in construction. Coleridge, whose subtle and eloquent remarks on this scene should be read in their entirety, fully perceived its dramatic force. The author here puts before us a vivid picture of the state of vague disquiet and alarm which existed in Denmark at the time the action of the play commences; the rapidity with which events had succeeded one another in the last month or so; the sudden death of the elder Hamlet, so quickly followed by the marriage of his widow with her late husband's brother; and the accession of the latter to the throne instead of the young heir-apparent; the mysterious warlike preparations and rumours; and last, but not least, the alarming whispers of the appearance of the late king's spectre near the scene of his mysterious death; all these circumstances form a fitting prologue to the tragedy that is to follow. The nervous anxiety of Bernardo, who is afraid to be left alone on his watch, and the simple and reverent faith in the apparition which Marcellus shows, are contrasted with the scepticism of Horatio; whose attitude towards the Ghost is that of doubt, exactly as we should have expected in the chosen intimate of Hamlet. But Horatio, once having seen the Ghost, is thoroughly convinced, and doubts no more; while Hamlet, though he has much more reason to be thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the apparition, yet is persecuted with doubts almost to the very last.

We should naturally expect the challenge here to come from Francisco; but Q. 2 and F. 1 both agree in giving the line to Bernardo; and as, in both cases, the question *Who's there?* is printed as a separate line, we are scarcely justified in supposing that it was intended to be given to Francisco. In Q. 1 the scene opens thus:

Enter two Centinels.

1 Stand; who is that?
2 'T is I.
1 O you come most carefully upon your watch.

It is clear that there the challenge is given by the sentinel on duty, and not by the one coming to relieve him. It would be interesting to know if the alteration, found in Q. 2 and F. 1, was made deliberately by Shakespeare himself. Tschischwitz suggests that "in thus representing Bernardo as so forgetful of all military use and wont as to challenge Francisco who is on guard" there was a "psychological motive;" but if we imagine the scene a dark night, and that Francisco, pacing on his watch, sees the dim outline of a figure advancing, challenges it, pauses for an answer, then impatiently says, *Nay answer me*, the "psychological motive" is, perhaps, quite as intelligible.

2. Line 3: *Long live the king!*—Malone suggested that this might be a watchword; but, as Delius pointed out, in line 15, below, Horatio and Marcellus make each a different answer to the challenge. Furness (vol. i. p. 4) quotes

from Pye's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, a very probable conjecture; the writer "believes that it corresponds to the former usage in France, where, to the common challenge *Qui vive?* the answer was *Vive le Roi,* like the modern answer 'A friend.'"

3. Line 6: *You come most carefully* UPON *your hour.*—We have given to *upon* the sense of "exactly" or "just at." The Clarendon editors notice this as an unusual phrase, and explain it "just as your hour is about to strike," and compare Richard III. iii. 2. 5: "*Upon* the stroke of four," and iv. 2. 111 in the same play, "*Upon* the stroke of ten." We may also compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 34–36:

> There have I made my promise
> *Upon* the heavy middle of the night
> To call upon him;

and the curious expression in Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 71–73, where Lady Capulet says:

> by my count,
> I was your mother much *upon* these years
> That you are now a maid.

4. Line 13: *The* RIVALS *of my watch.—Rivals* is used here in its primitive sense of "partners," which is the word employed by Q. 1. The word is derived from Latin *rivalis,* "one who uses the same stream or brook with another," so, "a near neighbour." Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece:

> *Tullia.* Aruns associate him.
> *Aruns.* A *rivall* with my brother in his honours.
> —Works, vol. v. p. 203.

Shakespeare uses *rivality* in a similar sense in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 5. 6–9: "Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivality;* would not let him partake in the glory of the action."

5. Line 21: *What, has* THIS THING *appear'd again tonight?*—The Ff. and Q. 1. give this speech to Marcellus, the Qq. to Horatio. Surely it should belong to Horatio. Bernardo addresses in the previous line and welcomes Horatio first, then Marcellus. It is natural Horatio should answer first, and the line is characteristic of his sceptical attitude at this time with regard to the Ghost. Marcellus would never use such a vague and contemptuous expression as *this thing* of that which is always to him a *dreaded sight,* an *apparition.* It appears to me that much of the wonderful dramatic force of this opening scene, noticed in note 1 above, would be missed if Horatio does not speak this line in a tone of polite incredulity, an incredulity which is soon to be changed for reverent horror when with his own eyes he beholds the spectre whose existence he now doubts.

6. Line 33: *What we two nights have seen.*—So Ff. Qq. (including Q. 1) read *What we have two nights seen.* The reading of Ff. here seems preferable, because it is better not to separate the auxiliary verb from the participle if possible, and because the speaker particularly wishes to emphasize the fact that the sight has been seen by them not once but twice before (line 25 above). As to the construction, it is rather awkward, but the sense is quite intelligible. We may either take *What* to equal "*With* what" or "*Concerning* what;" or we may take the whole sentence to be the explanation of the *story* in the preceding line. Hanmer gave this line to Marcellus, as if in his eagerness to tell the story he interrupted Bernardo; an arrangement which, perhaps, makes the next speech of Horatio more forcible, wherein he declares that he wants to hear Bernardo's version of the story, and not that of Marcellus.

7. Line 42: *Thou art a* SCHOLAR; *speak to it, Horatio.*—The supposed power of Latin over ghosts is a very familiar superstition, arising doubtless from the Church's exorcisms being in Latin. Tschischwitz, quoted by Furness, says: "Evil spirits were not exorcised by the sign of the cross alone, but cried out to the exorciser the Latin hexameter *Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis,* a verse which being a palindrome reveals its diabolic origin." Compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 264: "I would to God some *scholar* would conjure her." Reed quotes Beaumont and Fletcher's Night-Walker, ii. 1:

> Let 's call the butler up, for he *speaks Latin,*
> And that will daunt the devil.
> —Works, Edn. Dyce, vol. v. p. 143.

8. Line 44: *it* HARROWS *me with fear and wonder.*—This is substantially the reading of Ff.; F. 1, F. 2 print the word *harrowes.* Qq. all read *horrowes.* The Players' Quarto, 1676, coolly alters it to *startles.* Q. 1 has a peculiar reading, *horrors,* which has not, I think, received the attention it deserves. There is no other instance, that I am aware of, of the use of *horror* as a verb; but it certainly is a most forcible expression, especially if we remember the original meaning of the Latin word *horreo,* from which *horror* is derived. The substantive is frequently used of "that which causes *horror,*" so that there is no reason why a verb coined from that word should not be used in a transitive sense. As to *harrow,* Shakespeare only uses the verb three times; twice in this play, figuratively in both cases, and in a quibbling sense in Coriolanus, v. 3. 33, 34:

> Let the Volsces
> Plough Rome, and *harrow* Italy.

In the other passage of this play where it occurs, i. 5. 16, in the speech of the Ghost, it is used with *up;* and here I think it is used in a similar sense, and that there is no idea of referring to *haro,* a cry of distress. Johnson thought that the word should be written *harry,* and should have the same sense as in the well-known phrase, "the *harrowing* of hell;" but if *harrow* be the right reading, there can be little doubt, though it occurs here without the preposition, that it is used, as in the passage below, in a sense derived from its ordinary and agricultural meaning. It would be a bold measure, in the text of a play so familiar as this, to introduce any innovation; but certainly the reading of Q. 1, if a misprint, is a singularly felicitous one; for it exactly describes that effect of fear which makes the skin "bristle" as it were, that peculiar feeling which, in vulgar parlance, is called "goose flesh."

Nearly all the commentators quote Milton's use of the word *harrow,* in a similar figurative sense, in Comus, line 565:

> Amaz'd I stood, *harrow'd* with grief and fear.

9. Line 45: *Question it.*—This is the reading of Ff. and Q. 1; Qq. have *Speake to it.*

10. Lines 62, 63:

when, in an angry PARLE,
He smote the SLEDDED POLACKS *on the ice.*

Sledded (formed from sled or sledge) is so spelt in Ff.; all the Qq. print *sleaded*. *Polacks* is Malone's conjecture. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *pollax;* Q. 5, F. 1, F. 2, Q. 6 *Pollax;* F. 3 *Polax;* and F. 4 *Poleaxe*, which Rowe adopted, changing its form to *pole-axe*. Dyce remarks that it would seem that *Pollax* of the old editions was intended for the plural of the word, as when the word occurs in the singular number—as it does in ii. 2. 63, 75—it is spelt there *Polacke* (Q. 1), *Pollacke* (Qq.), *Poleak* (F. 1), *Polak* (F. 2, F. 3, F. 4), but never with *x*. As to the derivation of the word, Caldecott quotes Giles Fletcher's Russe Commonwealth, 12mo. 1591, fo. 65: "The Polonian, whom the Russe calleth *Laches*, noting the first author or founder of the nation, who was called *Laches* or *Leches*, whereunto is added *Po*, which signifieth people, and so is made *Polaches;* that is, the people or posteritie of *Laches:* which the Latines, after their manner of writing, call *Polanos*" (Caldecott's edn. of Hamlet, note 3). Malone's emendation *Polacks* has been very generally accepted; but there is much to be said on the other side. In the first place the word *parle* clearly points to a peaceful conference and not to a battle. Shakespeare uses the word in the sense of *parley* several times; and once in the sense of mere conversation, in The Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 5. True, the word is here qualified in the text by the epithet *angry;* but it is very unlikely that the elder Hamlet, who is represented as a man of great dignity and self-restraint, should have struck at a number of the enemy at a *parley*, however *angry*. As to the use of the word *smite*, Shakespeare seems never to use it in what may be called its Scriptural sense. He generally uses it of a single sharp blow; and we may compare with this passage one in Lucrece, line 176:

His falchion on a flint he softly *smiteth.*

Nor, when we look at the whole passage, does it seem to refer so much to the brave and passionate attack of one man on a number of the enemy, as to the rare expression of anger on the part of one who generally had his temper under complete control. Compare also what Horatio says in describing the countenance of the Ghost to Hamlet, i. 2. 232:

A countenance *more in sorrow than in anger.*

The chief difficulty in accepting *pole-axe* lies in the word *sledded*, the reading of Ff.; Qq. (including Q. 1) read *sleaded*, which might easily be a misprint for *leaded;* but we should have expected, in this case, *his* instead of *the*. The final *s* of *his* might easily have got attached to *leaded*. It is true that Shakespeare does not use the word *leaded* anywhere; but then he does not use *sledded;* so that it is only the choice between two apax-legomena. The word *leaded* occurs in Baret's Alvearie, 1573 (sub *Lead*): "a vessel or other thing that is *leaded* or tinned." What we want to find is, first, some early use of the word *leaded* = "weighted with lead," and, secondly, some mention of the fact that the *poleaxe* so weighted was a weapon used by the Northern peoples of Europe. On this point it is worth noticing Boswell's quotation from Milton's Brief History of Moscovia: "After that the same day he sent a great and glorious Duke, one of them that *held the golden pole-ax*, with his retinue, and sundry sorts of meath to drink merrily with the ambassador" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 177).

11. Line 65: JUMP *at this dead hour.*—All the Qq. have *jump*, the Ff. *just*, which means precisely the same—"a familiar word," as Malone notes, "substituted for the more ancient." But *jump* is decidedly the more significant word of the two. It is used again, v. 2. 386 below, and in Othello, ii. 3. 392. Steevens quotes Chapman's May-Day: "Your appointment was *jump* at three." Compare Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft: "wherein they meete and agree *jumpe* with the papists;" and "so that they fall *jumpe* in judgement and opinion, though verie erroniouslie, with the foresaid *Psellus*" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 413, 416).

12. Line 75: *Why such* IMPRESS *of shipwrights?*—Some commentators have endeavoured to twist the line in the text into an argument for supposing that, in the reign of Elizabeth, shipwrights as well as seamen were liable to a forcible *impressment;* but Steevens points out that *impress* was merely giving the men "*prest* money (from *pret* Fr.)" as an earnest of their being engaged, and he quotes from Chapman's Homer's Odyssey, bk. ii., where *press* could hardly bear the sense of "a forcible impressment:"

I, from the people straight, will *press* for you,
Free voluntaries.

Tschischwitz says that "the word must be *imprest* (Ital. *impresto*), equivalent to 'handsel'" (Furness, vol. i. p. 14). This may be all perfectly true; but it is an undoubted fact that, in the only two other passages in which Shakespeare uses the word *impress*, he uses it in a sense of forcible or involuntary impressment; viz. in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 106, 107: "Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an *impress;*" and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 35–37:

Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift *impress.*

Perhaps the latter passage may justify us in explaining the word *impress*, not in the sense of forcible impressment in the modern sense, by a press-gang, but as simply used for enrolment under an emergency such as a sudden war.

13. Lines 93, 94:

the same CO-MART,
And carriage of the ARTICLE DESIGN'D.

Co-mart is the reading of Qq., and is both a more vivid word and better for the rhythm of the line than the *cov'nant* of Ff. *Co-mart* would mean, as Malone says, "a joint bargain," and may have been coined by Shakespeare, who uses *mart* as a verb = to traffic, in Cymbeline, i. 6. 151:

to *mart*
As in a Romish stew.

In the latter part of the sentence we follow in the text the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 prints *Article designe*, Q. 2, Q. 3 *article desseigne*, Q. 4 *articles deseigne*, Q. 5, Q. 6 *Articles designe*. The phrase means, "the import of the article drawn up between them."

14. Line 96: UNIMPROVED *mettle hot and full.*—The word *unimproved* may be taken here in any one of several senses, all of which apply well enough to the context, and have more or less authority—*untutored*, *unquestioned*, *untried*. The Clarendon Press edd. consider that the

first meaning "seems to accord best with the context, 'young,' 'hot,' 'full.'" Q. 1 has *inapproved*, a very probable reading.

15. Line 98: SHARK'D *up a* LIST *of lawless resolutes.*—On *shark* compare S. Rowley, When you see me, you know me [D 4, verso]: "I thinke if a fat purse come ith' way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Therefore leave the Court and *sharke* with mee." Q. 1 has a reading here "a *sight* of landless resolutes" which deserves to be noticed. The use of *sight*=quantity, was quite a legitimate use of the word in the sixteenth century. For instance, we find that Andrew Boorde (in his Boke of Knowledge), speaking of St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople, says: "the church is called Saynte Sophyes Churche, in the whyche be a wonder-full *syght* of preistes: they say that there is a thowsande prestes that doth belong to the church" (Reprint, 1870, p. 172). *Sight*, in this sense, is now accounted a vulgarism. It certainly was not so in Shakespeare's time, and Hunter is perhaps right when he prefers the reading of Q. 1 to that of any older copy.

16. Line 103: *terms* COMPULSATIVE.—Qq. print *compulsatory.*—Neither form of the word appears anywhere else in Shakespeare. *Compulsive* occurs iii. 4. 86 below.

17. Line 107: *romage.*—Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 17, quotes Wedgwood's Dictionary, *s.v.* Rummage: "Two words seem confounded. 1. *Rummage*, the proper stowing of merchandise in a ship, from Dutch *ruim*, French *rum*, the hold of a ship. Hence to *rummage*, to search among the things stowed in a given receptacle. 2. But in addition to the foregoing the word is sometimes used in the sense of racket, disturbance [as here]." Nares derives the word from "room," "roomage."

18. Lines 108–125.—This passage is, unfortunately, found only in Qq.

19. Line 112: *A* MOTE *it is to trouble the mind's eye.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *moth*, which Q. 5, Q. 6 modernized into *mote*. The two spellings were formerly interchangeable. Compare Florio: "*Festucco*, a little sticke, a feasestrawe, a tooth-picke, a *moth*, a little beame."

20. Lines 113–120.—Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 2, and especially lines 18 and 24:

> And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

The description, in both cases, seems to have been suggested by passages in North's Plutarch. See note 127 to Julius Cæsar.

21. Lines 117, 118:

> AS, STARS *with trains of fire, and dews of blood,*
> DISASTERS *in the sun.*

It is pretty clear that one line, if not more, preceding this passage has been omitted; for by no manner of twisting the words can one make anything but an imperfect sentence of the lines as they stand. The fact is, this speech was never spoken on the stage so far as we know. It is not in Q. 1, nor in Ff., and it is marked for omission in the Players' Quarto of 1695. Singer proposed, for the missing line:

> And as the earth, so portents fill'd the sky.

I think that Shakespeare would have avoided the word *portents*, because of the occurrence of *portentous* in line 109 above. Perhaps the missing line might have been something like

> The sky itself was fill'd with prodigies;

or he may have used the word *firmament*=sky. Some commentators would substitute for *disasters in* some verb or other. It is much more probable that a line was overlooked by the transcriber, and that, the passage never being spoken, the want was not supplied. Malone, who is followed by some other commentators, thought that the corruption lay in the words *As stars*, for which he proposed to substitute *Asters* or *Astres*=stars, and he refers to an old collection of poems called Diana, by John Southern, 1580, where this word is used; but there it is evidently only taken from the French *astre*, a star. Furness quotes from Florio's Dictionary: "*Stella:* a starre, an *aster*, a planet." Malone is wrong in saying that *stars* occurs in the next line; because the word in Qq. is distinctly *starre* (the singular); nor do any of the other Qq. read the plural, so that we may reject the affected word *astres* as unnecessary. As for the other emendations, I do not see that the sense of the passage is at all improved by changing *Disasters in* to *Disastering*, or to "Disasters *dimm'd* the sun," because, as a fact, these fiery stars and dews of blood would not affect the sun, while *Disasters in the sun* has a very natural sense if we take it to mean that there were peculiar appearances on the sun's face that were held to indicate *disasters*. In that curious book, Lycosthenes De Prodigiis, there are many illustrations of such phenomena as *fiery stars, rains or dews of blood*, and singular appearances in the sun. We have therefore followed most editors in leaving a vacant space between lines 116 and 117, supposing a line to have dropped out.

22. Line 118: *the moist star.*—Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 1:

> Nine changes of the *watery star* hath been.

23. Line 122: *As* HARBINGERS *preceding still the fates.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 12; Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 380; and Macbeth, i. 4. 45, and see note 50 of that play.

24. Line 125: *climatures.*—Perhaps we should read the singular, *climature*, so Dyce. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, nor can we find any instance of its occurrence elsewhere in Elizabethan literature. Even the French word *climateure* is not given in Cotgrave, and it is at present doubtful whether Shakespeare invented the word or whether he had met with it in some out-of-the-way book of his time. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "possibly it is used for those who live under the same climate."

25. Line 127: *I'll cross it, though it blast me.*—"The person," says Blakeway (Variorum Ed. vol. vii. p. 186), "who *crossed* the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subjected to its malignant influence. Among the reasons given in a curious paper, printed in the third volume of Mr. Lodge's Illustrations of British History, p. 48, for supposing the young Earl of Derby (Ferdinando, who died April, 1594) to have been bewitched, is the following: 'On

Fryday, in his chamber at Knowsley, aboute 6 of clocke at nighte, there appeared a man talle, as hee thoughte, who *twise crossed him swyftly*, and when hee came to the place where hee sawe him, hee fell sycke."

26. Lines 136–139:

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, YOU *spirits oft walk in death,*
Speak of it: stay, and speak!

Steevens quotes Dekker's Knight's Conjuring: "If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charmes in caves, or in iron fetters under the ground, they should for their own soules quiet (which questionlesse else would whine up and down) if not for the good of their children, release it."

In line 138 the Qq. read *your*.

27. Line 150: *The cock, that is the trumpet to the* MORN. —Ff., instead of *morn*, read *day*. Q. 1 has *morning*.

28. Lines 154, 155:

The EXTRAVAGANT *and* ERRING *spirit hies*
To his confine.

Compare "*extravagant* and wheeling stranger," Othello, i. 1. 137; and the General Confession in the Prayer-book: "We have *erred* and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." The similarity of this passage to one in St. Ambrose's hymn in the Salisbury service has been pointed out:

Præco diei jam sonat:
Hôc excitatus Lucifer—
Hôc omnis Errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit,
Gallo canente.

Douce thought that Shakespeare had seen these lines, and that his use of them here implies that he was a Latin scholar. Steevens points out that Chapman, in his translation of the Odyssey, uses the word *erring*—"wandering" in two passages, viz. where Telemachus calls Ulysses "My *erring* father" (bk. iv. line 435); and again in bk. ix. line 362: "*Erring* Grecians."

29. Line 163: *No* FAIRY TAKES.—On the question of malignant *fairies* see Comedy of Errors, note 103. For the use of *take* in this peculiar sense compare Merry Wives, iv. 4. 32:

And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle.

And see *taking*, as an adjective in the same sense, in Lear, ii. 4. 165, 166:

Strike her young bones,
You *taking* airs, with lameness!

And, as a substantive, Lear, iii. 4. 60, 61: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking!*"

The Clarendon edd. explain *takes* here as="infects;" but the sense given in our foot-note seems to be the nearest one can get for this very singular use of the verb *take*. In Baret's Alvearie, 1573, we have among the numerous uses of this word the following: "To be blasted: to be *taken:* to haue a member sodenly benummed, dead, and mortified. *Afflari sydere;*" and also: "The ague *taketh. Febris aliquem occupat;*" and "A *taking* or benumming when one is sodainly depriued of the use of his limmes, a totall putrefaction of any member. *Syderatio.*" Halliwell (Archaic and Provincial Dict.) quotes from Palsgrave (*sub voce*) "*Taken*, as chyldernes lymmes be by the fayries, *faée*," (Cotgrave has under *Feé:* "*taken*, betwitched"), and this explanation of the word is further borne out by a passage from Markham: "*Of a horse that is taken.* A horse that is bereft of his feeling, mooving, or styrring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so hee is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease; yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be striken by some planet or evil spirit, which is false" (Treatise on Horses, ch. viii. ed. 1595); *take* (sub.), in the Dorsetshire dialect, means a sudden illness, and is also a vulgar name for sciatica.

These two latter meanings are connected with the common meaning of the verb "to seize suddenly;" but from all the passages quoted it is evident that the special malignant effect supposed to be produced, whether by stars or by fairies, was a numbing effect upon the limbs.

30. Line 164: *So hallow'd and so gracious is* THE *time.* —All the Qq. have *that*.

31. Lines 166, 167:

But, look, the morn, in RUSSET *mantle clad,*
Walks o'er the dew of yon high EASTERN *hill.*

For *russet*—not "rosy," as Hunter explains it, but "grey"—see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 173. Everyone who has kept watch out of doors all through the night knows that grey light which is the first precursor of morning, after which comes, if it comes at all, the red and golden colour. Shakespeare refers to this characteristic of early dawn in Much Ado, v. 3. 24–26:

the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of *grey;*

and in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 19:

I 'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's eye.

Qq. read *eastward;* but Steevens very aptly cites from Chapman's Odyssey, bk. xiii. lines 49, 50:

Ulysses still
An eye directed to the *Eastern* hill;

and Staunton quotes from Spenser:

Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the *eastern* hill.

32. Line 175: *Where we shall find him most* CONVENIENT.—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. and Q. 1. have *conveniently*. Shakespeare often uses the adjective adverbially; and here it seems to suit the rhythm better not to have the weak double ending which the reading of Ff. necessitates.

ACT I. Scene 2.

33. Line 11: *With* ONE *auspicious and* ONE *dropping eye.* —So Ff., which most editors follow. Qq. have:

With *an* auspicious and *a* dropping eye.

My coadjutor, Mr. Symons, says of the reading of Ff.: "This to my ear is mere burlesque. The antithesis in this and the next two lines is certainly strained, purposely, but I do not think Shakespeare intended Claudius to say anything quite so ridiculous as the Ff. and their followers would have us suppose. Compare a very similar passage in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 80–82 (which is a piece of mere sprightly fancifulness, very different in spirit from the cold balancing of the hypocritical King): "She had *one*

eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd." There is much good sense in this; but is not the antithesis clearly indicated by the context; and does not the reading of Qq. unnecessarily weaken the characteristic artificiality of the passage? Compare below, line 13, "in *equal* scale," which also points at the more definitive *one* and *one* rather than the vague *an* and *a*.—F. A. M.

34. Line 24: *all bands of law.*—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. print *bonds.* The two words were spelt the same, or interchanged at pleasure. See note 28 to Richard II.

35. Line 38: *these* DILATED *articles.*—This is the spelling of the Ff.; Qq. have *delated;* Q. 1. *related.* Shakespeare uses the word *dilate* in Othello, i. 3. 153:

> That I would all my pilgrimage *dilate,*

in the sense of "narrate at length;" and again in Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 123: "*to dilate* at full." There seems to be no reason to retain the spelling of Qq. here, more especially as *delate* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. That word had a special legal sense="to accuse," "to denounce," a sense still retained in the judicatories of the Scottish Church (see Imperial Dict. *sub voce*). The Clarendon Press edd. say that, according to Minsheu, *delate* is only another form of *dilate,* meaning "to speak at large." Bacon uses *delate*="to carry," "to convey." The King, of course, refers here to the letters given to the ambassadors. See above, lines 27, 28.

36. Line 45: *And* LOSE *your voice.*—Ff. have *loose,* which was synonymous with *lose.*

37. Line 50: *Dread my lord.*—This is the reading of the Ff., and it seems more spirited than *My dread Lord* of the Qq.

38. Line 56: *leave and* PARDON.—This is merely a polite way of begging for leave to go; as, later (in iii. 2. 328–330): "your *pardon,* and my return shall be the end of my business."

39. Lines 58–60.—These three expressive lines are omitted in Ff.

40. Lines 64: *But now, my* COUSIN *Hamlet, and my son.*—On the general use of the word *cousin* for almost any blood-relationship, see Twelfth Night, note 18.

41. Line 65: *A little more than kin, and less than* KIND.—Compare W. Rowley, Search for Money, 1602 (Percy Soc. ed. p. 5): "I would he were not so neere to us in *kindred,* then sure he would be neerer in *kindnesse.*" Some would take *kind* here=the German *kind, i.e.* child, pronouncing it as if it were written *kinn'd,* and a play upon the words were intended. Mr. Wilson Barrett adopts this reading;[1] but it is not effective. No doubt there is a double meaning here in *kind,* as Shakespeare is rather fond of the word in the sense of *race.* Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 141:

> Shall kin with kin and *kind* with *kind* confound;

and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 32, 33:

> And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
> Which hatch'd would, as his *kind,* grow mischievous.

Compare also Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 3. 2, 3, where Launce says "all the *kind* of the Launces have this very fault;" so that Hamlet may mean to say he is something more than a mere kinsman to his uncle, yet that the treatment he receives from him is less than that which one would show to any of one's own species or race. Compare also Hamlet's use of *kindless*=unnatural applied to the king in the soliloquy, ii. 2. 609:

> Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain!

42. Lines 66, 67:

> King. *How is it that the clouds still hang on you?*
> Ham. *Not so, my lord; I am too much* I' THE SUN.

Qq. read *Not so much* (an evident misprint), and, in the latter part of the line, *in the sonne,* which some have wished to interpret as a quibble on *sun* and *son.* A great deal of commentary has been written on this line. There is no doubt that there is an allusion to the proverb which Johnson mentions: "Out of heaven's blessing *into the* warm *sun.*" Compare Lear, ii. 2. 167–169:

> Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
> Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
> *To the* warm *sun!*

Dyce points out that this proverbial expression is found in various authors from Heywood down to Swift. In Furness will be found quoted a very apt passage from the Preface to Grindal's Profitable Doctrine, 1555: "they were brought from the good to the bad, and from Goddes blessyng (as the proverbe is) *into a* warme *sonne*" (vol. i. p. 34). *To be in the Sun* would seem therefore to be a colloquial expression for "to be in misery." Hunter tries to make out that it distinctly meant "to have no home;" but his long remarks on this passage are more ingenious than convincing. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson points out, in Notes and Queries, 25th May, 1867, that Hamlet may use the words *i' the sun* as equivalent to "in the sunshine of your favour," uttering them as an ironical compliment to the king.

43. Line 68: *Good Hamlet, cast thy* NIGHTED *colour off.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *nightly;* but compare Lear, iv. 5. 10–14:

> It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
> To let him live: where he arrives he moves
> All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
> In pity of his misery, to dispatch
> His *nighted* life.

44. Line 77: *good mother.*—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the absurd misprint *coold mother,* which led the person or persons responsible for the emendations in the so-called Players' Quartos to print the line:

> 'T is not alone *this morning cloke could smother.*

What the *cloke* was to *smother* does not appear. It is a grand instance of an aposiopesis. How Betterton could have ever spoken such rubbish passes one's comprehension.

45. Line 79: *Nor* WINDY SUSPIRATION *of forc'd breath.*—Caldecott quotes a somewhat parallel expression from the Spanish Tragedy, act iv.:

> By force of *windy sighs* thy spirit breathes.
> —Hawkins, vol. ii. p. 92.

[1] Mr. C. Ribton-Turner, in the preface to his arrangement of the tragedy for Mr. Barrett, ingeniously defends this reading; but, I believe, he is mistaken in connecting *kind* in the sense of son (of which he says *kid* is but the vulgar form) with A. Sax. *cyn,* which means rather a race or tribe.

46. Line 82: *Together with all forms,* MOODS, SHOWS *of grief.*—So Ff. substantially. F. 1, F. 2 *shewes;* F. 3, F. 4 *shews.* Q. 1 has no parallel here. Q. 2, Q. 3 read *chapes,* and Q. 4, Q. 5 *shapes.* For *moods* Q. 1695 substituted *modes* (an alteration which is generally attributed to Capell); but both Qq. and Ff. substantially agree here, though Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *moodes,* and not *moods.* Dyce prints *modes,* observing that *moodes* and *moods* are but "an old spelling of *modes;* nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of madness." But are not *moods* the outward *moral* signs of grief, the affectation of sighs and tears and downcast looks to which Hamlet alludes above in lines 78–80? As for *shows,* it is surely preferable to *shapes,* which jars on one's ear rather here; though the word *shape* is constantly used in the sense of "a costume," "a disguise" (See Love's Labour's Lost, note 112).

47. Line 85: *But I have that within which* PASSETH *show.*—Qq. read *passes;* but the reason for the reading of F. 1 is obvious; it was in order to avoid the cacophony of the final *s* in *passes* and *show.* The repetition of the word *show* here (see line 82 above) is, I think, emphatic.

48. Line 92: OBSEQUIOUS *sorrow.*—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 3. 152:

> To shed *obsequious* tears upon this trunk;

and Sonnet xxxi. 5–7:

> How many a holy and *obsequious* tear
> Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,
> As interest of the dead.

The only other passage in Shakespeare where *obsequious* is used in this sense is III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 118. *Obsequiously* is used in a similar sense in Richard III. i. 2. 3.

49. Lines 110–112:

> *And with no less nobility of love*
> *Than that which dearest father bears his son,*
> *Do I impart toward you.*

Schmidt explains this phrase: "with no less nobility of love than this: I bestow upon you the love of the fondest father. *Toward* is partly governed by *love.*" Theobald proposed to read *with 't, i.e.* "with the declaration of you as next heir to the throne," &c.

50. Line 113: *In going back to* SCHOOL *in* WITTENBERG.—The University of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, so that its mention in Hamlet is a startling anachronism. But in an age which was careless of such things, Shakespeare was doubtless justified in bringing into his play a name so well known as Luther and Faustus had then made Wittenberg. Besides, having once made Hamlet and all the Danes of his time Christians, no anachronisms could have had any terror for him.

This is one of the passages which bears upon the difficult question of Hamlet's age. For *school*=university, compare As You Like It, note 4. Tschischwitz says that at the German universities men of mature age often attended lectures, and instances Humboldt (See Furness, vol. i. p. 390). But was it the custom, in Shakespeare's time, for adults to frequent the universities?

51. Line 129: *O, that this too too* SOLID *flesh would melt.*—All the Qq. for *solid* read *sallied,* which led some anonymous critic to suggest *sullied* as the reading. But though there is no reference here (as there is, perhaps, later, in the "He's fat and scant of breath") to the stoutness of Burbage, yet the reading of Ff. is the right one.

52. Line 130: *Thaw, and* RESOLVE *itself into a dew.*—Caldecott cites Baret's Alvearie: "To thaw or *resolve* that which is frozen, *regelo.*" Compare Lyly's Euphues, p. 38 (quoted by Nares): "I could be content to *resolve* myself into tears, to rid thee of trouble." See Timon, iv. 3. 442, 443:

> The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge *resolves*
> The moon into salt tears.

53. Lines 131, 132:

> *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*
> *His* CANON *'gainst* SELF-SLAUGHTER! *O God! God!*

Qq. and Ff. print *cannon,* which was a customary spelling for both words. Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 read *seale slaughter,* an evident misprint. Ff. have *O God, O God!* which many editors adopt. To me it seems less emphatic, less direct a cry of the soul than as the Qq. give it. Possibly the reason for the reading of Ff. was to emphasize the fact that the actor must pause some little time after *self-slaughter* and not continue with the next words as if part of the line; and for that reason it would be preferable to print the words *O God! God!* or *O God! O God!* as a broken line by themselves.

54. Line 140: HYPERION *to a satyr.*—*Hyperion* (always used by Shakespeare as a name of the sun) is invariably accented on the antepenultimate. The error is a common one in English poetry. Even Gray (Progress of Poetry) writes of—

> *Hyperion's* march and glittering shafts of war.

Tennyson gives the correct accentuation in Lucretius, and the Aldine editor of Gray cites other examples from Drummond of Hawthornden and Akenside. See Henry V. note 214.

55. Line 141: *beteem.*—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 22. The Ff. here read *beteene.*

56. Line 146: *Frailty, thy name is woman!*—Compare Ford, 'T is Pity She's a Whore, iv. 3:

> My reason tells me now, that "'t is as common
> To err in frailty as to be a woman."

57. Line 150: *discourse of reason.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 116, and see note 120 of that play. Compare also below, iv. 4. 36. The expression "discourse of reason" is used by Florio in his translation of Montaigne's 19th Essay, and of the Apologie of Raimond Sebond.

58. Line 155: *Had left the* FLUSHING *in her* GALLED EYES.—Schmidt, who is followed by some editors, explains *flushing* as referring to the redness of the eyes caused by much weeping; but the Clarendon Press edd. remark that the verb *to flush* is still used transitively, and therefore I suppose that they would interpret it "filling the eyes with water." We constantly use the expression nowadays "*to flush* a drain;" that is to say, to pour a quantity of water down it. Compare above (line 80): "the fruitful *river* in the eye." *Galled* eyes are eyes sore with weeping, as in Richard III. iv. 4. 53: "*galled eyes* of weeping souls." Ff. for *in* read *of,* which would seem to confirm the meaning given to *flushing* by the Clarendon edd.

59. Lines 160, 161:

I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

It is evident that Hamlet is so overcome with emotion after his soliloquy that he does not at first recognize the voice of his one intimate friend. This is a most effective and dramatic touch. With the instinct of courtesy, which is never wanting in him, he says mechanically, "I am glad to see you well." Then turning round and recognizing him, with a note of joy in his voice he greets him by his name. Mark also the subtle gradations of treatment which Hamlet shows towards Marcellus and Bernardo. The former is a friend, but not an intimate friend of his heart like Horatio; so he greets him cordially (see line 167): "I am very glad to see you;" and then turning to Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger, with a courteous bow, "Good even, sir;" which duty of politeness discharged, he turns again to Horatio, in the next line, with the same warm and hearty manner. Trivial as the beginning of this scene may seem to the reader, the actor has here the greatest opportunity of marking the characteristics of Hamlet's nature. So much does he hunger for sympathy, that the sight of the friend in whom he feels that he can confide makes him, for a moment at least, forget his great sorrow. But it is only for a moment; for he will not suffer even Horatio to speak lightly, as it were, of what is to him such a horrid profanation of all love and duty as his mother's marriage.

60. Line 164: *And what* MAKE *you from Wittenberg, Horatio?*—See ii. 2. 278 below: "what *make* you at Elsinore?" The expression is of constant recurrence in the Elizabethan writers. Compare the German "Was *machen* Sie?"

61. Line 167: GOOD EVEN, *sir.*—Hanmer changed this to *Good morning*, and Johnson, defending the text, supposed that it was now literally come to evening. But afternoon was not recognized by the Elizabethans, and *Good even* became due immediately after the stroke of noon. The point is left without any doubt by Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 115–119, and the following passage in Samuel Rowley's chronicle play, When You See Me, You Know Me [sig. G 4]:

Tie. God morrow to your Grace.
Pri. God morrow Tutors at Noone, 'tis *God even*, is it not?
Cran. We saw not your Grace to day.

62. Line 170: *I would not* HAVE *your enemy say so.*—So Ff. Qq. read *hear*, which rather clashes with *ear* in the next line.

63. Lines 180, 181:

the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

The custom of funeral festivities was once very prevalent. The practice, says Douce, was certainly borrowed from the *cœna feralis* of the Romans. Caldecott quotes a very apposite passage from "The boke of mayd Emlyn that had v husbandes & all kockoldes: she wold make theyr berdes whether they wold or no, and gyue them to were a praty hoode full of belles'" (4to, Signat. B. II. without date. "Imprynted by John Skot in saynt Pulkers parysshe"):

When the seconde husband was dede,
The thyrde husbande dyde she wedde
In full goodly araye—
But as the devyll wolde,
Or the pyes were colde.
—Caldecott's Hamlet, Notes, p. 25.

64. Line 182: *my* DEAREST *foe.*—*Dear* is constantly used in old writers for anything intensely felt, whether of joy or sorrow. See note 78 to Richard II. and compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 123:

Which art my near'st and *dearest* enemy.

65. Line 183: OR EVER I HAD *seen that day.*—So Qq. Ff. have *Ere I had ever.* This slight variation is worth noticing, because we should certainly have expected that the Folio—if it is supposed to be taken from the theatre copy—would have retained the much more rhythmical reading of the Quarto and not have substituted such an awkward and cacophonous sentence as *Ere I had ever*, a sentence which it would be very difficult for an actor to speak effectively. Very likely this was one of the gratuitous corrections of the printer.

66. Line 190: *Saw who?*—There can be little doubt that this is the right punctuation; *who* being used here, as frequently in Shakespeare, for the accusative. Ff. read *Saw? Who?* Qq., including Q. 1: *Saw, who?* The Players' Quartos print as in our text It seems an absurd piece of pedantry to alter *who* to *whom*, as Johnson did. The colloquial form of the question, however opposed to strict grammatical rules, is much more natural; and any pause between the two words is essentially undramatic, considering how excited Hamlet is by Horatio's statement.

67. Line 193: *an* ATTENT *ear.*—Compare Pericles, iii. 11 (of Prologue): "Be *attent.*" The word is nowhere else used by Shakespeare. Some of the Qq. and Ff. have *attentive.*

68. Line 198: *In the dead* VAST *and middle of the night.*—*Vast* is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 5, Q. 6; Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, F. 1 have *wast*, and F. 2, F. 3, F 4 *waste.* Compare Tempest, i. 2. 327: "at *vast of night*," where *vast* is used for void or vacancy, as in Winter's Tale, i. 1. 33: "shook hands, as over a *vast.*" Malone very absurdly reads *waist*—an absurdity none the less absurd because it occurs in a preposterous line of Marston's Malcontent, ii. 5:

T is now about the immodest *waist* of night.

The reading of F. 2 is equally objectionable, because it sounds like a pun on *waste* and *waist*, a verbal pleasantry quite out of keeping with the rest of Horatio's speech.

69. Line 200: *Armèd at point.*—Ff. have *Arm'd at all points.* Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 135, and see note 223 of that play.

70. Line 204: *distill'd.*—Ff. read (with varying spelling) *bestill'd. Distill'd* is of course used in the sense of "melted." Singer quotes from Sylvester's Du Bartas (4th ed. p. 764):

Melt thee, *distill* thee, turne to wax or snow;

and Dyce compares Addison's rendering of a passage of Claudian (De Sexto Cons. Hon. v. 345):

liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Conduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses—

by the very much condensed line:

Swords by the lightning's subtle force *distill'd.*

71. Line 214: *Did you not speak to it?*—This line is generally spoken upon the stage

Did not you speak to it?

with the emphasis on *you*, as if the question were addressed especially to Horatio, and not to all three. Steevens has a long note to prove that the emphasis should be on *speak* and not on *you*. The important question, as he says, was whether the Ghost was spoken to, and not whether Horatio in particular spoke to it. Steevens adds that "spectres were supposed to maintain an obdurate silence till interrogated by the people to whom they appeared" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 211); or, in plainer language, ghosts never spoke unless they were spoken to. He also says that the vulgar notion that a ghost could only be spoken to by a scholar, *i.e.* one who knew Latin (see above, note 7), was one that would have disgraced the Prince of Denmark. But in answer to this it may be said that Hamlet would have expected Horatio to speak to the apparition, not because he was a scholar, but because he was his own particular friend, and would know how anxious he must be to learn the meaning of this appearance of his father's spirit. The difficulty as to the emphasis may be got over by distributing the emphasis between *you* and *speak* so as to make it clear that the question is addressed particularly to Horatio, but without any apparent discourtesy to the others; and also showing that Hamlet's anxiety was not confined to the question whether Horatio individually had spoken to the Ghost, but whether it had been spoken to at all.

72. Line 216: *It lifted up* ITS *head.*—The earlier Qq. and Ff. all have *it* (the older form of the possessive) except Q. 1, which has *his*. No editors have had the courage to preserve the archaic form except the Cambridge editors in their Clarendon Press ed. (and in the later editions of the Globe), Grant White, Keightley, and Furness See Craik's note on Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 124, quoted by Furness, in which a very interesting history of the possessive form *its* is given.

His was originally used for the possessive of both masculine and neuter, as it often is by Shakespeare. *Its*, for a long time, was not recognized as an admissible word; when it occurs in Shakespeare it is generally printed in F. 1 *it's*. The Saxon personal pronoun was *he* masculine, *heó* feminine, and *hit* neuter. The aspirate was afterwards dropped in the neuter, though Craik says it is still often heard in the Scottish dialect. The genitive of *heó* was *hire*, hence *her; his* would be the natural form of the genitive for both masculine and neuter. When Shakespeare wrote, *its* was beginning to displace the form *his* as the possessive of *it*.

73. Line 224: *Indeed, indeed.*—Qq. (except Q. 1) omit the second *indeed*, as they do the repetition of *very like* in line 237. The repetitions were probably made by the actor, and adopted (wisely, I think) in the Folio. Hamlet is here reflecting on what has been told him, and the repetition of the word marks the preoccupation of his mind.

74. Line 229: [Abruptly] *Then saw you not his face.*—This line is generally printed as a question; but Q. 2, Q. 3 have a full stop at the end of the line, which seems more in accordance with the sense. Hamlet is questioning them very closely, cross-examining them in fact, as to the details of the appearance of the Ghost, in the identity and genuineness of which he does not yet entirely believe. He is particularly anxious to find out whether they had certain means of recognizing the apparition as that of his father. If he was armed from head to foot, and with his vizor down, they could not have seen his face, and therefore could not have been sure whose spectre it was or appeared to be. If Hamlet speaks this line, as indicated in our text, *abruptly*, Horatio's answer seems more appropriate than if he had spoken it as a tentative question; and there is an effective contrast between the lawyerlike manner in which Hamlet strives to detect them in a contradiction, and the tender feeling with which he puts the next question—

What, look'd he frowningly?

75. Lines 240–242:

Ham. *His beard was grizzled,—no?*
Hor. *It was, as I have seen it in his life,*
A sable silver'd.

This passage has given rise to some ingenious fancies on the part of commentators; Moberly holding that *grizzled* is the same as *grisly* = "foul and disordered," a meaning which neither *grizzled* nor *grisly* has in any passage in Shakespeare. [Compare Mids. Night's Dream, v. 1. 140, where the Prologue refers to the Lion as "This *grisly* beast;" and Lucrece, line 926, "carrier of *grisly* care."] On this conjectural meaning he founds the explanation that Hamlet, in asking the question, wishes to find out whether his father showed signs of a violent death, like Gloster in II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 175. *Grizzled* is only used once in Shakespeare, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 17, where Antony says:

To the *boy* Cæsar send this *grizzled* head.

It is manifest that the meaning there is "growing grey." There is a passage in the Prologue to act iii. of Pericles, lines 47, 48:

the *grizzled* north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,

in which *grizzled* is simply identical in meaning with *grisly* in its ordinary sense of "grim," "terrible;" *grizzled* is the reading of Q. 1; but F. 3, F. 4 have *grisly*. The meaning of *grizzled* here then is simply "getting grey;" and Hamlet seems to put this question with the same motive already alluded to above in note 74. Horatio's answer is scrupulously particular, and it is with regard to the exact colour implied by the word *sable* that the passage is interesting. Does *sable* mean "black" here? It is difficult to think of the elder Hamlet, a typical Dane, as a man with black hair; but the history of the word *sable* seems to give one no choice of meaning but that of a dark colour. It was derived from the animal *sable* undoubtedly, and adopted into heraldry as the equivalent of black. Shakespeare uses the adjective *sable* in Lucrece, line 117, as an epithet of *night*, and in the same poem, line 1074, in a figurative sense:

My *sable* ground of sin I will not paint;

here the writer is evidently thinking of the heraldic sense of the word. In the Sonnets, xii. 3, 4, *sable* is used in a very similar passage to the one in our text:

When I behold the violet past prime,
And *sable* curls all *silver'd* o'er with white.

With the exception of the Prologue to act v. of Pericles, line 19, the epithet *sable* is not used in any place by Shakespeare, except in this play, ii. 2. 474, below; and in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 233, *sable-coloured* is applied to melancholy. It seems, then, we must take *sable* here to mean at least "dark-coloured," if not "black." It is possible that the word, being originally derived from the animal, whose fur is frequently a light brown—though the darker shades are more valuable—*sable* may have been used, like *black*, in a lax sense as = any shade of darkness. That *sable* was used in somewhat a vague way seems to be proved by the following passage in Chapman, Odyssey, bk. ix. lines 215–217:

At entry of the haven, a *silver* ford
Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,
All set with *sable* poplars.

It is difficult to see how *poplars* could ever be called *sable* in the sense of *black*.

76. Line 243: *I* WARRANT *it will.*—This is the reading of Q. 1. The other Qq. print *warn't*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still the provincial pronunciation of the word. Ff. have *I warrant you.* Compare All's Well that Ends Well, note 133.

77. Line 248: *Let it be* TENABLE *in your silence still.*—The Ff. read *treble*, a misprint which Caldecott, Knight, and other ingenious persons defend as the orthodox text.

78. Line 254: *Your* LOVES, *as mine to you.*—Ff. read *love.* Q. 1 has *your loves, your loves*, which Staunton thinks expresses well Hamlet's "perturbation," and "feverish impatience to be alone." It is very important to notice here that Hamlet corrects them all without distinction in their ceremonious expression of their duty. "No, not duty," he says practically, "but your *loves;*" and certainly the plural is preferable here, especially as it has been used just above, in line 251. The repetition of the Quarto might have been meant to enforce this correction; but, as a matter of fact, it is more effective on the stage when the two words *your loves* are not repeated, the emphasis on *loves* answering all the purpose required. Just as Hamlet makes no distinction between his intimate friend, Horatio, and Marcellus, who is also a friend but not an intimate one, and Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger; so afterwards, in scene 5 of this act, when he swears them both to secrecy, he makes no distinction between Horatio and Marcellus.

ACT I. Scene 3.

79. Line 3: *And* CONVOY IS *assistant, do not sleep.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read:

And *convoy, in* assistant do not sleep;

The Players' Quartos read:

And *convey* in assistant, do not sleep;

but they marked the first sentence as omitted in representation, evidently because they could not make much sense of it. Our text is that of Ff., which seems to make fair sense; the meaning being "the means of conveyance are ready." Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 103: "entertained my *convoy*," *i.e.* "Taken into service guides," &c.

80. Lines 7, 8:

A violet in the youth of PRIMY *nature,*
FORWARD, *not permanent.*

Primy is a peculiar word, and is only used in this passage; at least no instance of its occurrence elsewhere has yet been discovered. We may compare, perhaps, the peculiar use of *prime*, the adjective, in Othello, iii. 3. 403:

Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys;

though, of course, Laertes does not use it here in so gross a sense, but more in the sense of the substantives in the Sonnet, iii. 9, 10:

and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her *prime.*

The first Players' Quarto, 1676, altered the passage to "youth, *a prime* of nature," which the Quarto of 1695 improved by reading "youth *and prime* of nature." Shakespeare uses the expression "*prime* of youth" in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 23, and again in Richard III. i. 2. 246: "the golden *prime* of this sweet prince." But, as the form *primy* is found in all the old copies, both Qq. and Ff., we cannot alter it. It is very possible that the form *primy* was coined by Shakespeare to represent the adjective *prime* pronounced as a dissyllable. F. 1, F. 2, by a strange misprint, have *froward* for *forward.*

81. Line 9: *The* PERFUME AND SUPPLIANCE *of a minute.*—So Qq.; Ff. omit *perfume and*, perhaps because the word *perfume* might have seemed out of place; but it refers, as Johnson pointed out, to the phrase *sweet, not lasting* in the line above. The same critic expressed himself dissatisfied with *suppliance*, suggesting some such word as *soffiance*, referring to the process of fumigation. But, surely, though *suppliance* only occurs in this passage, it is a very expressive word. It means "that which fills up a minute of our leisure time." Chapman uses it, Iliad, book viii. line 321 = assistance; Pallas is speaking of Hercules looking up for help to heaven:

Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my *suppliance* giv'n.

This word must not be confounded with suppliance = supplication, which is only found in comparatively modern writers.

82. Line 12: *in* THEWS *and bulk.*—This word *thews*, which is nearly always used in the plural, has rather a singular history. Shakespeare uses it in all the three passages in which it occurs, viz. here, II. Henry IV. iii. 2, 277, and Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 81, in its physical sense of "muscles and sinews;" but in most of our old writers *thews* (generally spelt *thewes*) is used of "manners, qualities, dispositions." In Nares, *sub voce*, will be found quoted five passages from Spenser, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and the Mirror for Magistrates, in all of which it is used in the sense of mental qualities, as it is by Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales, line 9416. In Ancren Riwle (about 1230), the word is spelt *theawes*, and is used in the sense of virtues; in Layamon's Brut, about 1200 (verse 6361), the singular, spelt *theawe*, occurs in the sense of "sinew or strength," but that is, as Sir Frederick Madden notes, "the only instance in the poem of the word being applied to bodily qualities." Some etymologists would derive *thews*, in its physical sense, from the A. Sax. *theóh* or *theó*, the thigh, and *thews* = manners from the A. Sax. *theáw* = "habit, custom, behaviour;" but, as Skeat points

out, the physical sense of the word is really the older one, the base being *thaw*, from Teutonic *thu*, derived from the root *tu*="to be strong, to swell;" and he adds that the word is quite distinct from *thigh* though the root is the same.

83. Line 15: *cautel.*—This word is only used elsewhere by Shakespeare in A Lover's Complaint, 302, 303:

> In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
> Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.

Cautelous (meaning crafty) occurs in Coriolanus, iv. 1. 33, and Julius Cæsar, ii 1. 129. Cotgrave has "*Cautelle:* A wile, *cautell*, sleight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guilefvl deuise or indeuor; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, cousenage."

84. Line 16: *The virtue of his* WILL.--So Qq. Ff. print *feare*, evidently caught, by mistake, from the end of the line. Qq. omit line 18 altogether, perhaps accidentally.

85. Line 21: *The* SAFETY *and the health of the whole state.*—This line has caused a good deal of discussion. Q. 2, Q. 3 read *safty;* Q. 5 reads *safetie;* Q. 4, Q. 6 read as in the text; and Ff. *sanctity*, which Hanmer changed to *sanity*, adopting the conjecture of Theobald. *The* is omitted before *health* in all the old copies, so that the line reads in Qq. as deficient in one syllable. Collier got over the difficulty by dogmatically asserting, without producing any proof, that *safety* was frequently pronounced as a trisyllable; but, unfortunately, the word occurs in Shakespeare in some hundred passages, in no one of which is it anything but a dissyllable. The reading of Q. 2, Q. 3, *safty*, goes most decidedly against Collier's statement. *Sanctity*, the reading of Ff., would not make by any means bad sense if we could take it to mean "religious preservation of;" but the word seems always to be used by Shakespeare as="holiness" or "the quality of a saint." *Sanity* is only used once by Shakespeare; in this very play, below, ii. 2. 214, where it means "a sound state of mind." We have therefore preferred, after all, the very simple emendation first made by Warburton of inserting *the* before *health*. It is very likely that before a word commencing with *he*, *the* might have dropped out; but, on the other hand, it is only fair to say that the *the* might have been purposely omitted by the poet, in order to avoid the close recurrence of *th* in four words, "*the* health of *the;*" but this difficulty is easily got over by the speaker; while, if *safety* be pronounced as a dissyllable, it is very difficult to get over the rhythmical deficiency of the line. It is scarcely necessary to point out that any public reader or speaker who pronounced *safety* as a trisyllable, sa-fe-ty, would find a considerable tax on his time in defending his pronunciation against adverse critics.

86. Line 26: *particular act and place.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *peculiar sect and force*, which might have given rise to some interesting explanations and interpretations, had the words come to us only in this form.

87. Line 30: *If with too* CREDENT *ear you* LIST *his songs.*—It is almost incredible, but in the Quarto of 1695 this line is printed thus:

> If with too *credulous* ear you *hear* his Songs.

As it is not one of those marked for omission on the stage, it is clear that the alteration must have been made in the theatre after the Restoration; but to whom the credit is due of substituting such a wretchedly commonplace, ill-sounding line for that in the original we do not know.

88. Lines 39, 40:

> *The canker galls the* INFANTS OF THE SPRING,
> *Too oft before their* BUTTONS *be disclos'd.*

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 100, 101:

> an envious sneaping frost
> That bites the first-born *infants of the spring;*

and compare Mids. Night's Dream, note 130. *Button* is a literal Englishing of the French *bouton*, bud, and is used by Shakespeare only here. It occurs, however, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 1. 4–7:

> O queene Emilia,
> Fresher than May, sweeter
> Than hir gold *buttons* on the bowes, or all
> Th' enamelld knacks o' th' meade or garden.
> —Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 43.

Cotgrave has "*Bouton:* m. A *button;* also, a bud of a Vine, &c." Instead of *their*, Ff. have *the*.

89. Lines 49–51:

> WHILST, LIKE A *puff'd and reckless libertine,*
> *Himself* THE PRIMROSE PATH *of dalliance treads,*
> *And* RECKS *not his own rede.*

Whilst like a is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *Whiles a;* and below Qq. and Ff. alike read *reakes* or *reaks*, which Pope first altered into *recks*. *Rede* is *reed* in Qq., *reade* in Ff. *The primrose path* may be compared with *the primrose way* of Macbeth, ii. 3. 21. *Rede* is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, 1216:

> Ther was noon other remedy ne *reed.*

The same editors quote Burns, Epistle to A Young Friend [last two lines]:

> And may ye better *reck the rede*
> Than ever did th' Adviser.
> —Ed. Macmillan, vol. i. p. 149.

90. Lines 59–72.—It is possible that these sententious precepts, given by Polonius to his son, were suggested by the advice of Euphues to Philautus. Mr. Rushton, in his Shakespeare's Euphuism (pp. 45, 46), has indicated the points of resemblance, but they are not very close. Shakespeare was no doubt thinking more of Lord Burleigh than of Euphues. In fact Polonius was a satire, not upon the empty-headed old courtier, but upon one who, picking up most of his wisdom from books, was under the delusion that he was a very Machiavel in politic cunning. In Q. 1 these precepts of Polonius, or as much of them as are given, are printed with two inverted commas (") before each line, that is to say, lines 61–67, and lines 70–72, and line 78. In Q. 2 these lines have no such mark before them; but, in the speech of Laertes, lines 36 and 38–39 are so distinguished. Dyce, in "Remarks, &c.," maintained that there was nothing remarkable in this; but, with due deference to him, one may be allowed to think that there is. Dyce points out that in Qq., except Q. 1 (which does not contain it), the speech of the Queen (iv. 5. 17–20) "is printed with inverted commas;" but this is not quite accurate, as that speech

of four lines, containing two rhymed couplets, is thus printed:

'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is, &c.

There is only *one* inverted comma before each line, which may have been intended to show that it was omitted in representation: it is so marked in all the Players' Quartos. Dyce says that in various early plays "the Gnomic portions" are thus distinguished, and he produces instances; but it must be confessed that the marking of these passages, as far as Q. 1 and Q. 2 of Hamlet are concerned, is erratic and almost inexplicable. In this scene there are three other lines so marked in Q. 1, lines which are peculiar to that edition; they occur in the last speech of Corambis in this scene, which is as follows:

Ofelia, receiue none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,
"Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

In line 59 *see* is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *look;* in line 62 we have adhered to the reading of Qq. "*Those* friends," instead of "*The* friends" of Ff.

91. Line 63: *Grapple them* TO *thy soul with* HOOPS *of steel.*—So Q. 1 and Ff.; Qq. read *unto* instead of *to.* Pope substituted *hooks* for *hoops*, as more suitable to the word *grapple*, with which it is connected. But the Clarendon Press edd. very well say "this makes the figure suggested by *grapple* the very reverse of what Shakespeare intended; for *grappling* with hooks is the act of an enemy and not of a friend." Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 106:

Grapples you to the heart and love of us.

92. Lines 64, 65:

But do not DULL THY PALM *with entertainment*
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comráde.

Johnson explains this phrase, "Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand;" but of course it is used figuratively for "Do not make friends with everybody." Compare v. 1. 77, 78: "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense;" Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 201: "*stale* his palm;" and Cymbeline, i. 6. 106, 107:

join gripes with *hands*
Made hard with hourly falsehood.

93. Lines 73, 74:

And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

The readings of the old copies differ very much in line 74. Q. 1 has:

Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that;

Q. 2 has:

Are of a most select and *generous* chief in that;

F. 1:

Are of a most select and generous *cheff* in that.

The reading and punctuation adopted in our text is that given first by Rowe, and followed by most editors. Collier's MS. has:

Are of a most select and generous *choice* in that.

Staunton printed *sheaf* instead of *chief*, justifying this, at first sight, eccentric emendation by quoting two passages from Ben Jonson, in which *sheaf* is used figuratively = "class" or "clique." The late Dr. Ingleby approved of Staunton's conjecture, and warmly defended it on the ground that it was another instance of Euphuism in Polonius's speech. "Gentlemen of the first *sheaf*" was an expression, according to Dr. Ingleby, taken from a *sheaf* of arrows, used by Euphuists and borrowed from archery; the *sheaf* being twenty-four arrows. Grant White got out of the difficulty by simply omitting *chief* altogether and reading:

Are most select and generous in that.

This emendation the Cambridge edd. approved of by anticipation; they give it in their Preface, vol. viii. pp. viii, ix, as "what Shakespeare probably wrote," taking the words *of* and *chief* in the MS. as alternative readings of *in* and *best* in the line above. According to this conjecture the transcriber must have inserted *a* before *most* on his own account.

The fact that both Qq. and Ff. agree with Q. 1 in retaining the words *of a* makes one hesitate to adopt the very simple emendation of Rowe. Tschischwitz thought that the words *in that* were a portion of a lost line; but it is quite possible that Shakespeare wrote the line with two extra syllables, and omitted to draw his pen through the words *of a*. In support of Staunton's conjecture it may be added that a *sheaf* (of arrows) was sometimes written *chefe* according to Halliwell's Archaic and Provincial Dictionary, though no instance is given of it.

94. Line 83: *The time* INVITES *you; go, your servants* TEND.—Qq. read *invests.* Compare iv. 3. 46, 47, below:

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates *tend.*

95. Line 106: *you have ta'en these tenders for true pay.*—Moberly (quoted by Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 71) says: "In the Dutch war of 1674, Pepys tells us that many English seamen fought on the enemy's side, and were heard during an action to cry, 'Dollars now, no tickets,' the latter being the only pay they had received in their own service. This seems to explain the opposition intended here between *tenders* and *true pay.*"

96. Line 107: TENDER *yourself more dearly; i.e.* regard, as in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 74, 75:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I *tender*
As *dearly* as my own,—be satisfied.

97. Line 109: RUNNING *it thus.*—Ff. read *Roaming*, Qq. have (and are) *Wrong.* The emendation in the text—an excellent and unquestionable one—is Collier's, first adopted by Dyce.

98. Line 114: *With almost all the holy vows of heaven.*—Ff. read *with all the vowes of Heauen*, probably a correction made in the course of the play's representation by Shakespeare himself.

99. Line 115: *Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Gosson, Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse (ed. Arber, p. 72): "When Comedie comes vpon the Stage, Cupide sets vpp a *Springe for Woodcockes*, which are entangled ere they descrie the line, and caught before they mistrust the snare." Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 92: "Now is the *woodcock* near the *gin.*"

100. Line 117: *Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter.*—Two syllables would seem to have dropped out from this line. Coleridge proposed "*Go to*, these

blazes, daughter," or "these blazes, daughter, *mark you*," either of which might do excellently well—but then, how do we know it is Shakespeare? So many other things would do excellently well too.

101. Line 120: *From this time.*—So Qq.; Ff. have "*For* this time *Daughter.*"

102. Line 127: *Do not believe his vows; for they are* BROKERS.—Cotgrave has "*Maquignonner.* To play the *Broker* . . . also, to play the bawd."

103. Line 128: *that dye.*—So (with varying spellings, *die* and *dye*) the Qq.; Ff. read *the eye*, using the word, say the Clarendon Press edd., "in the same sense in which it occurs in the Tempest, ii. 1. 55: 'With an *eye* of green in it,' where it signifies a dash of colour."

104. Line 130: *Breathing like sanctified and pious* BONDS. —So Qq. Ff. unanimously. In what may be called an unhappy paroxysm of critical ingenuity, Theobald pounced upon this passage, asking indignantly "what idea we can form of a *breathing* bond being *sanctified* or *pious?*" With one wave of his wand he has transformed the innocent and appropriate *bonds* into the coarse and pleonastic *bawds.* In this he has been followed by the very wariest of editors; even those miracles of purism, the Cambridge edd., printed *bawds* without a murmur. Dyce, Singer, Grant White, and Dr. Furness are amongst those who have adopted Theobald's conjecture, and all those, except Dr. Furness, will not even hear of *bonds.* Malone had the good sense to perceive that the old copies were right; and though, carried away by the general consensus in its favour, we had absolutely printed *bawds*, a little consideration made us pause. Shakespeare's text, especially in a play for which there are two such good authorities as there are for this in the shape of Q. 2 and F. 1, ought not to be altered unless the sense or rhythm absolutely demands it. Theobald's question is infinitely more ridiculous, when one comes to analyse it, than the old reading could possibly be. Shakespeare is very fond of the word *bond*, and he uses it constantly as=those sacred ties of affection which exist between two engaged lovers, or husband and wife, or brother and sister. What can be more properly called *sanctified and pious* than the *bond* which is hallowed by a sacrament? Among the many passages which could be quoted, we may take Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 154-156:

> Cressid is mine, tied with the *bonds* of heaven:
> Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
> The *bonds* of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd.

As for *breathing*, it has here, as often in Shakespeare, the sense of "speaking," *e.g.* Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 27: "*breath'd* a secret vow;" King John, iv. 3. 66, 67:

> And *breathing* to his breathless excellence
> The incense of a vow.

Again, the very reasons brought forward to support Theobald's emendation, that Polonius has just compared Hamlet's vows to *brokers*, and called them "mere implorators of unholy suits," surely militate against any alteration in the text; for why should Polonius be so careful to use to his daughter polite periphrases, or synonyms for the word *bawd*, and then in the very next line employ the very word itself? Hamlet (iii. 1. 111-113) uses this word to Ophelia: "for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a *bawd*," &c.; but, after his assumed madness, his language towards her is not over-delicate; while Polonius seems always careful to avoid any coarse expression to her. Even when he is big with his wonderful jest about *tender* (see above, lines 107-109) he avoids putting his meaning into anything like rude language; and throughout the scene of which this passage forms part, he scrupulously avoids any coarse phrase. Lastly, the word *brokers* might surely suggest the word *bonds.* It is quite true that *bawds* might have been written *bauds*, and might easily have been mistaken for *bands*, the two words *bands* and *bonds* being more or less interchangeable; but there is no need to suppose that there was a gratuitous misprint where all the old copies are unanimous, and where the reading, as printed, makes excellent sense.

105. Line 133: *so* SLANDER *any* MOMENT'S *leisure.*—*Slander* is here evidently used for misuse. Note conversely the use of *misuse* for revile or slander, as in Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 159, 160:

> with twenty such vile terms,
> As she had studied to *misuse* me so;

As You Like It, iv. 1. 205, 206: "You have simply *misus'd* our sex in your love-prate." Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. read *moment*—the most obvious of misprints, corrected in the later Qq., and piously preserved by a few later editors.

ACT I. Scene 4.

106. Line 1: *The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.*—So Qq.; F. 1 reads *is it very cold?* This reading was accepted by Mr. Irving in his representation of Hamlet, and raised some discussion at the time, not generally in favour of the innovation.

107. Line 2: *It is* A *nipping and an* EAGER *air.*—Qq. omit *a.* *Eager* is the French *aigre*, here meaning sharp; it is used again in i. 5. 69, where it means sour. (See note 154 below.) Cotgrave has: "Aigre: *Eagre, sharpe, tart, biting, sower.*"

108. Lines 8, 9:

> *The king doth* WAKE *to-night, and takes his rouse,*
> *Keeps* WASSAIL, *and the swaggering* UP-SPRING *reels.*

Wake means to hold a late revel, to drink late; *wassail* is a drinking-bout. Both words (as substantives) occur in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 318: "at *wakes* and *wassails.*" *Up-spring*, says Elze (ed. of Chapman's Alphonsus, p. 144, where the word occurs), was "the 'Hüpfauf,' the last and consequently the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings." The English word is a literal rendering of the German. Schmidt, in his Shakespeare Lexicon, characterizes the "Hüpfauf" as "an apocryphal dance," and thinks that this German name "may as well be translated from upspring" as the reverse. Dr. Elze replies conclusively in his edition of Hamlet, p. 133, showing that the English word (which is not known to occur in any but the two passages cited) is more than half a century younger than the German name. Caldecott thinks the term is connected with *upsy-freeze*, so familiar to us in Elizabethan comedies. See his edition, pp. 28-30 of the notes, where several interesting extracts from con-

temporary accounts of Danish drinking customs will be found.

109. Line 11: *The* KETTLE-DRUM *and trumpet thus bray out.*—Douce (Illustrations of Sh. ii. 205) quotes Cleaveland's Fuscara, or the Bee Errant):

> Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums
> As Danes carowse by *kettle-drums.*

The *kettle-drum*, says Elze (Hamlet, p. 134), "seems originally to have been a Danish instrument, and to have been introduced into England either by Queen Anne, or by the King of Denmark, who came twice to London on a visit to K. James I."

110. Line 14: *But.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *And.*

111. Lines 17–38 are omitted in Ff.

112. Line 19: *They* CLEPE *us* DRUNKARDS.—*Clepe* is found in Q. 6; the earlier Qq. print *clip.* The word is from Anglo-Saxon "cleopian," to call. The spelling of the earlier Qq. probably represents the common pronunciation of the word. Compare Forby, Vocabulary of East Anglia, 1830: "*Clepe*, v. to call. The word is used by our boys at play, who *clepe* (or, as they commonly pronounce it, *clip*) sides, or opposite parties, at ball, &c." There is most likely a side-glance here at the drinking habits of the English. The Danes, however, did enjoy the reputation of being famous tipplers. Compare Othello, ii. 3. 78–88, and see note 105 to that play. The Clarendon Press edd. quote a passage from Beaumont and Fletcher (The Captain, iii. 2), in which the English and the Danes are cited as apparently the most notorious drunkards of their time:

> *Lod.* Are the Englishmen
> Such stubborn drinkers?
> *Piso.* Not a leak at sea
> Can suck more liquor: you shall have their children
> Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
> Able to knock a Dane down.

113. Line 32: *Being nature's livery, or fortune's* STAR.—Theobald, unnecessarily, suggested that *star* was a misprint for *scar.* Ritson takes the word *star* to be used in the sense in which we apply the word to horses: "the white *star* or mark so common on the forehead of a dark coloured horse, is usually produced by making a *scar* on the place." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 364:

> Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine *star.*

114. Lines 36–38:

> *the* DRAM OF EALE
> DOTH ALL THE NOBLE SUBSTANCE OF A DOUBT
> *To his own scandal.*

This is the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3; Q. 4, Q. 5 substitute *ease* for *eale.* The Cambridge edd. chronicle forty conjectural emendations of this passage, which they themselves, in common with many editors, regard as hopelessly corrupt. Furness, in his New Variorum Ed., fills more than six pages with conjectures and comments. If the lines are, as seems most probable, corrupt, it can at least be said that nothing convincing or final has yet been proposed in the way of emendation. When every new commentator on Shakespeare has a new reading of this passage to offer, and no commentator has succeeded in impressing his own view on any, or many, of his fellows, it would be preposterous to make any variation in the text, such as it is, of the earlier Qq., which, in the unlucky absence of a Folio text, remains our only approach to original authority. Something, however, may be done to explain this puzzling reading. In the Qq. of ii. 2. 627–629, where the Ff. print:

> The Spirit that I haue seene
> May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
> T' assume a pleasing shape—

we read

> The spirit that I haue seene
> May be a *deale*, and the *deale* hath power, &c.

If *devil* may be misprinted *deale*, may not *evil* be misprinted *eale?* The error in both cases probably came from a slipshod and hasty pronunciation, perhaps a colloquialism. The remainder of the passage admits of at least two explanations. One is, that *doth* is used, transitively, as a verb, not as an auxiliary; thus *doth it of a doubt* would mean "affects it with a doubt." Dr. George Mac Donald, who takes this view, compares Measure for Measure, i. 3. 40–43:

> I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
> Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
> And yet my nature never in the fight
> To *do* in slander.

That is, says Dr. Mac Donald, to affect it (my nature) with slander, to bring it into slander. "Angelo may punish in my name, but, not being present, I shall not be accused of cruelty, which would be to slander my own nature" (Hamlet, 1885, p. 45). The passage quoted, however, is no very certain support. The Cambridge edd. obelize it, and Hanmer's emendation (*it* instead of *in*) is generally adopted. Strachey, Shakespeare's Hamlet, 1848, apparently understands the passage in Hamlet in the same sense; in a note to p. 44, on which he has quoted the lines as they stand in the Qq. (only replacing *eale* by *ill*), he says: "This it appears is the genuine text: the editors all adopt Steevens's conjectural emendation 'often dout,' *i.e.* often *do out*, quench. But the old text seems to me better: the *noble substance* is not quenched or destroyed, but '*soiled*,' '*o'er-leavened*,' 'corrupted,' and so its proper excellence brought into *doubt.*" The other explanation is brought forward by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, in his Jottings on the Text of Hamlet (Ithaca: privately printed, 1874), pp. 13, 14: "All the difficulty of the passage is removed, I think, by understanding 'noble,' not as an adjective, as all commentators have understood it, qualifying 'substance,' but as a noun opposed to 'eale,' and the object of 'substance,' a verb of which 'doth' is its auxiliary. Thus: 'the dram of eale doth all the noble, substance of [*i.e.* 'with,' a sense common in the English of the time,] 'a doubt' [which works] 'to his own scandal.' 'Substance' is used in the sense of 'imbue with a certain essence;' 'his' is a neuter genitive, standing for 'noble,' and = 'its.' The dram of ill *transubstantiates* the noble, *essences* it to its own scandal. In regard to the use of 'of' and 'to,' see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, rev. and enl. ed. §§ 171 and 186.

"The use of 'substance,' in the sense of 'essence,' was, of course, sufficiently common, and had been for more than two centuries, to justify the interpretation given. In Macbeth, i. 5. 50, we have 'sightless substances' = 'invisible essences,' 'sightless' being used objectively. 'Being of one substance with the Father.' *Book of Common Prayer.* Chaucer, in *The Prologe of the Nonne Prestes Tale* (l. 14809

of Tyrwhitt's edition, l. 16289 of Wright's) uses the word to express the *essential* character or nature of a man. The Host objects to the Monk's Tale, as being too dull for the occasion; and, that the fault may not be thought to lie with himself, says,

> 'And wel I wot the *substance* is in me,
> If eny thing schal wel reported be.'

That is, I am so *substanced*, so constituted, so tempered, such is my *cast* of spirit, that I can appreciate and enjoy, as well as the next man, a good story well told." This is decidedly ingenious, but it is a pity that Mr. Corson is unable to show us any example of the verb to *substance*. That, he says, rather rashly, "matters not. The free functional application of words which characterized the Elizabethan English, allowed, as every English scholar knows, of the use of any noun, adjective, or neuter verb, as an active verb."

115. Line 42: *Be thy* INTENTS *wicked or charitable.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *events*, which some fancifully defend as = issues.

116. Lines 44, 45:

> *I'll call thee Hamlet,*
> *King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!*

This is, practically, the punctuation of Qq. and Ff. An anonymous writer in the St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 15, 1761 (quoted in Pye's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, p. 312), suggested that the pause should come after the word *father*. There is much plausibility in this conjecture.

117. Line 48: *cerements.*—F. 1 has *cerments;* the later Ff. *cearments*. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 51:

> To rib her *cerecloth* in the óbscure grave;

and the note 178 to that play.

118. Line 49: *Wherein we saw thee quietly* IN-URN'D.—The beautiful word *in-urn'd* comes to us from the Ff.; all the Qq. reading merely *interr'd*.

119. Line 52: *That thou, dead corse, again,* IN CÓMPLETE STEEL.—Compare S. Rowley, When You See Mee, You Know Mee, L 3 back:

> Set forwards there, regard the Emperors state,
> First in our Court weele banquet merrily,
> Then mount on steedes, and girt *in complete steele*,
> Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and Tournament.

120. Line 61: *It* WAVES *you to a more removed ground.*—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *wafts* (as in line 78), which is not a misprint, but another form of the same word. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 111: "who *wafts* us yonder?"

121. Line 63: *then* I WILL *follow it.*—Ff. have *will I*.

122. Line 70: SUMMIT *of the cliff.*—This obvious correction of the *somnet* of Qq., *sonnet* of Ff., is due to Rowe. The Qq. spell *cliff*, *cleefe*.

123 Line 71: *That* BEETLES.—So Ff.; Qq. have *bettles* and *betles*.

124. Line 72: *assume.*—Ff. have *assumes*.

125. Line 73: *Which might* DEPRIVE YOUR SOVEREIGNTY OF REASON.—This means, deprive your reason of its sovereignty or supreme control. Warburton well compares the Eikon Basilike: "at once to betray the *sovereignty of reason* in my soul." For the peculiar construction compare Lucrece, 1186:

> 'T is honour to *deprive* dishonour'd life.

Compare, too, Marston, Antonio and Mellida, part i. iii. 1:

> What son, what comfort that she can *deprive*?

126. Lines 75–78 are omitted in Ff., possibly, as Delius suggests, because Shakespeare had afterwards elaborated the substance of them in Lear, iv. 6. 11–24.

127. Line 80: *Hold off your* HANDS.—So. Qq.; Ff. print *hand*.

128. Line 82: *artery.*—This is the spelling of Q. 6. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *arture;* Q. 4 *artyre;* Q. 5, F. 4 *attire;* F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *Artire*. Dr. George Mac Donald suggests that the right word is *arture*, and that it was coined by Shakespeare from "*artus*, a joint—*arcere*, to hold together, adjective *arctus*, tight. *Arture*, then, stands for juncture. This perfectly fits. In terror the weakest parts are the joints, for their *artures* are not *hardy*" (Hamlet, p. 49). *Artery*, however, is spelt *artyre* in Drayton's Elegies, ed. 1631, p. 298.

129. Line 83: *As hardy as the* NÉMEAN *lion's nerve.*—The same incorrect accentuation of *Nemean* occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 90:

> Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar.

130. Line 89: *Have after.*—Compare Richard III. iii. 2. 92: "Come, come, *have with you.*" The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Latimer's saying to Ridley on the way to the stake: "*Have after*, as fast as I can follow."

ACT I. SCENE 5.

131. Line 1: WHERE *wilt thou lead me?*—So Ff.; Qq. have *Whether;* and the Q. of 1676, *Whither*, which some editors adopt.

132. Line 11: *confin'd to* FAST *in fires.*—Compare Chaucer, The Persones Tale (ed. Tyrwhitt, p. 291): "And moreover the misese of helle shall be *in defaute of mete and drink.*" Steevens quotes Nash, Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench and darkness, where men *see meat, but can get none*, or are ever thirsty," &c.

133. Line 18: *knotted.*—So all the Qq.; Ff. have *knotty*.

134. Line 19: *on end.*—Qq. and Ff., except Q. 1, have *an end*, a more archaic form of the same particle. Pope adopted the customary modern form from the spurious Q.

135. Lines 19, 20:

> *And each particular hair to stand on end,*
> *Like quills upon the* FRETFUL PORPENTINE.

Porpentine is the reading of Qq. and Ff., as it is invariably in Shakespeare. Both forms of the word were in use. Compare the closely parallel passage in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Induction, 2–4:

> O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart!
> My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
> As doe the bristles of a *porcupine*.

Milton uses the same figure in Samson Agonistes, 1138:

Though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf't wild boars, or ruffl'd *porcupines.*

Qq. read *fearefull* instead of the *fretfull* of the Ff., and have been followed by one or two editors. The word, however applicable, seems to me more commonplace than the F. reading.

136. Lines 21, 22:

But this ETERNAL BLAZON *must not be*
To ears of flesh and blood.

Eternal blazon seems to be used in the sense of a revelation or description of eternity. Some understand it in the sense of "infernal," as in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 160: "The *eternal* devil;" and Othello, iv. 2. 130: "some *eternal* villain." With this sense Rolfe amusingly compares the Yankee slang "'tarnal." *Blazon* is used as here in Much Ado, ii. 1. 307. See note 128 to that play.

137. Line 22: *List, list.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *list Hamlet.*

138. Line 24.—Ff., as usual, substitute *Heaven* for *God.*

139. Line 29: HASTE ME *to know't.*—This is Rowe's emendation. Qq. print *Hast me*, F. 1 *Hast, hast me;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *Haste, haste me.* Ff. have *know it.*

140. Lines 29–31:

that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Compare Wily Beguiled, Prologue: "I'll make him fly *swifter than meditation;*" and Dekker, The Honest Whore, part i. i. 10:

I was, on *meditation's spotless wings,*
Upon my journey thither.
—Works, ed. Dyce, vol. viii. p. 79.

141. Line 33: *That* ROOTS *itself in ease on Lethe wharf.*—All the Qq. have *rootes*, Ff. *rots*, which is, to say the least, as good a word. There does not seem much to choose between them. Each has a beauty and aptness of its own. Steevens quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 3, a confirmation of the Ff. reading: "This *dull root* pluck'd from Lethe flood" (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. vi. p. ?), and Caldecott compares with the Qq. reading Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 47: "To *rot itself* with motion."

142. Line 35: 'T IS *given out that, sleeping in* MY *orchard.*—Ff. read *It's* and *mine.*

143. Line 41: MY *uncle!*—Ff., as usual, print *mine.*

144. Line 43: *With witchcraft of his* WIT, WITH *traitorous gifts.—Wit* is Pope's emendation of the *wits* of Qq. Ff., a misprint evidently derived from the plural *gifts* just following. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *hath* instead of *with;* F. 4 reads *and.*

145. Line 45: *to his.*—So Qq., F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 prints *to to this;* F. 2 *to this.*

146. Line 47: *what a falling-off.*—Qq. omit *a.*

147. Line 50: *decline.*—See note 79 to Comedy of Errors.

148. Line 55: *So* LUST, *though to a radiant* ANGEL *link'd.*—Ff. and Q. 1 read *Lust;* the other Qq. have *but.* Qq. misprint *angle.*

149. Line 56: *sate.*—So F. 1, F. 2; F. 3, F. 4 have *seat*, and Qq. *sort.*

150. Line 60: *My custom always* IN *the afternoon.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *of*, which is a quite correct expression, and as likely to come from Shakespeare as *in.*

151. Line 61: *my* SÉCURE *hour.—Secure* is here used in the sense of the Latin *securus*, unguarded, careless. Staunton quotes More's Life of Edward V.: "When this lord was most afraid, he was most *secure;* and when he was *secure*, danger was over his head." *Sécure* is accentuated on its first syllable in Othello, iv. 1. 72.

152. Lines 61–64:

Upon my sécure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed HEBENON *in a vial,*
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.

Hebenon is the reading of Ff.; all the Qq. print *hebona.* No such word as *hebenon* or *hebona* has ever been met with elsewhere, but the word "hebon" (from which *hebenon* might have been corrupted) is found in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, iii. 4:

As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane:
The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom.
—Works, ed. Cunningham. pp. 104, 105; ed. Dyce, p. 164.

"Heben" is found in Spenser, i. 3 (Introduction), and ii. 7. 52, and "ebene" in Holland's Pliny, xxv. 4, in both cases meaning ebony, while (as Douce notes) the chapter on the wood ebony in the English ed. by Batman of Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Ribus, is entitled "De Ebeno." We have no reason, however, to suppose that ebony was ever regarded as poisonous. Grey understood *hebenon* to be used by metathesis for *henebon*, or henbane, of which Pliny says: "An oile is made of the seed thereof, which if it be but dropped into the eares, is ynough to trouble the braine" (Holland's translation, *ad loc. cit.*). Elze suggests that Shakespeare may have derived the device of poisoning through the ears from Marlowe's Edward II. v. 4:

'T is not the first time I have killed a man:
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers:
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat:
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, *whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,*
And blow a little poison in his ears:
Or open his mouth, and pour *quicksilver* down.
—Works, ed. Dyce, p. 217.

It may be noted that in the old German play on the subject of Hamlet, of which an account is given in the Introduction, the word *ebeno* occurs in sc. v. vi., as the name of the poison by which the murder had been effected. I quote from Furness's translation: "behold, my brother came, thirsty for the crown, and had with him the subtile [*subtilen*] juice of so-called Hebenon [*ebeno*].[1] This oil, or

[1] Dr. Latham renders this: "the subtile (*subtilen*) juice of ebenon (*ebeno*)."

juice, has this effect: that as soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of man, they at once clog the veins and destroy life" (vol. ii. p. 125).

153. Line 68: *posset.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *possesse.*

154. Line 69: EAGER *droppings into milk.*—Ff. print *Aygre*, which is nearer the French form of the word, *aigre.* See note 107 above. Compare Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 249: "¶ *A charme against vineager.* That wine wax not *eager*, write on the vessell, *Gustate & videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus.*"

155. Line 71: *bark'd.*—Ff. read *bak'd.*

156. Line 77: *Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd.*—*Unhousell'd*=without having taken the sacrament; it is from the Anglo-Saxon *husel*, the sacrament. *Disappointed* =unappointed, unprepared. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 60:

> Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed;

i.e. preparation for death. *Unanel'd*=without having received extreme unction. Nares cites Sir Thomas More, Works, p. 345: "The extreme vnccion or *anelynge* and confirmacion, he sayed be no sacraments of the church." Compare Morte d'Arthur (vol. iii. p. 350, ed. Wright): "So when hee was *howseled and eneled*, and had all that a christian man ought to have, hee prayed the bishop that his fellowes might beare his body unto Joyousgard."

157. Line 80: *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—Some have conjectured that this line should be given to Hamlet, and Knight states that it was always so spoken by Garrick. I do not see the slightest reason for the change, but many against it—this in chief, that the course of the versification would be broken, very awkwardly, if this line were spoken as an interruption of the speech in which it occurs. There may be, however, a slight shade of evidence in favour of the change in the reading of Q. 1, where Hamlet is made to utter an exclamation, though not the one in the text.

158. Line 84: *But,* HOWSOEVER *thou* PURSU'ST *this act.*—Qq. print *howsomever* (now the usual vulgarism), and all but Q. 6 read *pursues.*

159. Line 89: *The glow-worm shows the* MATIN *to be near.*—*Matin*, used here for morning, is usually in the plural, *matins*, and the Clarendon Press edd. say that they can find no instance of this word in the sense here used. Elze, however, quotes Milton, L'Allegro, 114:

> Ere the first cock his *matin* rings;

and Paradise Lost, vi. 525, 526:

> and to arms
> The *matin*-trumpet sung.

Neither of these passages is an absolutely precise parallel; in the former, *matin* being used in the common sense of *matins*, in the latter adjectively.

160. Line 91: *Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.*—The reading and punctuation in the text are Rowe's. Ff. read as above, but with a colon after *Hamlet.* Qq. print *Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me*, which seems to me less expressive than the reading of the Ff.

161. Line 95: *stiffly.*—Qq. print *swiftly.*

162. Line 96: *while.*—Qq. have *whiles.*

163. Line 104: *yes.*—Ff. read *yes, yes.*

164. Lines 107–110:

> *My tables,—meet it is I set it down,*
> *That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;*
> *At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:* [Writing.
> *So, uncle, there you are.*

Tables (*i.e.* tablets, memorandum-books) are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan literature, and seem to have been in very general use. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 201, 202:

> And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
> And keep no tell-tale to his memory.

Opinions are divided as to what Hamlet wrote on his *tables*, and why he is represented as writing at all. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 128, says: "The stage direction (*Writing*), which follows here, shows that Hamlet was intended to record something of what proceeded on his tablets, and the very fact of his doing so is a proof of the nervous agitation under which he laboured; his furious indignation against his uncle found vent in this mere act of writing him down a 'smiling villain.'"

165. Line 109: *I'm.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *I am.*

166. Line 113: HEAVEN *secure him!*—Qq. have *Heavens.*

167. Line 114: Ham. *So be it!*—This is given to Hamlet in Qq., and to Marcellus in Ff. Editors have generally decided in favour of the latter, but the former seems to me much more effective. I take it to be spoken by Hamlet in a low tone to himself, as he hears Horatio's benediction —a moment's solemn earnestness in secret before he assumes the mask of levity before his friends. Taken in this sense, the words have a very significant weight of meaning.

168. Line 115: Mar. *Illo, ho, ho, my lord!*—Ff., and many editors, give this line to Horatio. But I think it agrees much better with Marcellus, and comes in the dialogue more naturally from him, so that I have adopted the reading of Qq.

169. Line 116: *Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come,* BIRD, *come.*—Q. 1 prints *boy*, the other Qq. *and.* Hamlet mocks the shouts of his friends with terms of falconry. Compare the Birth of Merlin, ii. 1. (Tauchnitz ed. p. 292), where the clown shouts "So ho, boy, so ho, so ho!' and is answered by Prince Uter (within) "So ho, boy, so ho, illo, ho, illo, ho!" Hamlet's behaviour in the remainder of this scene is well described by Strachey (Shakespeare's Hamlet, pp. 45, 46): "His head is, as he himself says, distracted; his words are 'wild and hurling;' he tries to relieve his overstrained mind by passing from the terrific to the ludicrous, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum that 'a man may smile and smile, and be a villain, at least in Denmark;' answering his friends with a falconer's hillo; and interrupting the solemnity of swearing secresy with jokes at the 'fellow in the cellarage,' and the 'old mole that works i' the ground so fast.' It is, [as Coleridge says] 'a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium: for you may, perhaps, observe that Hamlet's wildness is but half false; he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being

what he acts.'" I may quote here some of the brilliant and expressive sentences in which Mr. George Meredith sums up the character of Hamlet (The Tragic Comedians, vol. i. p. 84): "Before the ghost walked he was an elementary hero; one puff of action would have whiffed away his melancholy. After it, he was a dizzy moralizer, waiting for the winds to blow him to his deed—or out. The apparition of his father to him poisoned a sluggish run of blood, and that venom in the blood distracted a head steeped in Wittenberg philosophy. With metaphysics in one and poison in the other, with the outer world opened on him and this world stirred to confusion, he wore the semblance of madness; he was throughout sane; sick, but never with his reason dethroned."

170. Line 133: *These are but wild and* WHIRLING *words, my lord.*—Qq. (except Q. 1, which has *wherling*) print *whurling;* Ff. *hurling.*

171. Line 136: *Horatio.*—Ff., by a natural confusion with the line above, read *my Lord.*

172. Line 147: *Upon my* SWORD.—In chivalrous times oaths were very generally taken on the cross of the sword. References to the custom are often met with in the Elizabethan dramas and old poems. See Caldecott, notes, pp. 38, 39. Elze quotes, very aptly, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, act ii. sc. 1, where Lorenzo makes Pedringano swear in the same manner. Lorenzo says "Swear on this cross, that what thou say'st is true," and after Pedringano has done so, adds:

> In hope thine oath is true, here 's thy reward:
> But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
> This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
> Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.
> —Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. v. p. 41.

173. Line 150: *Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,* TRUE-PENNY?—This line is evidently parodied or plagiarized in Marston's Malcontent, 1604, iii. 3:

> Illo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny?

The word *true-penny*, says Collier, "is (as I learn from some Sheffield authorities) a mining term, and signifies a particular indication in the soil of the direction in which ore is to be found. Hence Hamlet may with propriety address the Ghost underground by that name." Forby, in his Vocabulary of East Anglia, gives it as "hearty old fellow; staunch and trusty; true to his purpose or pledge." The word was colloquially used in a familiar sense, and thus, no doubt with a recollection of Hamlet, Congreve represents Valentine, counterfeiting madness, as addressing his father, Love for Love, iv. 10: "A ha! Old True-penny, say'st thou so: thou hast nick'd it" (ed. 1735, p. 92).

174. Line 156: *Hic et ubique?*—See note 7 in reference to the courteous mediæval practice of addressing ghosts in Latin—probably, though I have not met with the suggestion in print, because one is not always sure of the nationality of ghosts, and it was therefore both polite and sensible to speak to them in the language of general communication, which in the middle ages was Latin.

175. Lines 157–160.—The arrangement in the text is that of the Ff. Lines 159, 160 are transposed in Qq.

176. Line 161: *Swear.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *Sweare by his sword.*

177. Line 162: *Well said,* OLD MOLE! *canst work i' the* EARTH *so fast?*—Elze compares Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, ii. 2: "*Work* you that way, *old mole?* then I have the wind of you" (ed. Hartley Coleridge, 1840, p. 31), an evident allusion to the passage in the text. *Earth* is the reading of all the Qq.; Ff. have *ground.*

178. Line 167: YOUR *philosophy.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *our,* which seems less effective than the half-colloquial, half-personal *your.*

179. Lines 169–188.—It has always seemed to me singular, that anyone who has read these lines can be found to defend the notion that Hamlet was really mad. Let mad-doctors say what they please, here is Shakespeare's own account of the matter, and anything more clear and definite could not be imagined. Hamlet here, once for all, defends himself against all misconstruction, by expressly intimating that he intends, for reasons of his own, to bear himself oddly and strangely, "To put an antic disposition on." I am quite aware that persons who are really mad can be found to express themselves, at times, quite sanely, even on the subject of their own malady—like the half-witted pauper who confessed to Thoreau that he was "deficient in intellect." But a possible symptom in insanity, and a positive fact in a play, are two quite different things; it must be remembered that we are reading a play, constructed to be understood; and it is obvious that Shakespeare has introduced this passage at the beginning of his play in order that the purport of what was to come might be quite clearly understood. To say, after carefully considering this passage, that Hamlet was really mad, is equivalent to saying that Shakespeare did not know what he was about in his own work.

180. Line 174: *this head-shake.*—So all the Qq. except Q. 6; Ff. have *thus, head shake.*

181. Line 177: "*There be, an if* THEY *might.*"—So all the Qq.; Ff. print *there*—the word being doubtless caught from the earlier part of the line.

182. Lines 179–181:

> *this not to do,*
> *So grace and mercy at your most need help you,*
> *Swear.*

This, practically, is the reading of Ff.; Qq. print *this doe swear* in place of *this not to do,* and omit the subsequent *Swear.*

183. Line 186: *friending.*—This word, apparently a mere variant of friendship or friendliness, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

184. Line 3: *marvell's,* an abbreviation of *marvellous.*—Q. 2, Q. 3 have *meruiles;* Q. 4 *maruelous;* F. 1 *maruels;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *marvels.* For the sake of the metre, the word was pronounced as a dissyllable by the actor.

185. Line 4: *to make inquiry.*—This is the correction of Q. of 1676; the earlier Qq. read *to make inquire,* an elliptical expression which Shakespeare might have used; the Ff. *you make inquiry* = (if) you make inquiry. Shakespeare only uses *inquiry* in one other passage, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 5, 6:

We have made *inquiry* of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice.

186. Line 7: *Inquire me first what* DANSKERS *are in Paris.*—The word *Dansk* (of Danish origin) occurs in Webster's White Devil, ii. 1: "like a *Danske* drummer."

187. Line 25: *fencing.*—The mention of *fencing* among the "wanton, wild, and usual slips" of youth has puzzled some editors, but no doubt, as Malone remarks, the meaning of Polonius is, that quarrelling and brawling which was of frequent occurrence at the fencing-schools, and a common consequence of too boastful a skill in the art; he quotes Gosson, Schoole of Abuse, 1579: "The cunning of *fencers* is now applied to *quarreling:* they think themselves no men, if for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valure upon some bodies fleshe." Elze quotes Marston's Insatiate Countesse, act iv. (Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. iii. p. 164), where "Fencer" is used, side by side with "dogg-killer" and "monster," as a term of abuse.

188. Line 28: *no.*—Omitted in Qq.

189. Line 31: *but breathe his faults so* QUAINTLY.—*Quaintly* is used here for "artfully," as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 4. 6:

'T is vile, unless it may be *quaintly* ordered.

See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 132.

190. Line 34: *A savageness in* UNRECLAIMED *blood.*—Compare with this use of *unreclaimed*=untamed, that of *reclaimed* (in the corresponding sense of "tamed") which occurs in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2. 47:

Since this same wayward girl is so *reclaim'd;*

and II. Henry VI. v. 2. 54, 55:

And beauty that the tyrant oft *reclaims*
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

191. Line 38: *a fetch of* WARRANT.—So Ff.; Qq. read *wit,* which makes excellent sense. *A fetch of warrant* would mean a warranted device; *a fetch of wit* would mean an artful one.

192. Line 44: *breathe.*—This is Rowe's correction of the *breath* of Qq. Ff.

193. Line 50: *By the mass.*—Omitted in Ff.

194. Lines 52, 53: *at "friend or so," and "gentleman."*—This is omitted in Qq.

195. Line 55: *closes with you thus.*—So Ff.; Qq. omit *with you.*

196. Line 63: *carp.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *Cape.*

197. Line 65: *With* WINDLASSES *and with assays of bias.*—*Windlass,* or *windlace,* as it should be spelt, was a word used in Shakespeare's time meaning "a circuit," "a circuitous way." Hunter (vol. ii. p. 227) quotes a passage from the 7th book of Golding's Ovid:

And like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,
Nor makes a *windlasse* over all the champion fields about,
But doubling and indenting still avoids his enemy's lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheel he whips,
To disappoint the snatch.

Skeat says that this word was distinct from the word *windlass,* "a machine for raising heavy weights." The latter word is found in Baret's Alvearie, 1573: "A *windlasse* or pulley to drawe vp heauy thinges;" no other form of the word being given. Minsheu, 1599, has "*Windlas* or pulley, vide Carillo;" and under the latter "Also the truckle, pully or *windle* wherwith a thing is easily drawen vp on high." The true Middle English form of this word, according to Skeat, was *windas,* while *windlace* is compounded of *wind* and *lace,* the latter word being used in its older sense of a snare, or a bit of twisted string.

Assays of bias, a metaphor taken from the game of bowls, referring to the "twist" which is communicated to the bowl by the lead in one end of it, by the skilful use of which a player makes the bowl curve in whichever direction he wishes to send it.

198. Line 69: *God be wi' you!*—Qq. have "God *buy ye,*" and F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 "God *buy you,*" which mode of contracting *be wi'* into *buy* is frequent in Shakespeare and in the writers of his time. It occurs below, in the next scene, line 575, when Hamlet dismisses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is only worth noticing as being one of the last stages in the transition of the common phrase *God be with ye* before it assumed its present form *Good bye.*

199. Line 71: *Observe his inclination in yourself.*—Surely it is needless to take this in any but the most obvious sense—"do you yourself observe his inclination." Both the meanings given by the Clarendon Press edd. seem to me very far-fetched: "Judge of his temptations by your own," or possibly, "Conform your own conduct to his inclinations." Polonius has just been instructing Reynaldo how he is to find out about Laertes from others; he now calls him back to add, Observe his inclination, too, on your own account. The use of the word *in* does not seem to me to present any real difficulty.

200. Line 75: *O my lord, my lord.*—So Qq.; Ff. have the weaker reading *Alas,* a change made for the sake of the metre.

201. Line 77: *chamber.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *closet,* a word which was already becoming obsolete in the sense in which it is used in the New Testament, *e.g.* in Matthew vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy *closet.*"

202. Line 95: AS *it did seem to shatter all his* BULK.—Ff. have *That.* For *bulk* compare Richard III. i. 4. 40, and see note 166 to that play. Cotgrave has: "Buste: the whole *bulke* or body of a man from his face to his middle."

203. Line 97: *And, with his head over his* SHOULDER *turn'd.*—So Q. 2, Q. 3; all the other Qq. and the Ff. have *shoulders.* In line 101 below Ff. omit *come* (the syllable probably being supplied by a pause on the part of the actor). In line 111 Ff. have (probably by a blunder) *speed* instead of *heed.*

204. Line 112: *quoted.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *coted* (Q. 6 *coated*). Cotgrave has "Quoter. *To quote, or marke in the margint, to note by the way.*" Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

On the verb *to cote,* as distinguished from *to quote,* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 116. In this same line *feard* is the reading of Qq., preferable to the *feare* of Ff.

205. Line 114: *By heaven.*—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *It seems,* probably in order to avoid the oath.

206. Line 115: To CAST *beyond ourselves in our opinions.* —*To cast* is explained by the Clarendon edd. as to "contrive," "design," "plan," and they quote Spenser's Faerie Queene, i. 5. 12:

> Of all attonce he *cast* aveng'd to be;

but can *cast* be separated here from *beyond*, and is not the meaning rather "to get out of our depth," "to overreach ourselves," with the idea perhaps of *casting* or throwing a quoit or a dart *beyond* the mark, as well as the idea of "calculation," which we have in the compound word *forecast*, still in use, and in such a well-known expression, now out of date, as "to *cast* a nativity?" Baret (1573) gives a number of meanings for *to cast*, such as "to muse and consider upon" (=versare animo), "to conject," "to devine," &c.

207. Lines 118, 119:

This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

The Clarendon Press edd. well say: "In the couplets which conclude scenes the sense is frequently sacrificed to the rhyme. The sense here seems to be—Hamlet's mad conduct might cause more grief if it were hidden than the revelation of his love for Ophelia would cause hatred, *i.e.* on the part of the King and Queen. Yet the Queen afterwards expresses her approval of the match, iii. 1. 38. Compare also, v. 1. [266–269]." Whatever the sense may be, Shakespeare seems to have taken very little trouble to make it clear.

208. Line 120: *Come.*—So Qq.; the word is omitted in Ff.

ACT II. Scene 2.

209. Line 1: *Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!*—"The poet, no doubt," says Elze (pp. 149, 150), "learnt these names from some of his friends who had been in Denmark, either as players or in some other capacity, such as the two actors Pope and Bryan, the celebrated musician Dowland, the no less celebrated architect Inigo Jones, and others. See Cohn, Shakespeare in Germany, p. xxiii, seq., and my Biography of Shakespeare, p. 162 and 175, seq. At a later date a Danish courtier or ambassador of the name of Rosencrantz is reported to have attended the coronation of James I. For curiosity's sake it may be added that two young Danish noblemen of the names of Rosencrantz and Güldenstern were students at Padua in Shakespeare's time; the former in 1587–9, the latter in 1603. See Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, xiii, 155." The form Rosencrantz is due to Malone; the Qq. read *Rosencraus* (no doubt by a misprint for *Rosencrans*), and F. 1 has *Rosincrance*, F. 2 *Rosincros*, F. 3, F. 4 *Rosincross.*

210. Line 6: SITH NOR *the exterior nor the inward man.* —Ff. have *Since not.* Shakespeare uses *sith* and *since* indifferently. In line 12 it is the Qq. that have *sith*, the Ff. *since.*

211. Line 10: *dream of.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *deem*, which gives good sense. With the superfluous *of*, compare Richard III. i. 3. 6: "what would betide *of* me?"

212. Line 12: *And sith so* NEIGHBOUR'D *to his youth and* HUMOUR.—*Neighbour'd* is similarly used in Lear, i. 1. 120–122:

> shall to my bosom
> Be as well *neighbour'd*, pitied, and reliev'd,
> As thou my sometime daughter.

Humour is the reading of Ff.; Qq. print (in one or another form of spelling) *haviour*, which occurs in i. 2. 81 and makes excellent sense here, but seems on the whole more commonplace than *humour*, which, of course, means "mental disposition.'

213. Line 17: *Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus.*—Omitted in Ff.

214. Line 22: *To show us so much* GENTRY; *i.e.* courtesy. Compare v. 2. 114: "he is the card or calendar of *gentry.*" Singer quotes from Baret's Alvearie: "Gentlemanlinesse, or *gentrie*, kindelinesse, naturall goodnesse. Generositas."

215. Line 29: BUT *we both obey.*—Ff. omit *But;* and below, in line 31, read *Seruices* instead of *service.*

216. Line 43: *Assure you, my good liege.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *I assure my good liege.*

217. Line 45: *Both to my God* AND *to my gracious king.* —So Qq.; Ff. print *one.*

218. Line 48: *it hath.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *I have.*

219. Line 52: *My news shall be the* FRUIT *to that great feast.*—So Qq.; Ff. print *Newes*, which is an evident misprint arising out of the accidental repetition of the word from the earlier part of the line. Elze compares Marston, The Malcontent, Induction:

> *Sly.* What are your additions?
> *But.* Sooth, not greatly needfull, only as your sallet to your great feast. —Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. ii. p. 202.

220. Line 54: *He tells me,* MY DEAR GERTRUDE, *he hath found.*—So (substantially) Qq.; Ff. read:

> He tels me *my sweet Queene, that* he hath found.

221. Line 56: *I doubt it is no other but the* MAIN.—*The main* is here an elliptical expression for the main source (compare similar construction in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 273). II. Henry VI. i. 1. 208:

> Then let's away, and look unto *the main*

is usually given as an example of the same form of ellipsis; but see the note on that passage, no. 48.

222. Line 67: *borne in hand.*—See Taming of the Shrew, note 146.

223. Line 73: *Gives him* THREE *thousand crowns in annual fee.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *threescore thousand.* Probably the larger sum was inserted because the copyist thought three thousand not enough; but considering the value of money at the time, it was a good addition to Fortinbras's income; taking the gold crowns=4*s.* 6*d.*, it would be equivalent to £900.

224. Line 85: *this business is* WELL *ended.*—Ff. have *very well*, perhaps in order to mark it as a sentence of prose.

225. Line 86: *expostulate.*—That is, "discuss in full." *Expostulate* occurs five times in Shakespeare, which are all inserted in Schmidt under the meaning of *discuss.* But

in Richard III. iii. 7. 192 ("More bitterly could I *expostulate*") the word is evidently used in pretty much the customary sense; in Othello, iv. 1. 217 it may be taken either way. Caldecott quotes Stanley's Aurore, 1650, p. 44: "Pausanias had now opportunity to visit her and *expostulate* the favourable deceit, whereby she had caused his jealousie."

226. Line 105: *Perpend.*—This word is only used in Shakespeare as a sign of affectation or mockery; it is put into the mouth of the braggadocio Pistol, of the pedantic Polonius, and of the clowns in As You Like It and Twelfth Night.

227. Line 110: *the most* BEAUTIFIED *Ophelia.*—The word *beautified* occurs again, but participially, in Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 1. 55. It was not uncommon, however, as an adjective, and used in no affected sense. Nash dedicated his Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594, "to the most *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey;" and Caldecott quotes another dedication (of Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous Poeme of Diego and Gineura by R. L. Gent., 1596) "to the worthily honoured and vertuous *beautified* Lady, the Ladie Anne Glemnham." It is evident, however, that in the passage in the text *beautified* is used either with a double meaning or else to emphasize the euphuism of the whole letter. In the Q. of 1603 we read "To the most *beautiful* Ophelia," and the change has evidently been made deliberately.

228. Lines 112, 113:

but you shall hear.
Thus: "In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.

This is the reading of Malone, adopted substantially from Jennens, who follows, except for the punctuation, the Qq. F. 1 has *but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, these*, which Corson would print *but you shall hear: "these in her excellent white bosom, these,"* taking the repetition of the word *these* for a part of the "studied oddness" of the letter.

229. Line 137: *Or given my heart a* WINKING, *mute and dumb.*—Qq. have *working*, which looks like a misprint. Compare Henry V. v. 2. 331, 332: "Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent *winking*." In Winter's Tale, i. 2. 317, the word *wink* is used in a somewhat similar sense:

To give mine enemy a lasting *wink*—

where *wink* signifies a closing of the eyes, not temporarily, but for ever. The tautology, *mute and dumb*, is found again in Lucrece, 1123:

And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.

230. Line 139: *No, I went* ROUND *to work.—Round* is here used in the sense of *roundly, i.e.* directly, straightforwardly, as in iii. i. 192, and iii. 4. 5. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay vi.: "A shew of fearfulnesse, which in any businesse doth spoile the feathers, of *round* flying up to the mark."

231. Line 140: *And my young mistress thus I did* BESPEAK.—*Bespeak*, in the sense of speak to, is used several times in Shakespeare. Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 192: "But I *bespake* you fair;" and Richard II. v. 2. 18–20:

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus.

232. Line 141: *Lord Hamlet is a prince,* OUT OF THY STAR.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 55: "In my *stars* I am above thee." The word *star*, used as it is here for position—"the position in which fortune has placed you"—has no doubt some connection with the astrological significance of the stars. Especially after the confirmation afforded by the parallel passage in Twelfth Night, the emendation of F. 2—*sphere*—seems quite unnecessary.

233. Line 142: *and then I* PRESCRIPTS *gave her.*—Ff. print *precepts*. The *durior lectio* of the Qq. seems to me to give the better sense of the two, and it is found again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 8. 4, 5:

Do not exceed
The *prescript* of this scroll.

234. Line 151: *And all we* MOURN *for.*—Ff. print *waile.*

235. Line 160: *You know, sometimes he walks* FOUR *hours together.*—Hanmer printed "*for* hours together." But the expression *four hours together* was a common one, *four* and *forty* being used loosely for an indefinite number. Compare Winter's Tale, v. 2. 148: "Ay, and have been so any time these *four* hours;" and Webster, Duchess of Malfy, iv. 1. 9: "She will muse *four* hours together." See Elze's list of similar expressions in the Shakespeare-Jahrbuch, bd. xi. Compare v. 1. 292: "*forty* thousand brothers."

236. Line 174: *you are a* FISHMONGER.—The word *fishmonger* is no doubt used in *sous-entendre*, but there are several meanings which can be assigned to it. Coleridge understands Hamlet to mean: "You are sent to fish out this secret." Malone cites a slang meaning of the word from Barnabe Rich's Irish Hubbub: "Senex fornicator, an old *fishmonger*." Whiter (apud Furness) gives a passage from Jonson's Masque at Christmas (vol. vii. p. 277, ed. Gifford), where Venus says she was "a fishmonger's daughter," and observes that "probably it was supposed that the daughters of these tradesmen, who dealt in so nourishing a species of food, were blessed with extraordinary powers of conception." Probably the joke arose rather from the prolific nature of fish.

237. Lines 181-183: *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being* A GOOD KISSING CARRION,—*Have you a daughter?*—This is the reading of Qq. and Ff., generally abandoned in favour of Warburton's brilliant and plausible emendation: "a *god*, kissing carrion." This makes admirable sense, but it may be questioned whether the change is necessary. Caldecott tentatively suggested that the passage "may mean that the dead dog is good for the sun, the breeder of maggots, to kiss for the purpose of causing putrefaction, and so conceiving or generating anything carrion-like, anything apt quickly to contract taint in the sunshine." This explanation is more elaborately and more convincingly worked out in Corson's Jottings on the Text of Hamlet, pp. 18–20. "The defect," he says, "in the several attempted explanations of this passage is due to one thing, and one thing only, and that is, to the understanding of 'kissing' as the present active participle, and not as the verbal noun. . . . In the following passages, for example, the present active participle is used: 'Life's but a walking shadow,' Macbeth, v. 5. 24; . . . 'the dancing banners

of the French,' King John, ii. 1. 308; 'labouring art can never ransom nature,' All's Well, ii. 1. 121, &c. But in the following passages the same words are verbal nouns used adjectively: 'a palmer's walking-staff,' Richard II. iii. 3. 151; 'you and I are past our dancing days,' Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 32; 'you ought not walk upon a labouring day,' Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 4, &c.; and now we are all ready for 'kissing.' In the following passages it is the participle: 'a kissing traitor,' Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 603; 'the greedy touch of common-kissing Titan,' Cymbeline, iii. 4. 166:

> O, how ripe in show
> Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
> —Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 139, 140.

'Kissing,' in the last passage, might be taken for the verbal noun, meaning, for kissing, or, to be kissed; but it must here be understood as the participle. Demetrius speaks of the lips of Helena, as two ripe cherries that kiss, or lightly touch, each other. But to say of a pair of beautiful lips that they are good kissing lips,[1] would convey quite a different meaning, a meaning, however, which nobody would mistake: 'Kissing,' in such expressions, is the verbal noun used adjectively, and equivalent to 'for kissing.' And so the word is used in the passage in question: 'For if the sun breed magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion'—that is, a dead dog being, not a carrion good *at* kissing, as Mr. Knight and others understood it, and which would be the sense of the word, as a present active participle, but a carrion good *for* kissing, or, to be kissed, by the sun, that thus breeds a plentiful crop of maggots therein, the *agency* of 'breed' being implied in 'kissing.' In reading this speech, the emphasis should be upon 'kissing,' and not upon 'carrion,' the idea of which last word is anticipated in 'dead dog;' in other words, 'kissing carrion' should be read as a compound noun, which in fact it is, the stress of sound falling on the member of the compound which bears the burden of the meaning. The two words might, indeed, be hyphened, like 'kissing-comfits' in the Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 23." With this passage compare King Edward III. ii. 1. 438, 439:

> The freshest summers day doth soonest taint
> The lothed *carrion* that it seemes to *kiss*.
> —Ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, p. 27.

238. Line 197: *I mean, the matter that you* READ, *my lord.*—This is the reading of all the Qq.; Ff., by an obvious misprint, have *meane.*

239. Line 198: *the satirical* ROGUE.—Ff. print *slave.*

240. Line 233: *On Fortune's* CAP *we are not the very button.*—Qq. print *lap*, a misprint for *Cap*, as the Ff. spell it, with an initial capital. Elze, pp. 156, 157, has an interesting note on this allusion. "In Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' Folio edition," he says, "this passage has been illustrated with a cut copied from tapestry of the time of Henry VII., and showing a cap the flaps of which are turned up and secured by a strap and a button. 'It is obvious,' observes Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, 'that such a button might be of the most costly material, according to the wealth of the wearer.' This, however, is not to the point, as our poet does not introduce the button as the most costly, but as the uppermost part of the cap, in contrast to the soles as the nethermost part of dress. In Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' illustration the button of the cap is, and from its destination must be, placed at the side, and it seems, therefore, most unlikely that the poet should have alluded to this kind of cap. The prototype of 'Fortune's cap' may rather be recognized in the flat round cap worn by citizens in the XV. and XVI. centuries. The most eloquent praise of this citizens' cap, in contradistinction to the square cap of the scholar on the one hand and the new fangled long hat on the other, is sung by Candido in Dekker's Honest Whore, Part II. i. 3 (Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 147). 'The citizens of London,' remarks Dyce on Part I. iii. 1 of the same play (Middleton, iii. 58), 'both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps* [or simply *caps;* see Part II. of The Honest Whore, passim].' Although Dyce does not say that this round cap was crowned by a button at the top, yet this seems so much the more likely as the scholars' cap is distinguished by the same ornament; perhaps both of them resembled in this respect the well-known Tam-o'-Shanter of the Scotch."

241. Lines 269–271: *Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.*—Furness quotes several attempts to assign its precise meaning to this passage, which Coleridge confesses himself unable to understand. The best seem to me those of Hudson and Bucknill. The former observes: "Hamlet loses himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning, however, seems to be: our beggars can at least dream of being kings and heroes; and if the substance of such ambitious men is but a dream, and if a dream is but a shadow, then our kings and heroes are but the shadows of our beggars." Bucknill, more briefly and better still, says: "If ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition, represented by a king, is a shadow, the antitype of ambition, represented by a beggar, must be the opposite of the shadow, that is, the substance."

242. Line 283: *my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.*—Theobald printed "*of* a halfpenny," and Hanmer "*at* a halfpenny;" but the phraseology of the Folio was not unusual. Compare As You Like It, ii. 3. 74: "too late a week." The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, 8875: "dere y-nough a jane" (*i.e.* a small coin of Genoa); and 12723, "dere y-nough a leeke."

243. Line 316: *What a piece of work is man!*—This reading was first introduced in Q. 6. Ff. and Qq. have "*a* man." The reading of the Qq., however, supplies an obvious explanation of the misprint; they have: *What peece of work is a man*—the *a* having been accidentally transposed.

244. Line 329: *what* LENTEN *entertainment the players shall receive from you.*—*Lenten* is used again in the sense of poor and scanty (like fare in Lent) in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 9: "A good *lenten* answer." Compare Browning, The Twins, stanza v.:

[1] Compare the very similar expression in Mr. Swinburne's translation of Villon's Regrets de la belle Heaulmière, stanza 6, "And sweet red splendid *kissing mouth*" (Poems and Ballads, 2nd Series, p. 197).—A. S.

While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too:
For Dabitur's *lenten* face
No wonder if Date rue.
—Works, 1878, vol. iv. p. 217.

245. Line 330: *we* COTED *them on the way.*—The word *cote* is from the French *côtoyer*, which Boyer, after giving its primitive meaning, "to coast along, to go along or keep close to the Shore," translates "to go by the Side, or along." The word *cote* is found again in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 87:

Her amber hair for foul hath amber *coted.*

See note 116 to that play. Steevens quotes The Return from Parnassus: "marry, we presently *coted* and outstript them." Furness quotes from an article, New Shakespearian Interpretations, in the Edinburgh Review, October, 1872: "*Cote*, in the language of venery, is applied to a brace of greyhounds slipped together at the stag or hare, and means that one of the dogs outstrips the other and reaches the game first. Thus we find in Turberville: 'In coursing at a Deare, if one Greyhound go endwayes by [that is beyond] another, it is accoumpted a *Cote.*' Again, 'In coursing at the Hare, it is not materiall which dog kylleth her (which hunters call bearing of a Hare), but he that giveth most *Cotes*, or most turnes, winneth the wager. A *Cote* is when a Greyhound goeth endwayes by his fellow and giveth the Hare a turn (which is called setting a Hare about), but if he coast and so come by his fellow, that is no *Cote.* Likewise, if one Greyhound doe go by another, and then be not able to reach the Hare himselfe and turne her, this is but stripping, and no *Cote.*' *To cote* is thus not simply to overtake, but to overpass, to outstrip, this being the distinctive meaning of the term. Going beyond is the essential point, the term being usually applied under circumstances where overtaking is impossible,—to dogs who start together and run abreast until the *cote* takes place. So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, having *coted* the players in their way, reach the palace first, and have been for some time in conversation with Hamlet before the strolling company arrives."

246. Lines 337, 338: *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are* TICKLE O' THE SERE.—This clause is omitted in Qq.; Ff. print *tickled*, for which Staunton substituted *tickle.* The phrase was a proverbial one, which, however, has been generally misunderstood. The convincing interpretation was made by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson in Notes and Queries, July 22, 1871. He writes: "The *sere*, or, as it is now spelt, *sear* (or *scear*) of a gun-lock is the bar or balance-lever interposed between the trigger on the one side, and the tumbler and other mechanism on the other, and is so called from its acting the part of a serre, or talon, in gripping that mechanism and preventing its action. It is, in fact, a paul or stop-catch. When the trigger is made to act on one end of it, the other end releases the tumbler, the mainspring acts, and the hammer, flint, or match falls. Hence Lombard (1596), as quoted in Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, says, 'Even as a pistole that is ready charged and bent will flie off by-and-by, if a man doe but touch the *seare.*' Now if the lock be so made of purpose, or be worn, or be faulty in construction, this sear, or grip, may be so tickle or ticklish in its adjustment that a slight touch or even jar may displace it, and then, of course, the gun goes off. Hence 'light,' or 'tickle of the sear' (equivalent to, like a hair-trigger), applied metaphorically, means that which can be started into action at a mere touch, or on the slightest provocation, or on what ought to be no provocation at all." The Clarendon Press edd. (1872) independently hit on the same explanation. They remark: "In old matchlocks the sear and trigger were in one piece. This is proved by a passage from Barret's Theorike and Practike of Modern Warre (1598), p. 33 [35]: "drawing down the *serre* with the other three fingers. He has given directions for holding the stock between the thumb and forefinger."

247. Lines 346, 347: *I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.*—The Variorum Ed. has four pages, the New Variorum two pages and a half, on this interesting and long-debated passage. The explanation of the allusion given by the Clarendon Press edd. in their Preface (pp. xii–xv) seems to be, as Furness styles it, conclusive. After quoting the readings of the Q. of 1603 and of the later Qq., they say: "In the earlier play the tragedians are driven to strolling because the public taste was in favour of the private plays and the acting of children; in the later, they are represented as being prohibited from acting in consequence of what is darkly called an 'innovation.' Both these causes are combined in the play as it stands in the Folios, where the 'inhibition' and the 'aery of children' are introduced to account for the tragedians having forsaken the city. Steevens explains the 'inhibition' in this way: 'Their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies,' and then asserts that 'several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice.' But it is not clear that this is the reference intended. For a very long period there had been a strong opposition in the city to theatrical performances. . . .

"It is difficult, therefore, to see at what precise period the explanation offered by Steevens could be true. In 1604 the indulgence of the actors in personal abuse could hardly be called an 'innovation;' on the contrary, it was a practice from which the stage had never been entirely free. If we were to add to the conjectures upon this point we should be disposed to suggest that the 'innovation' referred to was the license which had been given on 30th Jan., 1603–4 to the Children of the Queen's Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre and other convenient places. The Blackfriars Theatre belonged to the company of which Shakespeare was a member, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's, and at this time His Majesty's servants. The popularity of the children may well have driven the older actors into the country, and so have operated as an 'inhibition,' though in the strict sense of the word no formal 'inhibition' was issued. If by 'inhibition' Shakespeare merely meant, as we think most probable, that the actors were practically thrown out of employment, it seems also likely that by 'innovation' he meant the authority given to the children to act at the regularly licensed theatres. It must be borne in mind, in reference to this, that nothing is said either of 'inhibition' or 'innovation' in 1603, but that the sentence

containing both is first introduced in 1604. It is to the interval therefore that we must look for the explanation. In offering this conjecture we have not lost sight of the fact that after all, remembering how chary Shakespeare is of contemporary allusions, no special occurrence may be hinted at, although in what follows in the Folio edition a satire upon the children's performances was clearly intended."

248. Line 354: *an aery of children.*—This relates, says Steevens, "to the young singing-men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt: 'Plaies will neuer be supprest, while her maiestes unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the deuils garments,' &c. Again (*ibid.*): 'Euen in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lorde's day by the lasciuious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets,' &c.

"Concerning the performances and success of the latter in attracting the best company, I also find the following passage in Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine, 1601:

> I saw the *children of Powles* last night;
> And troth they pleased me pretty, pretty well,
> The apes, in time, will do it handsomely,
> ——I like the audience that frequenteth there
> With *much applause:* a man shall not be choak'd
> With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted
> To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
> —— 'T is a good *gentle audience*, &c.

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's Short Discourse of the English Stage, 1664, that 'both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite supprest, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the use of the children of the revels.'"

249. Line 355: *little* EYASES.—Cotgrave has "*Niais:* A neastling, a young bird taken out of a neast; hence a youngling, nouice," &c. The word *eyas* should more probably be *nias*, as it is given in Boyer's French Dictionary: "A Nias hawk (a young hawk taken out of the Nest, that has not yet prey'd for her self) *Un faucon niais.*" The Ff. print *Yases.*

250. Lines 355, 356: *cry out on the top of question.*—A great many explanations of this phrase have been put forward. Perhaps it merely means, as Steevens says: "Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered;" or, in Elze's words: "The 'top of the question' means the top of conversation; namely, that point where the dialogue is most lively, where question and answer follow each other stroke on stroke, and the speakers are most excited. These 'little eyases,' therefore, continually cry out as though they were at the very height of conversation." Perhaps it had a further sense, such as that indicated by Staunton: "The phrase, derived perhaps from the defiant crowing of a cock upon his midden, really meant, we believe, like—'Stood challenger on mount of all the ages,' to crow over or challenge all comers to a contention. In line [459] Hamlet uses the phrase 'cried in the top,' where it evidently means *crowed over.* Again, in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, the author, alluding to fencers or players at single-stick, talks of 'making them expert till they cry it up in the top of question' [p. 55, Sh. Soc. vol. x.]."

251. Lines 356, 357: *most* TYRANNICALLY *clapped for 't.*—*Tyrannically* is used for outrageously, after the manner of a stage-tyrant. Elze compares The Puritan, i. 4: "I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most *tyrannically.*"

252. Line 362: *how are they* ESCOTED?—*Escoted* is from the French *escotter*, which Cotgrave renders: "Every one to pay his shot, or to contribute something towards it."

253. Lines 362–364: *Will they pursue the* QUALITY *no longer than they can sing?*—The word *quality* was formerly the technical name of players, as its modern equivalent, *profession*, still is. Malone quotes Gosson's Schoole of Abuse: "I speake not this, as though every one that professeth the *qualitie* so abused him selfe" (ed. Arber, p. 39). Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. i. 58, where *quality* is used of the company of brigands.

254. Line 365: *common players; i.e.* strolling players. Staunton quotes J. Stephens, Essayes and Characters, 1615, p. 301: "I prefix an epithete of *cominon*, to distinguish the base and artlesse appendants of our Citty companies, which often times start away into rusticall wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start backe again into the Citty number."

255. Lines 377–379:

Ham. *Do the boys* CARRY IT AWAY?

Ros. *Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.*

Hamlet, in asking the question, uses the words *carry it away* in the sense, common then, of "carrying off the prize." Rosencrantz takes it literally, and perhaps alludes, as Steevens suggests, to the Globe playhouse, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe. "This is humorous," says Warburton solemnly.

256. Line 381: *make mows.*—Qq. print *mouths;* see Tempest, note 128.

257. Line 396–398: *I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.*—F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 187, 188, has the following note on this passage: "No adequate explanation of this passage appears to me to be offered by any of the commentators: the proverb 'he doesn't know a hawk from a hernshaw,' that is, from a heron, is said to have been a common one, and is found in Ray's Proverbs, p. 196, and in other collections; but the only passage quoted is from Langston's 'Lusus Poeticus,' 1675 (see Pennant's British Zoology, 'The Heron,' quoted in Richardson's Dictionary, *sub voce* Heron). The corruption of *hernshaw* into *handsaw* may have originated in a vulgar

mistake, or in a stupid attempt to be funny on the part of some person.[1]

"Of the first part of this, in all the old commentators, I can find no explanation,[2] and yet I cannot help thinking that the words 'I am but mad north-north-west' must have had some inner meaning, or conveyed a reference to some well-known expression. The only attempt to throw any light on this obscure passage is to be found in the Notes to the 'Clarendon' Hamlet (Oxford, 1872); and for this explanation the editors acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. J. C. Heath, formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I take leave to insert it here:—'The expression obviously refers to the sport of hawking. Most birds, especially one of heavy flight, like the heron, when roused by the falconer or his dog, would fly down or with the wind, in order to escape. When the wind is from the north the heron flies towards the south, and the spectator may be dazzled by the sun, and be unable to distinguish the hawk from the heron. On the other hand, when the wind is southerly, the heron flies towards the north, and it and the pursuing hawk are clearly seen by the sportsman, who then has his back to the sun, and without difficulty knows the hawk from the hernsew. A curious reader may further observe that a wind from the precise point north-north-west would be in the eye of the sun at half-past ten in the forenoon, a likely time for hawking, whereas 'southerly' includes a wider range of wind for a good view.'

"This explanation is very ingenious; but I should like to have seen it supported by some passages from any of the books on Falconry to which Shakespeare might have had access. I have always thought that Hamlet here meant to intimate to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that he was only mad in one direction (*i.e.* before the King and Court), and that possibly by some gesture he may have indicated his meaning. The hawk and heron are certainly as unlike as any two birds can be; the only point of resemblance between them being that they are both mischievous, for the heron is quite as destructive to fish as the hawk is to game. In the proverb the sense undoubtedly is, 'he does not know a hawk from its prey;' and Hamlet's meaning may be thus expressed: 'I am not so mad but I know a knave from a fool, even if that fool be a mischievous one.'"

258. Line 412: *Buz, buz!*—This was an interjection, much used at Oxford, intended to interrupt a tiresome or twice-told story. It is found in Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 5. 79 (ed. Littledale, p. 55). Elze notes that in Jonson's Staple of News the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emissary Buz.

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1 This corruption, Nares says, had taken place before the time of Shakespeare. *Herneshaw* is explained by Cotgrave as a "shaw of wood where hernes breed," *Haironnière;* so that Dr. Johnson had better authority for giving this interpretation than Nares supposed. Shaw is an old Saxon word for "shady place."

2 The quotation given by Steevens does not help us much:—

> But I perceive now, either the winde is at the south,
> Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roofe of your mouth.
> —Damon and Pythias, 1582.

He might just as well have quoted the proverb:—

> When the wind is in the south,
> It blows the bait into the fishes' mouth.

259. Lines 418, 419: *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*—A translation of the whole of Seneca's tragedies (Seneca his Tenne Tragedies, translated into English) was published in 1581; a version of the Menœchmi of Plautus appeared in 1595. See note on iii. 2. 93. The first English tragedy, Gorboduc, was formed on the Senecan model; the first English comedy, Ralph Roister Doister, somewhat on the model of Plautus, as the writer avows in his Prologue:

> Suche to write neither *Plautus* nor *Terence* dyd spare,
> Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell:
> These with such other therein dyd excell.

260. Lines 419–421: *For the law of* WRIT *and the liberty, these are the only men.*—The sense of these lines has been much debated, and its very existence has even been called in question. But while the phrase is intentionally fanciful, it seems pretty obviously to mean, that the players were equally excellent at written and at extemporary plays. The Q. of 1676 reads *wit*, which some editors adopt.

261. Line 422: *Jephthah.*—*Jephthah* was a popular subject for both tragedies and ballads. In the Stationers' Register there are two entries of ballads, or of the same ballad: the first is in 1567–68—"a ballet intituled the songe of Jesphas Dowgther at his death"—the second, Dec. 14, 1624, "Jeffa Judge of Israel." This ballad was communicated to Percy by Steevens, and inserted in the second edition of the Reliques, 1757. Halliwell gives a facsimile of *A proper new ballad, intituled, Jepha Judge of Israel*, of which the first stanza is as follows:

> I read that many yeare agoe,
> When Jepha Judge of Israel,
> Had one fair Daughter and no more,
> Whom he loved so passing well.
> And as by lot God wot,
> It came to passe most like it was,
> Great warrs there should be,
> and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

262. Line 437: *the pious chanson.*—This is the reading of Qq. (further confirmed by the parallel passage in Q. 1: "the first verse of the godly Ballet"). F. 1 has *Pons Chanson*, an obvious misprint, which some editors have endeavoured to torture into a meaning. Hunter (New Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 232) flatly declares that the French term for a trivial ballad, *chanson du Pont Neuf*, is also used in the form *pons chanson*, which, however, no one but himself seems to have met with.

263. Lines 438, 439: *for look, where my* ABRIDGMENT COMES.—Ff. print *Abridgements come.* The sense is probably a mixed one. Hamlet means (or at least expresses by his words) that the players abridge his present talk, and also refers to them by a term used of dramatic entertainments. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 39, 40:

> Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?
> What masque? what music?

Johnson noted that *abridgment* might also be used in the sense of "brief chronicles of the time."

264. Lines 442, 443: *thy face is* VALANCED *since I saw thee last.*—Ff. misprint *valiant. Valanced* of course means, "fringed with a beard."

265. Line 447: *a chopine.—Chopine, chapine,* or *chapiney,* was the name given to a high shoe, worn chiefly in Italy. Douce and Fairholt give illustrations. The best account we have of them is in Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 262: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney,* which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairely gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the cittie. There are many of these *chapineys* of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys.* All their gentlewomen and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Elze observes that though Evelyn, in his journal (i. 190), says that at Venice courtesans or citizens might not wear *chopines,* it is evident from the cuts in Cesare Vecelli's Habiti Antichi e Moderni, 1590, that by this time the custom of wearing them had passed from the ladies to the courtesans. The custom seems to have been introduced from the East. Compare Ram Alley, v. 1:

> O, 't is fine
> To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
> As if her new chopines would scorn to bruise
> A silly flower. —Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 367.

266. Lines 448, 449: *cracked within the ring.*—"There was a ring or circle on the coin," says Douce, "within which the sovereign's head was placed: if the crack extended from the edge beyond the ring the coin was rendered unfit for currency." Compare Johnson's Magnetic Lady, and Gifford's note (Works, vol. vi. p. 76). The expression, which is used in *sous-entendre,* may be largely illustrated from Elizabethan plays.

267. Lines 449, 450: *We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see.*—This is sometimes taken for a skit at the French "sportman" of that time, who may have been as indiscriminate as his descendant of the present day. But it may rather have been meant as a compliment, for Sir Thomas Browne, Miscellany Tracts, p. 116, says that "the French artists" "seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe," and on p. 118 refers to a falcon of Henry of Navarre, "which Scaliger saith, he saw strike down a buzzard, two wild geese, divers kites, a crane and a swan."

268. Line 457: *'t was* CAVIARE *to* THE GENERAL.—*Caviare* seems to have been an object of wonder and almost of dread in Shakespeare's day. Elze quotes Cartwright, The Ordinary, ii. 1:

> Twelve yards of sausage by, instead of match,
> And *caveary* then prepar'd for wild-fire.
> —Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 236.

Reed quotes Giles Fletcher, who in his Russe Commonwealth, 1591, p. 41, says that in Russia they have "divers kinds of fish very good and delicate: as the Bellouga and Bellougina of four or five elnes long, the Ositrina and Sturgeon, but not so thick or long. Then four kind of fish breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of the roes of these four kinds they make very great store of scary or *caveary.*" For *the general,* in the sense of the general public, compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 27, 28:

> *The general,* subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part.

269. Lines 462–464: *there were no* SALLETS *in the lines to make the matter savoury.—Sallet* is simply another form of *salad* (used again in II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 9; see also All's Well, iv. 5. 18). Boyer gives it as the English of "une salade." Pope altered *sallets* to *salts* and then to *salt,* which Gifford approved of, on the strength of a line in one of Jonson's epigrams:

> I have no *salt,* no bawdry he doth mean.
> —Works, vol. viii. p. 177.

But there is no need for any change. Cotgrave defines Vinaigrettes: "*Sallets* or sawces which be seasoned with much vinegar; any hearbs or fruits in pickle"—showing that a *sallet* was not necessarily wanting in piquancy.

270. Line 469: *Æneas' tale of Dido.*—Very different opinions have been expressed by the commentators as to the lines that Hamlet quotes, and his evident admiration of them. Pope very naturally took the view that "this whole speech of Hamlet is purely ironical; he seems to commend the play to expose the bombast of it." Warburton lengthily, and on the whole admirably, argues to the contrary, thinking "that Hamlet spoke with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity of the sublime of this production." This he reasons, "first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And, thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience." The really final words on the subject have been said by Coleridge: "This admirable substitution of the epic for the dramatic, giving such a reality to the impassioned dramatic diction of Shakespeare's own dialogue, and authorized too by the actual style of the tragedies before his time (Porrex and Ferrex, Titus Andronicus, &c.), is well worthy of notice. The fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb. In the thoughts, and even in the separate parts of the diction, this description is highly poetical: in truth, taken by itself, this is its fault, that it is too poetical!—the language of lyric vehemence and epic pomp, and not of the drama. But if Shakespeare had made the diction truly dramatic, where would have been the contrast between Hamlet and the play in Hamlet!" It is probable that the lines in Hamlet were composed with some reference to a passage in

Marlowe and Nashe's Dido, Queen of Carthage, which Steevens discovered. The passage is in ii. 1:

> *Æneas.* At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
> His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
> The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
> And, after him, his band of myrmidons,
> With balls of wildfire in their murderous paws,
> Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
> All which hemmed me about, crying "This is he!"
> *Dido.* Ha! how could poor Æneas scape their hands?
> *Æn.* My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
> Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands;
> So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
> And, at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
> About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,
> Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
> Beating their breasts, and galling on the ground,
> He with his falchion's point raised up at once,
> And with Megæra's eyes stared in their face,
> Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance;
> To whom the agèd king thus trembling spoke:—
> "Achilles' son, remember what I was,
> Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
> Lord of my fortune, but my fortune 's turned!
> King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
> And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
> Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
> Oh, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
> Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
> This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
> Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.
> *Dido.* O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.
> *Æn.* At which the frantic queen leaped on his face,
> And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
> A little while prolonged her husband's life.
> At last, the soldiers pulled her by the heels,
> And swung her howling in the empty air,
> Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
> Whereat, he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
> And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
> Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
> Which he, disdaining, whisked his sword about,
> And with the wind[1] thereof the king fell down;
> Then from the navel to the throat at once
> He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
> Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
> At loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
> Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
> And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
> And then in triumph ran into the streets,
> Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;
> So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
> Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
> —Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 258.

On this Strachey observes, I think justly, that "though there is not a line, hardly a thought of it, the same as the passage which the player recites, and which is of course Shakspeare's own, still the style is so like, that the audience would probably have been reminded of Marlowe's play, and so have experienced the sensation of hearing real men quoting a real play; nay, if they retained only a general recollection of the original, might have supposed that the quotation was actually from Marlowe's 'Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage.'"

271. Line 472: *the Hyrcanian beast.*—See note 176 to Merchant of Venice. Compare the play cited above, Dido, Queen of Carthage, v. 2:

> But though art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
> And *tigers of Hyrcania* gave thee suck.
> —Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 272.

272. Line 479: *Now is he total* GULES.—*Gules* signifies red, in what Steevens calls "the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry." The word is from the French *gueules*, a spelling apparently hinted at in the misprint of F. 1: *to take Geulles.* The word occurs again in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 59:

> With man's blood paint the ground, *gules, gules.*

273. Line 479: *trick'd.*—This is another heraldic term, meaning literally, to describe in drawing. Boyer has: "To trick in Painting, *Croquer, ébaucher, dessiner grossierement.*" Here of course it is used figuratively for smeared.

274. Line 481: *impasted.*—William Thomas, Italian Grammar, 1567, has: "*Impastato*, impasted or raied with dirte." Caldecott compares Richard II. iii. 2. 153, 154:

> And that small model of the barren earth
> Which serves as *paste* and cover to our bones.

275. Lines 495, 496:

> *But with the whiff and wind of that fell sword*
> *The unnerved father falls.*

Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 40, 41:

> When many times the captive Grecians fall,
> Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

276. Lines 508, 509:

> *anon the dreadful thunder*
> *Doth rend the* REGION.

Boyer has: "The three Regions (*or* Parts) of the Air, *Les trois regions de l'air.*" The word is used by Shakespeare in the general sense of the upper air in Son. xxxiii. 12:

> The *region* cloud hath mask'd him from me now;

Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 20–22:

> her eyes in heaven
> Would through the airy *region* stream so bright
> That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Compare, too, ii. 2. 606 below.

277. Line 512: *On* MARS HIS *armour, forg'd for proof* ETERNE.—Qq. have *Marses*, Ff. *Mars his*, but misprint *Armours.* *Eterne* is used by Shakespeare in Macbeth, iii. 2. 38:

> But in them nature's copy 's not *eterne.*

278. Line 522: *he's for a* JIG.—*Jig* was formerly used, not only for a dance, but for "a ludicrous metrical composition." The word is from the Italian *giga*, originally meaning a fiddle; the word was thus at first spelt *gigge* in English. Cotgrave has: "Farce: f. A (fond and dissolute) Play, Comedie, or Enterlude; also, the Jyg at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie knauerie is acted." Florio has: "*Frottola*, a countrie gigge, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verse."

279. Line 525: *the* MOBLED *queen.*—F. 1, by a misprint corrected in F. 2, reads *inobled.* The word was probably archaic in Shakespeare's time. It seems to have been a corruption of "muffled." Warburton quotes Sandys, Travels, vol. i. p. 69, ed. 1637, who says, speaking of the Turkish women: "their heads and faces are so *mabled*

[1] This very close parallel with Shakespeare's "whiff and wind of his fell sword" rests on the authority of an emendation (certainly most probable) made by Collier. The original has *wound.*

in fine linen, that nothing is to be seen of them but their eyes." Farmer quotes Shirley's Gentleman of Venice:

The moon does *mobble* up herself.

It seems generally to be used in the sense of muffling roughly or untidily. Below we are told that the Queen had a "clout" upon her head.

280. Line 529: *With* BISSON *rheum; a clout* UPON *that head.*—*Bisson*, blind, used here for blinding, occurs again in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 70: "*bisson* conspectuities," where it is *beesome* in Ff. See note 104 to that play.—The Ff., and many editors after them, read *about* instead of *upon* (the reading of Qq.); but it is past belief that Shakespeare should have made such a wretched jingle as "a clout about." Q. 1 has *a kercher on that head.*

281. Line 536: *When she saw Pyrrhus*, &c.—Elze compares Marston's Insatiate Countesse, i. 1, where, as he says, "there is a remarkable allusion, not only to this passage, but to the whole of Æneas' tale."

Count Arsena. Sancta Maria! what thinkst thou of this change?
A players passion ile beleeve hereafter,
And in a tragicke sceane weep for old Priam,
When fell revenging Pirrhus with supposde
And artificiall wounds mangles his breast,
And thinke it a more worthy act to me,
Than trust a female mourning ore her love.

282. Line 540: *Would have made* MILCH *the burning eyes of heaven.*—Dryden, in his Preface to Troilus and Cressida, 1679, says: "His making milch the burning eyes of Heaven was a pretty tollerable flight too; and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him: yet to make the wonder greater, these eyes were burning." The word *milch* was, however, used in a free sense for moist, as in Drayton's Polyolbion, xiii. 171: "exhaling the *milch* dewe" (quoted by Steevens). Douce compares the expression "*milche*-hearted" in Hulæt's Abecedarium, 1552, rendered "lemosus;" and cites Bibliotheca Eliotæ, 1545: "*lemosi*, they that weep lyghtly."

283. Lines 565–568: *You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?*—Did Hamlet write his *dozen or sixteen lines*, and if so, where are they to be found? This question has been largely, but, as I think, fruitlessly discussed. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke held that Hamlet's lines are to be found in iii. 2. 196–225, on the ground that the diction is different from that of the remainder of the dialogue, and signally like Hamlet's own argumentative mode. Professor Seeley (and, on a hint from him, Mr. Furnivall) independently decided on the same passage. A very elaborate discussion of the subject will be found in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874, pp. 465–498. A great many cobwebs were brushed away by a subsequent paper of Ingleby's, read before the New Sh. Soc. on Feb. 9, 1877. A summary of it is given in Furness, vol. i. pp. 250, 251, from which I quote. Dr. Ingleby maintains his view that "the court play is but a part of Hamlet; that Hamlet writes no speech at all, whether of six, twelve, or sixteen lines, nor recites such a speech; Shakespeare simply wrote the entire play, *not* writing any additions *in personâ Hamleti;* still less writing an addition to a play which he had previously written in the character of the author of an Italian morality. . . . In real life a Hamlet might compose and insert a few lines to add point and force to an ordeal, like that of the court-play, to which the fictitious Hamlet subjects the supposed criminal; . . . [but] to suppose that Shakespeare in composing Hamlet followed out the exact course that a real living prince would have followed, is to impute to him a lack of the simplest art of the playwright, and a neglect of the artifices which the drama places at his command." Dr. Ingleby hereupon argues that Shakespeare's reason for making the allusion to certain lines to be inserted was to give himself an opportunity of bringing in the scene in which Hamlet instructs the players; this opportunity once provided, nothing more is heard of the lines, or need be. Furness adds, in one of his too infrequent notes: "It is to task the credulity of an audience too severely to represent the possibility of Hamlet's finding an old play exactly fitted to Claudius's crime, not only in the plot, but in all the accessories, even to a single speech which should tent the criminal to the very quick. In order, therefore, to give an air of probability to what every one would feel to be thus highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines. Not that such lines were actually inserted, but, mindful of this proposal of Hamlet's, the spectator is prepared to listen to a play which is to unkennel the King's occulted guilt in a certain speech: the verisimilitude of all the circumstances is thus maintained. . . . The discussion, therefore, that has arisen over these 'dozen or sixteen lines' is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art."

284. Line 580: *That, from her working, all his vision* WANN'D.—Qq. print *wand;* Ff. *warm'd*, which makes a good sense of its own, and has been followed by several editors. *Wann'd*, however, is decidedly the more expressive word. The same word occurs, in all probability, in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 1. 20, 21:

But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy *wann'd* lip—

where the Ff. print *wand*, generally printed, in modern editions, *waned*. See note 90 to the play.

285. Line 594: *peak; i.e.* pine away; here used more in the sense of mope. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 22, 23:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, *peak*, and pine.

286. Line 595: *John-a-dreams.*—This seems to have been a coinage of Shakespeare's on the lines of the numerous John and Jack nicknames current in his time, such as John-a-droynes (a nickname for a sleepy, apathetic fellow), Jack-a-lent, Jack-a-lanthorn, &c. The only other mention of *John-a-dreams* that has been found is in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608: "His name is John, indeede, saies the cinnick; but neither John a nods, nor John a dreames, yet either as you take it" (Sh. Soc. vol. x. p. 49).

287. Line 598: *A damn'd* DEFEAT *was made.*—*Defeat* is used here in the sense of destruction. Steevens compares Chapman's Revenge for Honour:

That he might meantime make a sure *defeat*
On our good aged father's life.

For the word in this sense as a verb, compare Othello, iv. 2. 160, and see note 217 to that play.

288. Lines 602, 603: *ha? 'S wounds.*—F. 1 has *Ha? Why;* Q. 1, *Sure.* Elze very reasonably suggests that *Ha* and *Why* are both "substitutions for the objectionable oath *'S wounds*, the elimination of which has caused an evident confusion in the text, in so far as Q. 2 contains the oath as well as its substitute, and F. 1 offers two substitutes at one and the same time."

289. Line 612: *That I, the son of a dear* FATHER *murder'd.*—This is (but for variations of spelling) the reading of Q. 4; the earlier Qq. and the Ff. omit the word *father*—a construction which Halliwell attempts, very lamely, to defend on the analogy of our common phrase "the dear departed." Q. 1 confirms the reading of Q. 4: *that I the sonne of my deare father.*

290. Lines 617-623:

I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play, &c.

Compare Massinger, The Roman Actor, ii. 1:

I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him;

and A Warning for Faire Women, 1599 (quoted by Todd):

Ile tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale.
A woman that had made away her husband,
And sitting to behold a tragedy
At Linne a towne in Norffolke,
Acted by players trauelling that way,
Wherein a woman that had murtherd hers
Was euer haunted with her husband's ghost:
The passion written by a feeling pen,
And acted by a good tragedian,
She was so moued by the sight thereof,
As she cried out, the play was made for her,
And openly confesst her husband's murder.

Heywood, in his Apology for Actors (Sh. Soc. vol. vii. p. 57-59), refers to this incident, and to another which took place at Amsterdam.

291. Lines 632, 633:

I'll have grounds
More relative than this.

The best comment which has been made on these lines is to be found in Mr. Irving's acting. As Marshall says, Study of Hamlet, p. 153: "He takes his tablets out of his pocket before speaking the words—

I'll have grounds
More relative than this.

The precise meaning of the word 'this' and what it refers to never seemed very clear: but this action explains it. In the first act, after the Ghost has left him, it will be remembered that Hamlet has written down in his tablets that Claudius was a villain. These same tablets he holds now in his hand; in them he is going to put down some ideas for the speech which he intends to introduce into the play to be performed before Claudius, with the object of making—

his occulted guilt
. . . itself unkennel . . .
(Act III. scene 2, lines 85, 86.)

Can there be any more natural action than this, that he should touch these tablets with the other hand while he says—

I'll have grounds
More relative than this;

i.e. 'than this record of my uncle's guilt which I made after the interview with my father's spirit?'"

ACT III. Scene 1.

292. Line 1: *drift of* CIRCUMSTANCE.—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *conference.* The Clarendon Press edd. refer to a somewhat similar use of the words *drift* and *circumstance* in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 113, 114. Compare also ii. 1. 10 of this play:

By this encompassment and *drift* of question;

and i. 5. 127: "without more *circumstance* at all."

293. Line 3: *grating.*—This word is only used in its present sense (that of "disturbing") in one other passage of Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 18.

294. Lines 13, 14:

Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Much needless trouble has been taken to square this courtly speech with the real facts of the case. Rosencrantz (who, it will be noticed, was better treated by Hamlet than was his companion) is evidently trying, in all his speeches here, to counteract the unfavourable reports of Guildenstern.

295. Line 17: *o'er-raught; i.e.* overreached, and thus overtook, as indeed (*o're-took*) F. 3 reads here. In all the other passages where Shakespeare uses the verb "to overreach" he uses it in its more ordinary sense of "to trick." Compare v. 1. 87 of this same play. Steevens quotes from Spenser, Faerie Queene, book vi. canto iii.:

Having by chance a close advantage view'd
He *over-raught* him.

296. Line 19: *they are* ABOUT *the court.*—Qq. have *heere about.* Probably *here* may have been originally written, and omitted on account of the word *hear* earlier in the line.

297. Line 27: *And drive his purpose* ON TO *these delights.*—So Ff. Qq. have *into*, and the reading is followed in some of the older editions.

298. Lines 30, 31:

That he, as 't were by accident, may here
AFFRONT *Ophelia.*

Affront is used here in the sense of confront, encounter, as it always is in Shakespeare. Compare the three other instances in which the word occurs: Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 172-174:

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be *affronted* with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

Cymbeline, iv. 3. 29, 30:

Your preparation can *affront* no less
Than what you hear of;

and Winter's Tale, v. 1. 73-75:

Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Elze quotes Greene's Tu Quoque: "Only, sir, this I must caution you of, in your *affront* or salute, never to move

your hat" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 265). It may be mentioned that one of the quotations for this word given by Nares is incorrect. Nares quotes Fairfax's Tasso, ix. 89:

> A thousand hardy Turks *affront* he had.

Reference to the context will show that *affront* is not here used as a verb meaning to encounter, but adverbially in the sense of in front. Tasso merely says: "Mille Turchi avea qui."

299. Line 32: *lawful espials.*—These words are not in Qq. On *espials* Singer quotes Baret's Alvearie: "An *espiall* in warres, a scoutwatch, a beholder, a viewer." See I. Henry VI. note 93.

300. Line 43: *Gracious.*—This very peculiar mode of addressing the King is, I fancy, intentionally peculiar. Coming from the over-familiar Polonius it is characteristic—a feebly jocose familiarity.

301. Lines 59, 60:

> *Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*
> *And by opposing end them.*

This rapid and commingled metaphor has given rise to a great deal of commentary. I do not think that any of the numerous attempts which have been made to reduce the expression to a literal consistency—desperate special pleadings which reach a climax in Hackett's profound suggestion, "The 'sea' here is the *heart*," &c.—can be accepted really as explanations. Shakespeare's idea, as the Clarendon Press edd. very sensibly say, "would be fully expressed by 'take arms against a host of troubles which break in upon us like a sea.'" Shakespeare's metaphors are the result, not of careful seeking, but of intuitive flashes; and for swift expressiveness they are unrivalled. Swift and subtle expressiveness is the first requirement of a metaphor; minute accuracy comes a long way after, and can be dispensed with, as Shakespeare saw, if by so doing the effect on the mind of the hearer or reader be increased. Theobald has noted that the expression *a sea of troubles* is the equivalent of the Greek κακῶν θάλασσα. Since this was written, a very interesting letter from Dr. Furnivall has appeared in the Academy. May 29, 1889, on the metaphor, *a sea of troubles*, and its bearing on Hamlet's argument. I give the main part of it, though I doubt whether Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" was equal to so much research in the quest of so far-fetched a metaphor. The passage from Ælian and those from Aristotle are quoted by Ingleby in The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 88, 89. Dr. Furnivall writes: "Shakspere critics and students have hitherto failed to make clear the meaning of Hamlet's

> Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
> And by opposing, end them,

because they have not been able to show that the Kelts, Gauls, and Kimbri, who were said to take arms against the oncoming billows and resist them, fought till they themselves were drowned, so that the lines above *must* be equivalent to Hamlet's 'not to be.' The reason is, that the said critics and students have, in their pride, not had recourse to that most helpful refuge for the destitute—those who have forgotten the little classics they once knew—Bohn's Library translations, and found in *Strabo's Geography*, Book VII., ch. ii. § 1, englisht by Falconer (Bohn, 1854, p. 449):

> Neither is it true, as has been related,[1] that the Cimbri[2] take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Kelts, as an exercise of their intrepidity, suffer their houses to be washed away by them, and afterwards rebuild them—

with the notes:

"On turning up the Nicolas-of-Damascus passage in the 'Excerpts and Fragments from the Histories of the Greek Nicolas of Damascus, with a Latin Version, Leipsic, 1804,' p. 144–5, I find that it runs thus . . . [in English]

> Kelts living near the sea think it disgraceful to fly from a falling wall or house.
>
> When a high wave [or tide] comes upon them from the sea, they meet it and withstand it till they are washed down [destroyed], that they, flying [taking to flight], may not be thought to fear death.

"The fair inference from this passage is, that Hamlet's words, 'by opposing, end them,' mean 'die,' though they seem to mean fight evils and conquer them.' It also follows that 'To be, or not to be,' applies to this life, as most folks hold, and not to the future life; and that 'Whether 't is Nobler to 'end them' is in apposition to, and expands 'To be, or not to be,' and is not an introductory adverb-clause to it, as some able men think, as if the sense was, 'Whether it is nobler to suffer ills here, or resist them, *the* question is, is there a future life.' Shakspere, no doubt, got his sea-metaphor—first, from an after continuer of Holinshed: 'A Registre of Hystories . . . written in Greeke by Ælianus, a Romane, and deliuered in Englishe . . . by Abraham Fleming.' London, 1576. the Twelfth Booke, leaf 127, back:

> OF THE AUDACITIE AND BOULDNES OF THE PEOPLE CELTAE.
>
> The people *Celtae* are most ready, and able, to take any kinde of daungerous aduenture, and are not afrayde of any blustringe storme. . . . They count runninge away so reprochfull, that oftentimes they will skarce moue when a house is ruinous, and ready to fall vpon their heades, or when it burneth eagerly in euery corner, and is in a bright flame rounde about them: Moreouer some of them are so boulde, or rather desperate, that they throw themselues into ye fomey floudes with their swordes drawne in their handes, and shaking their iauelines, as though they were of force and violence to withstand the rough waues, to resist the strength of the streame, and to make the floudes affraide least they should be wounded with their weapons.

"But Shakspere might also well have seen the passage above from Nicolas of Damascus (born 64 B.C.), for it had appeared in print in 1593—at Heidelberg, says the Museum Catalogue; Geneva, the *Bibliog. Univ.*—both in its original Greek and a Latin translation opposite, by N. Cragius. . . .

"The first Quarto of 'Hamlet' (1603) has not the allusion to the Keltic custom, but only reads in sc. vi. (after II. ii. 169):

> *Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
> To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all.

"Aristotle, says Mr. W. A. Harrison, refers to the Kelts

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1 Aristotle, *Ethics, Eudem.*, lib. iii., cap. 1, Nicolas of Damascus, and Aelian, *Var. Histor.*, lib. xii., cap. 23, have attributed the like extravagant proceedings to the Kelts or Gauls. Nicolas of Damascus, *Reliq.*, pp. 272, 273, says that the Kelts resist the tides of the ocean with their swords in their hands, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly.

2 The Cimbri inhabited Denmark and the adjacent regions, p. 292.

in the *Nicomachean* as well as in the *Eudemian Ethics* (Book III., cap 1). The latter passage is:

He is not a brave man who exposes himself to danger knowingly, in consequence of fury [διὰ θυμόν], like the Celtae who take up arms and rush upon the waves of the sea. . . .

"The former passage is in the *Nicomachean Ethics* (Book III., cap. 4, vii.):

But the man who, like the Celts, fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves, may be called, not courageous, but rather mad or insensate.

Mr. Irving sends the following note, giving a somewhat different view of the passage, from "God in Shakspeare," by "Clelia," 1890:

"In modern editions there is always a note of interrogation (?) where in the 1623 edition there was a colon (:). . . . If a note of interrogation (?) in the fifth line were correct, we should have the question asked, "Is it nobler in the mind to consent to life or to consent to suicide?" And the question would be thus answered: "It is *nobler* in the mind to consent to suicide, because death is more *desirable* than life, and because a brave man should risk the mere possibility that the soul may be immortal, and that present conduct may affect injuriously happiness in another world." But if this be, as indeed it is, completely unsatisfactory as an answer to the question supposed, then surely it will be our bounden duty to the poet to examine the opening lines as originally printed not as a question, and to accept the meaning they shall then appear to have, if any, and if less in conflict with the soliloquy as a whole. Is it noble in the mind at all to do what is simply desirable? And when the mind acknowledges the possibility of immortality. acknowledges a portentous risk in suicide, can it be considered noble in the mind to be reckless of this risk? No, to both questions. . . .

"My final reason for not accepting this 'emendation, this grotesque protest against itself—?, is that there was never any need to change the colon in the 1623 edition, even if a question was asked. But no question was asked, and so the change entirely destroyed the sense of this whole soliloquy. I will now restore the sense, so long lost. Here it is in paraphrase: "Whether it is nobler in the mind to bear evil or resist it, after all the great question is, Is there a life after death? If there be not, let death come and end all. If there be,—ah, that is the thought which makes men endure the ills of life. Conscience makes cowards of them. They dare not die. And thus, conscience, and thinking generally, stand as with me in the way of action."

302. Line 65: *ay, there's the* RUB.—See Richard II. note 242. The word is a technical term in the game of bowls.

303. Line 67: *When we have shuffled off this mortal* COIL.—The word *coil* is often used by Shakespeare in its old sense (not yet quite evaporated) of turmoil or troublesome confusion. *This mortal coil* might thus mean what Poe terms "the fever called living." There is also the other sense of *coil*, as in a *coil* of ropes; so that with the general idea of turmoil there may be a special reference to something coiled round the body, entangling and fettering it, or to the body as what Fletcher (Bonduca, iv. 1) calls the "case of flesh."

304. Line 70: *the whips and scorns of* TIME.—It is not perhaps necessary to take *time* as necessarily meaning "the times," but the word had formerly that signification. Hunter (Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 240) quotes the following example from Taylor the Water-Poet:

> Mock'd in rhyme,
> And made the only scornful theme of *time;*

and the Clarendon Press edd., giving the quotation, add another from Southwell, Saint Peter's Complaint, stanza v. l. 4, p. 12, ed. Grosart:

> The scorne of *Time*, the infamy of Fame.

305. Line 71: *the* PROUD *man's contumely.*—The Ff. have *poore* in place of the *proud* of Qq. The latter seems decidedly the most expressive, and has been adopted all but universally. The two expressions are of course really synonymous, only, as Corson remarks (Jottings on the Text of Hamlet, p. 24): "the genitive is differently used: in the first, it is objective, 'the poor man's contumely,' meaning the contumely or contemptuous treatment the poor man suffers; in the second, it is subjective, 'the proud man's contumely,' meaning the contumely or contemptuous treatment the proud man exercises." Johnson acutely remarks that "Hamlet, in his enunciation of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed." To Mr. Furness it is "evident that Shakespeare is speaking in his own person:" but why? Surely it is not necessary to suffer all "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" in order to record them burningly in a dramatic soliloquy.

306. Line 72: *The pangs of* DESPIS'D *love.*—This is the reading of Q. 2 and Q. 3.; the Ff. have *dispriz'd, i.e.* undervalued, which a few editors adopt, including Furness, who defends the reading not only on sentimental grounds, but as *durior lectio.* The word *disprize* occurs once elsewhere in the Folio, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 74: *disprizing* the Knight oppos'd," where the Q. has *misprizing.* Either reading gives an admirable sense, and Corson throws out an ingenious suggestion on behalf of the Ff. by saying that "a disprized or undervalued love, a love that is only partially appreciated and responded to, would be apt to suffer more pangs than a despised love." This subtle point in love's casuistry can only be elucidated by the help of those whom it particularly concerns.

307. Line 75: *quietus.*—This is a legal term, from the writ beginning *Quietus est*, for an acquittance or settlement of account. Compare the Italian form of receipt, "per quietanza." Cotgrave has: "*Descharge:* f. *A discharge; acquittance; Quietus est.*" Compare Sonnet cxxvi. 11, 12:

> Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
> And her *quietus* is to render thee;

and see also Webster, Duchess of Malfy, i. 1:

> And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
> Being now my steward, here upon your lips
> I sign your *Quietus est.* —Works, vol. i. p. 198.

308. Line 76: *a bare* BODKIN.—*Bodkin* is an old word for a dagger. Chaucer uses it in speaking of the murder of Cæsar (Monkes Tale, l. 714, ed. Morris):

> And in the capitoll anoon him hent
> This false Brutus, and his other foon,
> And stiked him with *bodekyns* anoon.

Randolph uses the word in the same connection in The Muses' Looking Glass, 1638, ii. 2:

> *App.* A rapier's but a *bodkin.*
> *Dei.* And a *bodkin*
> Is a most dangerous weapon: since I read
> Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
> Into a barber's shop for fear of *bodkins.*
> —Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 202.

In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (Nicholson's Reprint, p. 291) there is a cut of these *bodkins* used in juggling tricks. Perhaps, however, as Mr. Marshall says in his Study of Hamlet, "*bodkin* here does not mean dagger, but a woman's bodkin, or perhaps a 'writing steel,' or 'stylus.' (See the passage quoted in Richardson's Dictionary *sub* 'Bodkin,' from Holland's translation of Suetonius—'doe nothing else but catch flies, and with the sharp point of a *bodkin* or writing-steel prick them through.') I think there is no doubt that Hamlet wishes to mention the most contemptible instrument which could take away his life" (p. 156, *n.*).

309. Line 76: *who would* FARDELS *bear.*—Ff. have *these fardels*, which is perhaps right, as, though the metre is not improved, the sense gains somewhat by the massing together of all the evils specified, under the contemptuous term, *these fardels.* The word means a bundle or burden. Cotgrave has "*Fardeau:* a fardle, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Furness quotes Acts xxi. 15, version of 1581: "after these days we trussed up our *fardels* and went vp to Jerusalem." Shakespeare uses the word only here and in The Winter's Tale, where it recurs many times in the 4th and 5th acts, always in reference to the bundle found with Perdita (see note 203).

310. Line 77: *To* GRUNT *and sweat under a weary life.*—The word *grunt* has seen better days. Steevens quotes several testimonies to its respectability; but neither Turberville nor Stanyhurst is a great authority. The latter translates "supremum congemuit"—"for sighing it *grunts*"—but then Stanyhurst's translation of the first four books of the Æneid (Leyden, 1582) is probably the most outrageous specimen extant of printed English. Chaucer, however, has (Monkes Tale, line 718, ed. Morris):

> But never *grout* he at no strook but oon.

And Cotgrave defines *gronder*, ". . . also to *grunt*, groane, grumble, &c." In Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, in Nicholas Grimald's The death of Zoroas, &c., we have:

> Here *grunts*, here grones, echwhere strong youth is spent.
> —Arber's Reprint, p. 120.

And in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608, we find:

> "the fat fooles of this age will *gronte and sweat* under this massie burden," &c.
> —Sh. Soc. ed. Collier, p. 26.

Pope of course altered *grunt* into *groan*, having a certain colour for his linguistic prudery in the following line in Julius Cæsar, iv. 1. 22:

> To *groan* and sweat under the business.

Groan was first introduced into the text in the Q. of 1676.

311. Lines 79, 80:

> *The undiscover'd country from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns.*

It certainly seems strange that Hamlet should give utterance to this sentiment when he has just had "ocular demonstration" to the contrary. Malone ingeniously remarks: "Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* region of the dead no traveller returns with all his *corporeal powers;* such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed." Perhaps this may be so; but it seems to me quite possible that the passage had been written by Shakespeare on another occasion—jotted down perhaps on his "tables"—and that in introducing it here he overlooked the contradiction which the words as they stand certainly do imply. The thought here expressed is, one need hardly say, the common property of all writers, as it must be the inevitable reflection of all thinkers. Douce compares Job x. 21 and xvi. 22, and Malone cites Marlowe, Edward II. v. 6:

> weep not for Mortimer,
> That scorns the world, and, as a *traveller,*
> Goes to *discover countries yet unknown.*
> —Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 221.

Steevens makes the inevitable comparison with Catullus, iii. 11, 12:

> Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
> Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.

312. Line 83: *Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.*—Compare Richard III. i. 4. 137, *et seq.*, where the thought is further developed. *Of us all* is omitted in the Qq.

313. Line 85: *the pale cast of* THOUGHT.—Shakespeare probably had in mind both meanings of the word *thought*, its customary one, and the other meaning, of anxious care, familiar to us from Matthew vi. 34: "Take therefore no *thought* for the morrow," which the Revised Version renders, "Be not anxious for the morrow."

314. Line 86: *And enterprises of great* PITH *and moment.*—Qq. here read *pitch*, and the Cambridge editors prefer this reading, stating in a note: "In this doubtful passage we have retained the reading of the Quartos, although the players' Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695, 1703, have, contrary to their custom, followed the Folios, which may possibly indicate that 'pith' was the reading according to stage tradition." "*Pith* and marrow" occurs in i. 4. 22; *pitch* is used in Twelfth Night, i. 1. 12, &c. Either word is quite appropriate, and if one is a printers' error for the other, it is impossible to tell, or even to conjecture, which is the true reading. On the whole *pith* seems to me preferable. Corson (Jottings on the Text of Shakespeare's Hamlet, pp. 24, 25) gives a number of quotations from Shakespeare in defence of this reading.

315. Line 87: *With this regard their currents turn* AWRY.—Ff. have *away*, doubtless a printers' error, in any case a weaker reading.

316. Line 97: *My honour'd lord,* YOU *know right well you did.*—All the Qq. print *you*, the Ff. *I.* Corson defends the latter reading by suggesting that Ophelia's meaning is "The remembrances you gave me may have been trifles to *you*, such trifles as left no impression on your mind of your having given them; but *I* know right well they did, as they were most dear to me at the time" (Jottings, p. 25). The Qq. reading, however, still seems to me the more natural of the two.

317. Lines 106–108: *That if you be honest and fair,* YOUR HONESTY *should admit no discourse to your beauty.*—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *you.* Caldecott well explains the passage, which has sometimes been misunderstood: "'If you really possess these qualities, chastity and beauty, and mean to support the character of both, your honesty should be so chary of your beauty as not to suffer a thing so fragile to entertain discourse, or to be parleyed with.' The lady, 't is true, interprets the words otherwise, giving them the turn that best suited her purpose."

318. Lines 130, 131: *What should such fellows as I do crawling between* HEAVEN AND EARTH?—This is the reading of Ff. and of Q. 1; the other Qq. have *earth and heaven.* There is not much to choose between the two readings. The Cambridge editors follow the Ff. in the Cambridge edition, the Qq. in the Globe and Clarendon Press editions.

319. Line 135: *no where.*—Ff. print *no way.*

320. Lines 149–153: *I have heard of your* PAINTINGS *too, well enough; God has given you one* FACE, *and you make yourselves another: you* JIG, *you* AMBLE, *and you lisp, and* NICKNAME *God's creatures.*—F. 1 has *pratlings* for *paintings,* and instead of *face, pace.* Both readings I take to be mere misprints, though a faint defence has been set up on the ground that *lisp,* in the succeeding clause, gives countenance to *prattlings,* and *jig* and *amble* to *pace. Jig* is spelt *gig* in the Qq., *gidge* in the Ff.; and the former read *and amble* instead of *you amble.* Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 11, 12: "to *jig* off a tune at the tongue's end;" and Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 137:

> What should the wars do with these *jigging* fools!

See note 350 below, where *jig* is spelt *gigge* in the quotation from Florio. *Amble* is used of an affected smoothness of gait. (See note 41 to Richard III.) *Nickname* is used as a verb only here and in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 349; as a substantive only in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 12.

321. Line 159: *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.*—This is very likely a misprint, *soldier's* and *scholar's* having been accidentally transposed; and several editors have adopted the more precise reading, which is indeed that of Q. 1. But Farmer quotes in defence of the reading of Qq. and Ff., Lucrece, 615, 616, in which a similar transposition occurs, perhaps, however, for the sake of the rhyme:

> For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
> Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

322. Line 166: *Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.*—This is the reading of Ff., which I prefer to Capell's usually followed emendation: *Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.* Qq. have *jangled out of time,* no doubt a misprint.

323. Line 174: *the hatch and the* DISCLOSE.—*Disclose* is a technical term, explained in the passage quoted by Steevens from Randle Holme, Academy of Armory and Blazon, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: "*Disclose* is when the young just peeps through the shell. It is also taken for the laying, hatching, or bringing forth young: as 'she *disclosed* three birds.'" See below, v. 1. 310.

324. Line 192: *To show his* GRIEF.—Ff. have *griefs,* which is followed by Furness, who cites Corson's explanation that *griefs*=grievances, as it does in iii. 2. 352.

325. Line 194: *If she* FIND *him not.*—Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 216, 217: "I have now *found* thee; when I lose thee again, I care not;" where *found* is used, in double entendre, for found out, as it is, entirely, here.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

326.—François-Victor Hugo, in the Introduction to his translation of the play (ed. 1873, p. 77, translated in Furness, New Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 390), has the following admirable note on the strict dramatic relevancy of the Players' scenes: "Erudite critics, while acknowledging the fine wisdom of Hamlet's counsels to the players, have nevertheless stoutly denied the dramatic propriety of introducing these counsels at all. The two scenes, in which Hamlet makes the actors rehearse, have been regarded by these critics as *hors-d'œuvre,* very magnificent, it is true, but none the less as *hors-d'œuvre.* Herein lies, in my opinion, a very grave error. Hamlet wishes to have a piece acted, the sight of which will force the guilty King to reveal his crime. It is readily perceived that the manner in which this piece is to be interpreted is of great importance to him. Hamlet has before him mere strolling players, buffoons addicted to low clap-trap or grotesque contortions, decked out in ridiculous costume. Wherefore, if the scene to be acted before Claudius has not due decorum, if one of the actors mouths it like a town crier, if another has his periwig befrouzled, if the clown, just at the most important point, cuts some of the wretched jokes that clowns are so fond of, why then, forsooth, the whole effect that Hamlet is aiming at is ruined. The terrible tragedy, whereof the last scene is to be acted off the stage, will end like a farce in a market-place amid peals of laughter. But if, on the other hand, the acting proceeds smoothly, the result is sure. The more natural the actor, the deeper will be Claudius's emotion; the truer the acting of the fictitious murderer, the more manifest will be the panic of the real one. It is therefore essential that Hamlet should have the piece rehearsed with the greatest care before it is performed in public.

327. Line 7: *the whirlwind of passion.*—This is the reading of Ff., and is followed by many editors. Qq. have "whirlwind of *your* passion." It is difficult to decide between the two readings, but the Qq. reading is held by some to be more characteristic in its cumulative vehemence.

328. Line 10: *to* HEAR *a* ROBUSTIOUS PERIWIG-PATED *fellow.*—Instead of *hear,* Ff. have *see,* which some defend. But, as Furness says: "the 'ears of the groundlings' are not 'split' by what they *see.*"—*Robustious* is used again by Shakespeare in Henry V. iii. 7. 158, 159: "the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in *robustious* and rough coming on." It occurs in the quotation from Taylor given in note 273 to Henry VIII. Mr. Browning has the word in his Parleyings (1887), p. 219:

> Join in, give voice *robustious* rude and rough.

Periwig-pated, used of players, is explained by Steevens'

quotation from Every Woman in her Humour (1609): "As none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horses, &c.—none *periwigs* but players and pictures."

329. Line 12: *the groundlings.*—This was a common term of contempt for "the understanding gentlemen of the ground" (Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Induction, p. 366, ed. Gifford), or that part of the audience who paid a penny for admission, and stood on the unfloored ground in the pit of the theatre. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, ch. vi.: "your *groundling* and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny, and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing." Nares cites Lady Alimony, i. 1: "Besides, sir, all our galleries and ground-stands are furnished, and the *groundlings* within the yard grow infinitely unruly."

330. Line 15: *I* WOULD *have such a fellow whipped.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *could*, which seems a little more considerate.

331. Line 15: *Termagant.*—*Termagant*, so frequently alluded to in the plays of the period, is represented in the early metrical romances as the god of the Saracens; as in Guy of Warwick, where the Soudan says:

> So helpe me Mahoune of might
> And *Termagaunt* my God so bright.

Ritson quotes Bale's Acts of English Octaries, Reliques, i. 77: "Grennyng upon her lyke *Termagauntes* in a play." His character, from all accounts, must have been extremely outrageous and violent. Shakespeare uses the word in one other place, but as an adjective, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 114: "that hot *termagant* Scot."

332. Line 16: *it out-herods Herod.*—*Herod* was the typical tyrant of the mystery-plays. Furness gives some specimens of his diction (Var. Ed. p. 227), with the significant stage-direction (Coventry miracle-play of the Nativity, Marriott, p. 83): "Here *Erode* ragis in thys pagond, and in the strete also." Compare Chaucer, The Miller's Tale (Harl. MS. lines 3383, 3384):

> Som tyme to schewe his lightnes and maistrye
> He pleyeth herody on a scaffold hye.

333. Line 27: *pressure.*—Shakespeare only uses the word *pressure* in one other place, *ante*, i. 5. 100:

> All saws of books, all forms, all *pressures* past.

334. Line 36: *nor man.*—The Ff. have *or Norman*, which is an evident misprint of the reading in the text, that of the Qq., *nor man.* Q. 1 has *nor Turk.*

335. Line 38: *had made* MEN.—Theobald's suggestion, adopted by Rann and Furness, "had made *them*," is ingenious, and may very possibly be right. But I do not think the reading of Qq. and Ff. must necessarily give bad sense; for Hamlet is merely recording his sensations on looking at certain actors, who had made him wonder at *men* being so unlike humanity. Compare Lear, ii. 2. 59–65:

> *Kent.* nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.
> *Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
> *Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

336. Lines 42–50: *And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, &c.*—The advice which Hamlet here gives to the comic actors who insist upon giving their own "gag" in place of, or in addition to, the words "set down for them," is not inapplicable to-day; in Shakespeare's time it was greatly needed. "The clown," says Malone, "very often addressed the audience, in the midst of the play, and entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him"—after the manner, one may suppose, of some modern "artistes" of the music-hall.

337. Lines 59, 60:

> *Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man*
> *As* E'ER *my* CONVERSATION COP'D WITHAL.

Elze notes the imitation of this in Nat. Field's A Woman is a Weathercock: "One-and-thirty good morrows to the fairest, wisest, richest widow that *ever conversation coped withal.*"

338. Line 66: *And crook the* PREGNANT *hinges of the knee.*—Furness admirably defines the word *pregnant*, in its present use, as "*pregnant*, because untold thrift is born from a cunning use of the knee."

339. Line 67: *fawning.*—So Qq. Ff. have *faining*, which, says Stratmann (Dictionary of Old English, s.v. "fainen," *apud* Furness), is not a misprint, but another form of *fawning*, just as good, if not better.

340. Lines 68–70:

> *Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,*
> *And could of men distinguish, her election*
> *Hath seal'd thee for herself.*

This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have:

> —distinguish her election,
> S' hath [she hath] seal'd thee for herself;

which here and there an editor has been found to prefer.

341. Line 74: *Whose blood and judgment are so well* COMMINGLED.—Qq. print *comedled.* The word *commedled* was in use in the sense of *commingled.* Compare Webster, The White Devil, iii. 1: "Religion, O, how it is *commedled* with policy!" (Works, p. 25).

342. Line 84: *the very comment of* THY *soul.*—Ff. here read *my*, a pretty evident misprint, which Knight endeavours to defend on psychological grounds. The defence seems to me extremely weak. "Hamlet," he says, "having told Horatio the 'circumstances' of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entreats his friend to observe his uncle 'with the very comment of *my* soul,'—Hamlet's soul." Surely Dyce is right in replying, that what Hamlet wanted was for Horatio to observe the king on his own account, quite independently—

> And after we will both our judgments join
> In censure of his seeming.

343. Line 89: *stithy.*—*Stithy* (as also *stithe*, the reading of Ff.) is and was used both for a smith's anvil and for his shop. Here it evidently means the latter. Shakespeare employs the word as a verb in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 255: "the forge that *stithied* Mars his helm."

344. Line 95: *I must be* IDLE.—Compare iii. 4. 12:

> Come, come, you answer with an *idle* tongue:

and Lear, i. 3. 16: "*Idle* old man," used of the crazy king. The Clarendon Press editors state that *idle* is still used in Suffolk for foolish, light-headed, crazy. It is more than once used emphatically in this sense in Q. 1.

345. Lines 98, 99: *the chameleon's dish; i.e.* air, *teste* Sir Thomas Browne, Pseudodoxia Epidemica: or, Enquiries into very many received Tenets, and commonly presumed Truths, 1646 Bk. iii. chap. xx. "Of the Cameleon," pp. 157–163, begins thus: "Concerning the Chameleon there generally passeth an opinion that it liveth onely upon ayre, and is sustained by no other aliment; thus much is in plaine termes affirmed by Selinus, Pliny, and divers other, and by this periphrasis is the same described by Ovid; All which notwithstanding upon enquiry, I finde the assertion mainly controvertible, and very much to faile in the three inducements of beliefe." Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 178, 179: "though the *chameleon* Love can *feed on the air;*" and Nat. Field, A Woman is a Weathercock: "I do live like a *chameleon* upon the *air*, and not like a mole upon the earth" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 45).

346. Line 104: *you played* I' THE UNIVERSITY, *you say?* —The Cambridge editors, who should be authoritative on the subject, say in their Clarendon Press edition: "The halls of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were the scenes of theatrical performances on special occasions, such as Commencement at Cambridge, or the visit of royal or distinguished personages. In 1564, on Sunday evening, August the 6th, Queen Elizabeth saw the Aulularia of Plautus in the antechapel of King's College Chapel. On the occasion of the visit of James I. and Prince Charles to Cambridge in 1614 plays were performed in the hall of Trinity College; among them the comedies of Ignoramus and Albumazar, which have escaped oblivion. On the title-page of the quarto of Hamlet, 1603, it is said, 'As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where.'"

347. Line 108: *I did enact Julius Cæsar.*—Possibly an allusion by Shakespeare to his own play of Julius Cæsar, which probably appeared in 1601. A play called Cæsar's Fall (by Webster, Middleton, Drayton, and others) was acted in 1602. A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582; and perhaps it was in this that Polonius did enact Julius Cæsar.

348. Line 119: *in your lap.*—Steevens thinks it was a common act of gallantry to lie at a mistress' feet "during any dramatic representation." Douce, however, reasonably limits the custom to masques and entertainments in private houses. See Beaumont and Fletcher, The Queen of Corinth, i. 2:

> Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
> At solemn masques.
> —Works, p. 26.

Lines 121, 122 are omitted in Qq.

349. Line 123: *Do you think I meant* COUNTRY MATTERS? —Elze compares Greene, Dorastus and Fawnia (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, part i. vol. iv. p. 58): "delighting as much to talke of Pan and his *cuntrey prankes*, as Ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton tozes;" and Marston's Malcontent, ii. 3 (Works. ed. Halliwell. vol. ii. p. 229).

350 Line 132: *your only jig-maker.*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "Farce: f. A (fond and dissolute) Play, Comedie. or Enterlude: also, the *Iyg* at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie Knauerie is acted." Florio has: "*Frottola*, a country *gigge*, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verse." Collier says that a *jig* "seems to have been a ludicrous composition, in rhyme, sung, or said by the clown, and accompanied by dancing and playing upon the pipe and tabor" (History of English Dramatic Poetry, iii. 380).

351. Lines 137, 138: *let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of* SABLES.—It is not clear whether by *sables* Shakespeare meant mourning garments or robes trimmed with sable fur; or whether, as the Clarendon Press editors plausibly suggest, he intended an equivoque on the two meanings of the word, as in Massinger and Middleton, The Old Law, ii. 1:

> A cunning grief,
> That 's only faced with *sables* for a show,
> But gawdy-hearted.
> —Massinger's Works, p. 421.

Malone quotes a number of passages to show the high estimation in which sable-trimmed robes were held in England in the time of Shakespeare, as much as a thousand ducats being sometimes given for "a face of *sables*," and the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, having ordained that *sables* might be used by no one under the degree of an earl. *A suit of sables* may therefore be equivalent to rich and gaudy attire, and thus the greatest possible contrast to a mourning suit of black. Capell (Notes, vol. i. p. 136, *apud* Furness) says: "It is scarce worth remarking, being a fact of such notoriety, that 'sables,' the furs so called, are the finery of most northern nations; so that Hamlet's saying amounts to a declaration, that he would leave off his blacks, since his father was so long dead."

352. Lines 144, 145: *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*—See note 59 to Love's Labour's Lost (iii. 1. 30, where the same quotation is made). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased, iv. 1: "Shall the *hobby-horse be forgot* then?" and Ben Jonson's Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe: "*the hobby-horse is forgot.*"

353. Line 145: The dumb-show enters.—The necessity for this *dumb-show* is not very obvious. As Pye remarks, in his Comments on the Commentators (quoted in Furness, iv. 1. 241), "there is no apparent reason why the Usurper should not be quite as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words." Caldecott attempts an explanation by suggesting that "Hamlet, intent on 'catching the conscience of the king,' would naturally wish that his 'mouse-trap' should be doubly set, and could never be supposed willing to relinquish any one of those engines, the use of which custom had authorized." This last statement, however, is far from correct, for, as Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 249): "To represent the story of a play in dumb-show when the play itself is going to be performed appears a most extraordinary mode of procedure, and nothing like it has been traced

in the usages of the English theatre, or, I believe, in the theatres of the more polished nations of Europe. What nearest approach to it, and may be by some mistaken for it, are the Dumb-shows in Sackville's *Gorboduc* and Gascoign's *Jocasta*. But whoever considers these shows attentively will perceive that they are something essentially different from the exhibition of the very action which is immediately to follow with the accompanying dialogue. They are, in fact, but so many moralizations, resembling the choruses of the Greek drama, the moral lessons being read in action rather than in words. I do not recollect any other English play with a dumb-show even of this kind; and Ophelia's question, 'What means this, my lord?' and 'Will he tell us what this show meant?' prove that shows such as these made no part of the common dramatic entertainments of England." Hunter then proceeds to state his theory, that "such strange and unsuitable anticipations were *according to the common practice of the Danish theatre.*" His argument, however, is founded on a totally mistaken inference, as Elze conclusively points out in his edition, pp. 187, 188. The fact remains that *dumb-shows* of this sort were unknown to the stage, and that Shakespeare must therefore have had a very definite reason for introducing this one—perhaps the reason thrown out by Caldecott, and also given by Knight.

354. Lines 147, 148: *Marry, this is* MICHING MALLECHO; *it means mischief.—Miching mallecho* is Malone's universally-received rendering of the *Miching Malicho* of Ff.; *munching Mallico* of Qq. *Mallecho* is probably the Spanish *malheco*, which it is convenient to render mischief. The meaning is, more literally, a wicked deed. *Micher* occurs in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 451, in the sense which it still has among boys, a truant: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher* and eat blackberries?" (a turn of phrase which recalls the French idiom for the same thing, *faire l'école buissonière*). Minsheu has: "To *Miche*, or secretly to hide himself out of the way, as Truants doe from schoole;" and Florio, coming somewhat nearer to the sense we want, defines *Acciapinare:* "To *miche*, to shrug or sneake in some corner." *Miching mallecho* may therefore not unreasonably be taken to mean underhand wickedness, or, as the Clarendon Press edd. put it, sneaking or skulking mischief. Maginn suggested in Fraser's Magazine, Dec. 1839, that the true reading was indicated in the Qq., and was *mucho malhecho*, much mischief.

355. Line 162: *Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?* —Ff. print *Poesie*. See Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 147–150, and note 355. These *posies*, or mottoes, chiefly for rings, are frequently referred to in Elizabethan plays. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 88–91:

> Rings she made
> Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
> The prettiest *posies*,—"Thus our true love 's tide,"
> "This you may loose, not me," and many a one.
> —Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 72.

In his notes to the play Mr. Littledale refers to several plays of Beaumont and Fletcher for references to these *posies*—Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. 3; Loyal Subject, ii. 2 ("the jewels set within"); Pilgrim, i. 2 ("Be constant, fair, still?' 'T is the *posy* here, and here without, "Be good"); Woman Hater, iv. 1 ("*poesies* for chimneys"); Rule a Wife, iv. 1 ("a blind *posy* in 't, 'Love and a mill-horse should go round together'"). Compare Browning, The Ring and the Book, bk. i. line 1390:

> A ring without a *posy*, and that ring mine?
> —Vol. i. p. 72.

356. Line 165: Enter a King and a Queen.—Strachey observes in reference to the interlude, that its introduction, as in other plays, "heightens our feeling of the main Play being a real action of men and women, while the rhyme, &c., and the whole structure of the Interlude, distinguish it from the real dialogue, in a way corresponding with that which has been pointed out in reference to the player's recital of the speech of Æneas" (p. 66).

357. Line 165: *Phœbus* CART.—For the archaism, *cart* for chariot, compare Chaucer, Knightes Tale, l. 1183:

> The statue of Mars upon a *carte* stood;

where *carte*, occurring as it does in the tremendous description of the temple of *Mars armypotente*, unquestionably means a chariot, though in line 1164 above—

> The cartere over-ryden with his *carte*—

I think it is equally evident that *carte* means the same as it does now, and that Boswell is right in rebuking Steevens for his citation of it.

358. Line 176.—After this line Qq. have a line not in Ff.

> For women fear too much, even as they love;

And the next line begins with *And*. Many editors conjecture that a line has dropped out either before or after this line, which is without a rhyme, and thus obviously imperfect. The Cambridge editors suggest (what indeed had been my instinctive impression before turning to their note) that the Qq. give us Shakespeare's first thought, incomplete, as well as the lines which he finally adopted as they stand in the Ff.

359. Line 180: *And as my love is* SIZ'D, *my fear is so.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 4–6:

> our *size* of sorrow,
> Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
> As that which makes it.

360. Line 184: *My* OPERANT *powers.*—Compare the one other use in Shakespeare of the word *operant*, Timon, iv. 3. 24, 25:

> sauce his palate
> With thy most *operant* poison!

361. Line 191: *Wormwood, wormwood.*—Qq. have, in the margin, *That's wormwood*, which seems just as good a reading as that of the Ff. given in the text, and adopted by almost all the editors.

362. Line 214: *The great man down, you mark his* FAVOURITE *flies.*—F. 1 has *favourites*, which Abbott defends and Furness adopts, considering *flies* one of the numerous instances of the third person plural in *s*. The sense is certainly much better in this reading, for it expresses (better than the singular would do) the defection of the diminished great man's swarm of favourites and flatterers. I should adopt it were it not for the hideous sound produced by the sequence *favourites flies*—an effect on the ear so grating that I cannot for a moment believe that Shakespeare would have tolerated it.

363. Line 229: AN ANCHOR'S *cheer in prison be my scope!* —This and the preceding line are omitted in Ff. The reading in the text (*an* for the *and* of Qq.) is Theobald's, universally adopted and most probably right, though I think that *and* is not necessarily wrong. *Anchor* is of course anchorite, or hermit, from Anglo-Saxon *ancor*, an abbreviation of Greek ἀναχωρητής, one who is withdrawn. Compare The Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 55:

> And *ancres* and heremites
> That holden hem in hire selles;

and the Romance of Robert the Devil, printed by Wynkyn de Worde: "We have robbed and killed nonnes. holy *aunkers*, preestes," &c.

364. Line 249: *Gonzago is the* DUKE'S *name.*– Elze points out a similar confusion of *duke* and *king* in the tragedy of Gorboduc; in the argument and the names of the speakers Gorboduc is styled *Kynge of Brittayne* and *Kynge of great Brittayne*, whereas in "The Order of the dōme shewe before the firste Acte" we read: "As befell vpon *Duke* Gorboduc deuidinge his Lande to his two Sonnes." Walker, Crit. Exam. ii. 280–282, Article CIV. points out that in Love's Labour's Lost the King is sometimes styled Duke; in Twelfth Night, Orsino is sometimes Duke, sometimes Count; in Two Gent. of Verona, Duke and Emperor are confounded; in Titus Andronicus, Emperor and King; in Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid's Revenge, the Duke and his consort are styled Duke and Queen, and the heir to a dukedom talks of becoming a king; in Sidney's Arcadia, Basilius is sometimes called King, sometimes Duke. He winds up with: "*king, count*, and *duke*, were one and the same to the poet, all involving alike the idea of sovereign power; and thus might easily be confounded with each other in the memory."

365. Line 253: *let the galled jade wince.*—A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes Edwards, Damon and Pythias, 1582: "I know the *gall'd horse* will soonest *wince;*" and the Clarendon Press editors refer to Mother Bombie, i. 3, and Lyly's Euphues, p. 119 (ed. Arber): "For well I know none will *winch* except she be *gawlded.*"

366. Lines 256, 257: *I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the* PUPPETS *dallying.*—Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 100, 101: "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret her." An interpreter, in the old puppet-shows, was the person who had charge of the dialogue. Steevens quotes Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, 1621: "It was I that penned the moral of man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute *interpreter of the puppets;*" and Elze cites Nash, Pierce Pennilesse, ed. Collier, p. 21: "the puling accent of her voyce is like a fained treble, or ones voyce that interprets *to the puppets.*"

367. Line 262: *So you* MUST TAKE *your husbands.*—Qq. read *So you mistake your husbands;* Ff. *So you mistake Husbands;* the reading in the text (that of Pope) is derived from Q. 1: *So you must take your husband.* It seems to me decidedly preferable; indeed, the arguments in favour of the *mistake* can only be qualified by the word which they prefer.

368. Line 264: "*the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*"—This is a satirical condensation, as Simpson pointed out in the Academy, Dec. 19, 1874, of the following lines of the True Tragedy of Richard the Third:

> The screeking raven sits croking for revenge,
> Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.
> —Sh. Soc. Reprint, p. 61.

369. Line 285: So *runs the world away.*—So F. 1. The reading *Thus.* adopted by many editors, seems to me much poorer.

370. Line 286: *a forest of feathers.*—Malone observes: "It appears from Decker's Gul's Hornbooke, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakespeare's time;" but the only reference that I can find to feathers on the stage (ch. vi.: How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse) does not refer to the actors, but to the "gallant" who takes his seat upon the stage. "But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambyses himself, must our *feathered* estrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality." Compare T. Randolph, The Muses Looking-Glass, i. 1 and 2 (Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, p. 182). The scene is at the Globe Theatre.

> "*Mrs. Flowerdew* (wife to a haberdasher of small-wares). I come to sell 'em pins and looking glasses.
> *Bird* (the feather-man). I have their custom too for all their *feathers.*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *Enter* Roscius, *a Player.*
>
> *Bird.* Master Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.
> *Roscius.* Why, 't is well.
> *Mrs. Flowerdew.* Pray, sir, what serve they for?
> *Roscius.* We use them in our play."

371. Line 287: *if the rest of my fortunes* TURN TURK *with me.*—Steevens cites Greene's Tu Quoque, 1614: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xi. 226). Compare Much Ado, iii. 4. 57.

372. Line 288: *with two* PROVINCIAL ROSES *on my* RAZED *shoes.*—*Roses* were the rosettes worn on shoes, much as they are still used, sometimes, by ladies on their slippers. The word is of very frequent recurrence in the dramatists; one of the stage-directions in Massinger's City Madam, i. 1, is: "Enter Luke, with shoes, garters, fans, and *roses.*" *Provincial roses* are rosettes in the shape of roses of Proence or of Provins. Cotgrave has: "Rose de Provence. The Prouince Rose, the double Damaske Rose;" and "Rose de Provins. The ordinary double red Rose." Gerarde in his Herbal speaks of the damask rose as *Rosa provincialis.* Hunter (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 254) gives an extract from Peacham's Truth of our Times, 1638, showing that as much as £30 was sometimes given for a pair of *roses.*—*Razed shoes* were probably slashed shoes. See Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses, ed. 1583; p. 57, New Sh. Soc. Reprint, ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1877: "To these their nether-stocks, they have corked shooes, pinsnets, and fine pantofles, which beare them vp a finger or two [*two inches or more*, ed. 1505] from the ground; wherof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red, some of black veluet, some of white, some of red, some of green, raced, carued, cut, and stitched all ouer with silk, and laid on with golde, siluer, and such like." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme, Academy of Armory,

b. iii. ch. i. p. 14: "Pinked or *raised* Shooes, have the over leathers grain part cut into *Roses*, or other devices."

373. Line 290: *Half a share.*—The actors in Shakespeare's time had *shares* in the profits of the theatre, and were paid according to the receipts, and proportionately to their merit. There is much interesting information on the subject of *shares* in theatres in Halliwell-Phillipps' Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare, 1874, pp. 86-91, the substance of which is given by Furness in his Variorum ed. of Hamlet, pp. 260-262.

374. Line 295: *pajock.*—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4. Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 have *paiock;* F. 1, Q. 6 *paiocke;* F. 2 *pajocke;* Q. (1676) *paicock;* Q. (1095) *pecock.* A number of explanations and of emendations has been suggested, Polish, Phœnician, and Swedish being laid under contribution, though one may wonder where Shakespeare got his knowledge of these not very generally known languages. The most fascinating suggestion is that of F. Leo (Notes and Queries, Jan. 21, 1865), who calmly conjectures that the mysterious word is merely a stage-direction for "hiccups"—the said hiccup being produced by Hamlet as a polite substitution for the word, which is on the tip of his tongue. Dyce, with less originality, defends the common reading *pajock*, which he says is "certainly equivalent to *peacock.* I have often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock 'the pea-*jock*, and their almost invariable name for the turkey-cock is 'bubbly-*jock*.'" F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 157, note, remarks that Mr. Irving, in speaking these lines, gives "a new force to the word 'pajock' or 'peacock,' which Hamlet substitutes for the manifest rhyme 'ass,' by looking at the fan of peacock's feathers which he had borrowed from Ophelia, and held in his hand during the representation of the play, as if that had suggested to him the substitution."

375. Line 303: *the recorders.*—The *recorder* was an instrument like a flageolet, or flute with a mouthpiece. It was held in great esteem on account of its "approaching nearest to the sweet delightfulness of the human voice." See Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 246 (quoted in Furness, p. 268), and compare Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 123, 124 ("he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a *recorder*"), and note 264 to that play. At line 359 below, the stage-direction is: "Re-enter Players with *Recorders;*" and Hamlet says: "O, the *recorders!* let me see one."

376. Line 315: *No, my lord,* RATHER *with choler.*—This is the reading of Ff.; *rather* is omitted in Qq., which many editors follow.

377. Lines 348, 349: *by these pickers and stealers.*—An allusion, doubtless, to the admonishment in the Church Catechism to keep our hands from *picking and stealing.* Elze quotes A Larum for London: "Or with my sword I'll hack your *filchers* off" (Simpson's School of Shakspere, 1872, p. 72). "By this hand!" is used as a mild oath in Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 161, and elsewhere in Shakespeare. In II. Henry VI. i. 3. 193, Peter, the armourer's man, swears "By these ten bones, my lords." Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 2, where Pharamond says to Galatea: "By this sweet hand."

378. Line 358: "*While the grass grows.*"—Malone cites the whole proverb from Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, 1578:

> Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede;

and from the Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1578:

> To whom of old this proverbe well it serves,
> While grass doth growe, the silly horse he sterves.

379. Line 360: *To withdraw with you.*—It is a matter of still unsettled conjecture to whom these words are addressed, and what is their precise meaning. Malone added the stage-direction: "Taking Guildenstern aside;" Steevens supposed the words to be said interrogatively in response to a gesture of Guildenstern's; and emendations of the text have been proposed. It seems to me that the words are capable of either of two meanings. The players have just re-entered with recorders. Hamlet turns to them, takes an instrument, and then, turning again to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, takes up the thread of conversation with "To withdraw with you—" moving apart with them as he speaks, so as to be out of the players' hearing. Or it may be, as the players come in, Hamlet is about to leave his friends and join them—"To withdraw with you," as he says, parenthetically; when, a thought striking him—a thought suggested by the pipe he has in his hand—he turns back to his friends with the words which follow.

380. Lines 363, 364: *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*—This is a vague compliment, which need not be forced into a special meaning. As far as any explanation is necessary, or feasible, it is given by Warburton: "If my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly.*"

381. Line 373: *fingers and* THUMB.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have *the umber* instead of *thumb*, an evident misprint, which Steevens tried to justify by supposing *umber* to be an old name for a brass key at the end of the recorder. But in the first place it is by no means certain, or even likely, that the recorders of Shakespeare's time had such a brass key; and if they had, we have no reason to suppose that *umber* (which is used in the Faerie Queene for "visor") was the name for them.

382. Line 375: *most* ELOQUENT *music.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *excellent.*

383. Lines 388, 389: *though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.*—Q. 1 has "*yet* you cannot play upon me," which is perhaps a preferable reading, though there is not much to choose between the two. It is adopted by the Cambridge editors.

384. Lines 409, 410:

> *And do such bitter business as the day*
> *Would quake to look on.*

So Ff.; Qq. have "business as the *bitter* day," which a few editors have followed. I do not see what Warburton means by saying that the expression *bitter business* is "almost burlesque." I see nothing burlesque in it, nor anything reasonable or admirable in his suggestion of "*better* day.'

385. Line 416: *How in my words soever she be* SHENT.—The participle *shent* (the only part of the verb then in

use) occurs in three other places: Merry Wives, i. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; and Coriolanus, v. 2. 104.

ACT III. Scene 3.

386. Line 6: *Hazard so* NEAR US.—This is the reading of Qq. (*neer's*); Ff. have *dangerous*. Editors are much at variance in their preferences, but the former text seems to me the preferable.

387. Line 7: *lunacies.*—So Ff.; Qq. have the evident misprint *browes*, a misprint, however, which may stand, as Theobald supposed, for *lunes*. See, on that word, note 65 to Winter's Tale.

388. Line 9: *To keep those* MANY MANY *bodies safe.*—Compare "*too too* solid flesh," i. 2. 129 above; "A very *little little* let us do," Henry V. iv. 2. 33; and the Italian doubling of adjectives for emphasis, as *molto molto*.

389. Line 14: *That spirit upon whose* WEAL *depends and rests.*—Ff., instead of *weal*, have *spirit*, a perfectly obvious misprint which has found favour in a few quarters.

390. Line 17: *it is a* MASSY *wheel.—Massy* is used by Shakespeare in four other places, "massive" not at all. See Much Ado, iii. 3. 147; Troilus and Cressida, Prol. 17, and ii. 3. 18; and Tempest, iii. 3. 67:

> Your swords are now too *massy* for your strengths.

391. Line 56: *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?*—This line, full of intense meaning, might well be affixed as motto to Browning's Red Cotton Night-cap Country. The whole book is the subtlest of commentaries on this text.

392. Line 57: *the corrupted* CURRENTS *of this world.*—On the conjecture of S. Walker, Dyce in his second edition, and Furness in his Variorum, printed '*currents, i.e.* occurrents (I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 58). The conjecture is a very ingenious one, and may not improbably be right. But it is not at all necessarily right. Shakespeare has metaphors quite as hasty and elliptical as this, in all parts of his work. And in several places he uses the word *current* almost as if it had passed from a metaphor into a received synonym for "course." See, for example, Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 64:

> To excuse the *current* of thy cruelty.

393. Line 73: *Now might I do it* PAT, *now he is praying.*—Qq. have *but now a is praying.* This speech of Hamlet has given great concern to the commentators, and is not easily reconciled with a too amiable view of the character of a man who could utter it. A writer in the Quarterly Review (vol. lxxix. 1847, p. 333, note—quoted in Furness, vol. ii. p. 169) interprets it thus: "His reasons for not killing the king when he is praying have been held to be an excuse. But if Shakespeare had anticipated the criticism, he could not have guarded against it more effectually. Hamlet has just uttered the soliloquy:

> —Now could I drink hot blood,
> And do such bitter business as the day
> Would quake to look on.

In this frame he passes his uncle's closet, and is for once, at least, equal to any emergency. His first thought is to kill him at his devotions; his second, that in that case Claudius will go to heaven. Instantly his father's sufferings rise into his mind; he contrasts the happy future of the criminal with the purgatory of the victim, and the contemplation exasperates him into a genuine desire for a fuller revenge. The threat relieves him from the reproach of inactivity, and he falls back into his former self." This seems to me a very reasonable view; and the following passage from Strachey (pp. 71, 72) does something to explain the passage yet further: "Hamlet enters, and sees that now he 'might do it pat;' but only the coward or the assassin would willingly kill a sleeping, or a praying man, and when to this instinctive feeling are united Hamlet's undoubted reluctance to shed his uncle's blood, even as the just avenger of his father's murder, and his habitual disposition to procrastinate, and put off action of every kind,—these motives are enough to stay his hand for the present. And to excuse his procrastination to himself and also to gratify that inclination 'to unpack his heart with words' which impels every man who, having deep thoughts and strong feelings, does not carry them out by action, he falls into language which, if he meant what he said, would certainly be as horrible and infernal as Dr. Johnson and others have called it. The commentators show, that this thought of killing an enemy under circumstances that might destroy his soul at the same time, has not only been adopted by more than one of Shakspeare's dramatic contemporaries, but is said to have been really uttered and acted upon. And this may warn us not to think the words *mere* pretext, even in Hamlet's case. Though assuredly Hamlet would not have deliberately *done* anything to cause his uncle's damnation, he gratifies his bitter hatred by *saying* that he desires, and will contrive it: he gives way (as I have observed on another occasion) to evil inclinations, instead of strictly restraining them, because he feels that they are not so bad, that is, so strong, as to lead to guilt of action. To avenge his father's murder with his own hand, is, under all the circumstances of country, age, form of government, and social condition, in which Shakspeare has laid the scene of the play, a judicial act required of him by the strictest laws of public and private duty: but with the universal infirmity and sinfulness of human nature, he mixes up more or less of bad feelings with the performance of his duty."

394. Line 79: *hire and salary.*—There is a very amusing misprint here in Qq., which read *base and silly.*

395. Line 80: *full of bread.*—See Ezekiel, xvi. 49: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, *fulness of bread*, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, i. 1. 159, 160:

> and his army *full*
> *Of bread*, and sloth.

396. Line 81: *as* FLUSH *as May.*—So Qq.; Ff. have the similar, but less unconventional reading, *fresh. Flush* occurs again, in the same sense (full of vigour), in Timon, v. 4. 8: "now the time is *flush;*" and in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 52: "*flush* youth revolt."

397. Line 83: *But, in our circumstance and course of thought; i.e.*, as the Clarendon Press edd. rightly take it, in the circumstance and course of our thought. Compare

iii. 2. 350: "your cause of distemper," *i.e.* the cause of your distemper. *Circumstance* is used, as often in Shakespeare, for details.

398. Line 88: *Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid* HENT.—*Hent* is used as a verb in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133; only here as a noun. In the latter passage,

And merrily *hent* the stile-a,

the word seems to be used in the sense of "lay hold of," "seize" (and thus clear the stile), as in Chaucer, Prologue, line 698: "til Jhesu Crist him *hente*" (spoken of Saint Peter's attempt to walk upon the water). Here, then, it may mean a hold or grip. Dyce in his Glossary explains *hent*, "a hold, an opportunity to be seized;" and the Clarendon Press edd. say: "Hamlet, as he leaves hold of his sword, bids it wait for a more terrible occasion to be grasped again." Theobald conjectured that *hent* might be a misprint for *hint;* and Warburton considered the word to be plainly *hest.* The latter is too rash a conjecture, and the former makes very bad poetry.

399. Line 89: *When he is drunk asleep.*—This is the pointing of Ff.; Qq. have a comma between *drunk* and *asleep.* The reading of Ff. seems the best, because Hamlet wishes to take the king in some guilty state or practice; and being asleep is surely a very innocent one, quite different from being *drunk asleep*, or in a drunken sleep.

400. Lines 91–93:

about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.

We may compare with this the more mirthful malevolence of the following stanza from Browning's Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister:

There 's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

—Works, vol. iii. p. 94.

F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 165, justly says that the expression in the text "recalls very forcibly some of those painfully realistic representations of the torments of the damned, which are to be found in various illustrated books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

ACT III. Scene 4.

401. Line 4: *I'll* SCONCE *me* EVEN *here.*—Qq. read: "*silence* me even here;" Ff.: "*silence* me *e'en* here;" the reading in the text is Hanmer's, advocated by the text of the corresponding passage in Q. 1: "I 'll *shroud* myself behind the arras." Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 96, 97: "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *Silence,* however, is a reading not without its justifications.

402. Line 13: *Go, go, you question with a* WICKED *tongue.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *idle,* which in its precise echo of the preceding line seems more likely to have been a misprint—such printers' errors being very common—than an intentional effect of sound.

403. Line 18: *budge.*—Used only here and in Tempest, v. 1 11.

404. Line 23: "*Dead,* FOR A DUCAT, *dead!*—Elze compares Dekker's Honest Whore, part I. i. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 5): "Wrestle not with me; the great fellow gives the fall, *for a ducat.*"

405. Lines 28–30:

Ham. *A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,*
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. *As kill a king!*

This passage, indefinite as it is, affords the most definite ground that we get in the play for argument as to the queen's guilt or innocence in connection with the murder of her first husband. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 49, remarks that Hamlet's words are "most probably a tentative reproach uttered by Hamlet as an experiment on his mother's conscience; the Queen's answer—

As kill a king!—

must, I think, be held to be entirely free from any taint of hypocrisy, and should be uttered with simple earnestness." It may be observed, however, that the matter is entirely left open by Shakespeare, and no doubt deliberately, as in Q. 1 the Queen declares her innocence in the most unmistakable terms:

But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder

In the Hystorie of Hamblet (ch. iii., Furness, vol. ii. p. 100) the Queen is equally distinct in her disavowal. May not Shakespeare have left the point in doubt for the sake of adding a vague impressiveness to the character, otherwise uninteresting, of the Queen?

406. Line 36: *penetrable.*—This word is used in only two other places, Lucrece, 559, and Richard III. iii. 7. 225: "*penetrable* to your kind entreats."

407 Line 37: *If damned custom have not* BRAZ'D *it so.*—Compare Lear, i. 1. 10, 11: "I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am *braz'd* to 't." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "To Braze, V. A. *Couvrir de Cuivre, Bronzer.*" Compare Chapman's part of Hero and Leander, iii. 267:

Yet *braz'd* not Hero's brow with impudence.

408. Line 44: *And sets a blister there.*—An allusion to the practice of branding harlots on the forehead. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 138, and see note 48.

409. Line 46: *contraction.*—This word seems evidently to be used in the sense of the marriage *contract:* no similar use of it in this sense has been met with.

410. Line 48: *A* RHAPSODY *of words.*—The Clarendon Press edd. rightly say that the meaning of the word *rhapsody* is well illustrated by the following passage from Florio's Montaigne, p. 68, ed. 1603: "This concerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kindes of stuffe, or as the Grecians call them *Rapsodies.*"

411. Line 50: *With* TRISTFUL *visage, as against* THE DOOM.—*Tristful* (*i.e.* sorrowful) occurs in only one other part of Shakespeare, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 434: "my *tristful* queen." *The doom* occurs again in Macbeth, ii. 3. 83: "*The* great *doom's* image," for the day of judgment, doomsday.

412. Lines 50, 51:

Queen. *Ay me, what act,*
That roars so loud, and thunders in the INDEX?

The latter line is given in the Qq. to Hamlet; in the Ff. the two lines are correctly attributed to the queen, but are printed as prose. *Index* is used five times in Shakespeare, always in the sense of preface or prologue. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 262, 263: "an *index* and obscure prologue." In Shakespeare's time the *index* was frequently placed at the beginning of a book. The name generally implies merely a table of contents. Compare Pericles, ii. 3. 3–5:

To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit

413. Line 53: *Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*—Marshall, in his Study of Hamlet, has a long note on "the two pictures in the closet scene," pp. 166–173. He quotes Davies, Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. iii. pp. 106, 107: "It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet, in this scene, to produce from his pocket two pictures in little, of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions. . . . But, if the scantiness of decorations compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniature pictures, why should the playhouse continue the practice when it is no longer necessary; and when the same scene might be shown to more advantage by two portraits, at length, in different panels of the Queen's closet?" Steevens and Malone both express their approval of whole lengths rather than miniatures, on the ground that Hamlet could not, in the latter case, have referred to "a *station*, like the herald mercury," &c. It also seems obvious that Hamlet would not be likely to have with him a miniature of his uncle. Fechter, indeed, gets out of that difficulty by tearing the miniature of Claudius from the queen's neck, and flinging it away; Rossi tears off the miniature, dashes it to the ground, and tramples on the fragments. Mr. Irving and Salvini suppose the pictures to be seen with the mind's eye alone, a conclusion which Mr. Marshall strongly, and, as I think, conclusively, argues against in his note. "The very first line—

Look here upon this picture, and on this—

seems to me totally inconsistent with anything but two actual pictures then before the Queen's eyes. If the portraits existed but in 'the mind's eye' of Hamlet, what sense is there in his using the two demonstrative pronouns?—how could he point out any contrast between two portraits which he had not yet drawn? He might have said, 'Look upon this picture—that I am now going to draw in imagination,' but he could not say, 'Compare it with this which I am going to draw afterwards.' The word 'counterfeit' seems to me inapplicable to a mere *ideal* representation; it is always used by Shakespeare of some *actual* imitation" (p. 170).

414. Line 54: *The* COUNTERFEIT *presentment of two brothers.*—*Counterfeit* is often used in Shakespeare for portrait, as in Timon, v. 1. 83, 84:

Thou draw'st a *counterfeit*
Best in all Athens.

Cotgrave has: "*Pourtraict:* m. A pourtrait, image, picture, *counterfeit*, or draught of."

415. Line 58: *A* STATION *like the herald Mercury.*—*Station* is used for an attitude in standing in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 22:

Her motion and her *station* are as one;

and perhaps in Macbeth, v. 8. 42: "the unshrinking *station* where he fought;" but, though given by Schmidt in his Lexicon under the same heading as those previously mentioned, I think it more properly means "post."

416. Line 59: *New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.*—Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have had in his mind three lines of Phaer's Aeneid, 1558, bk. iv. l. 246 *et seq.*:

And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty lims
Of Atlas Mountain tough, that Heaven on boystrous shoulders beares,
. . .
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arrive.

417. Line 67: *batten; i.e.* feed oneself fat. The word is used both transitively and intransitively; in Shakespeare only transitively. It is found in one other passage. Coriolanus, iv 5. 35: "go and *batten* on cold bits." Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, iii. iv.: "Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge? that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and *batten* more than you are aware" (ed. Dyce, 1862, p. 163). The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave, who gives "to *battle*" as equivalent to "Prendre chair." They add: "The word 'battels' is no doubt derived from the same root."

418. Line 69: *hey-day.*—*Hey-day* occurs as an exclamation in the Qq. of Troilus, v. 1 73 (Ff. *hoyday*), and is given by many editors for the *hoyday* of Richard III. iv. 4. 458, and Timon, i. 2. 137, and the *high-day* of Ff. in Tempest, ii. 2. 190. Steevens quotes from Ford, 'T is Pity She's a Whore (or, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, "a play of Ford"), iv. 3:

Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The *heyday* of your luxury, be fed
Up to a surfeit?

Heyday perhaps comes from, and means, "high day." It is given in French dictionaries as the equivalent of *beaux jours*.

419. Lines 71, 72:

SENSE, *sure, you have,*
Else could you not have MOTION.

Compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 59:

The wanton stings and *motions* of the *sense*.

420. Line 73: *apoplex'd.*—The Clarendon Press edd. compare Ben Jonson, The Fox, i. 1: "How does his *apoplex?*" (Works, p. 188); and Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 2: "She's as cold of her favour as an *apoplex*."

421. Line 77: *hoodman-blind.*—*Hoodman-blind* is the old name for blindman's-buff. Shakespeare has *Hoodman* in All's Well, iv. 3. 136. There is a very entertaining scene of *hoodman-blind* in Day's Humour out of Breath, 1608, iv. 3 (ed. Bullen, pp. 58 *et seq.*). Baret's Alvearie has: "The Hoodwinke play, or *hoodmanblinde*, in some places called the blindmanbuf." Compare The Merry Devil of Edmonton, i. 3 (ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, p. 15).

422. Line 81: *Could not so* MOPE.—The word is used again in this sense—to be dazed, or to act blindly, per-

haps from *myope*—in Tempest, v. 1. 240. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 2. 25: "I am *mop't.*" Littledale, in his note on the line in his edition, compares Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 6:

> Sure, I take it,
> He is bewitch'd, or *mop'd*, or his brains melted;

and the Queen of Corinth, ii. 3:

> How am I tranced and *moped!*

423. Line 83: *mutine.—Mutine*, here used as a verb, is found in v. 2. 6, and in King John, ii. 1. 378, as a substantive. Cotgrave has "Mutiner: to *mutine.*" The Clarendon Press edd. quote Jonson's Sejanus, iii. 1:

> Had but thy legions there rebell'd or *mutin'd.*

Mutineer occurs in Tempest, iii. 2. 40, and *mutiner* in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.

424. Line 90: *such black and* GRAINED *spots.*—Cotgrave has: "Graine: f. The seed of herbs, &c., also, grain, wherewith cloth is dyed in graine, Scarlet dye, Scarlet in graine." *Grain* was originally used only of scarlet dye, but came afterwards to be applied to any fast colour. The word comes from the Latin *granum*, a seed, a term which was used of the seed-like form of the ovarium of the *coccus* insect, from which red dyes were obtained. In Spanish the word *grana* is used for grain in general, and also for scarlet grain, cochineal. Thus Isaiah i. 18 is in Valera's version: "si vuestros pecados fueran como la *grana,*" &c.

425. Line 92: *enseamed.*—Steevens quotes Randle Holme's Academy of Armory and Blazon, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: "*Enseame* is the purging of a hawk from her glut and grease." *Enseamed* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, The Triumph of Death (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 535), in the same sense as Shakespeare's. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 195 for a parallel use of *seam* (literally hog's fat).

426. Line 98: *your* PRECEDENT *lord.*—Shakespeare uses *precedent* (accentuated on the second syllable) in two other places in the present sense of former: Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 83, and Timon, i. 1. 133. In using it as a noun he accentuates the word, as we do now, on the first syllable.

Ib. a VICE *of kings.*—One of Shakespeare's several allusions to the Vice or buffoon of the moralities. Compare Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 134–136; and see Extracts from Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry, ii. 264 *et seq.* in Furness, Var. Ed. pp. 295, 296. See note 305 to Richard III.

427. Line 102: Enter Ghost.—In Q. 1 the stage-direction is the rather ludicrous one, *Enter the Ghost in his nightgown.* But *nightgown* no doubt means a dressing-gown ("his habit as he liv'd"), as in Macbeth, ii. 2. 70, 71:

> Get on your *nightgown*, lest occasion call us,
> And show us to be watchers.

428. Line 104: *What would* YOUR *gracious figure?*—Ff. have *you* instead of *your*, and a few editors read (after Knight) *What would you, gracious figure?*

429. Line 118: *incorporal.—Corporal* (for corporeal) occurs a good many times in Shakespeare; *incorporal* (for incorporeal) only here. Corporeal and incorporeal do not occur at all. The Clarendon Press edd. (note on Macbeth, i. 3. 81) cite examples of both forms from Milton; as, for instance, Paradise Lost, iv. 585:

> To exclude spiritual substance with *corporeal* bar;

and Samson Agonistes, 616:

> Though void of *corporal* sense.

430. Line 121: *Your bedded hair, like life in* EXCREMENTS.—In five out of the six instances of this word in Shakespeare, *excrement* is used for hair—a meaning commonly (and, in strict etymology, correctly) given to it at the time, as in the passage quoted by the Clarendon Press edd. from Bacon, Natural History, cent. 1, sect. 58: "Living creatures put forth (after their period of growth) nothing that is young but hair and nails, which are *excrements* and no parts." See Love's Labour's Lost, note 159, and Winter's Tale, note 205.

431. Lines 152–155.—Staunton considers these lines as an *aside*, addressed by Hamlet to his "virtue," and points: "*Forgive me this, my virtue.*" This view is followed by many editors, though few even of those who profess to believe have had the courage to adopt it. It is a view that does not commend itself to me. I think Hamlet is still speaking to his mother.

432. Line 155: *Yea,* CURB *and woo for leave to do him good.—Curb* (spelt *courb* in Ff., and by some later editors for distinctness' sake) is from the French *courber*, to bend or bow. Steevens quotes the Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 617 (ed. Wright):

> Thanne I *courbed* on my knees,
> And cried hire of grace.

433. Lines 161–165:

> *That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*
> *Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,*
> *That to the use of actions fair and good*
> *He likewise gives a frock or livery*
> *That aptly is put on.*

This passage is not in Ff. In Qq. (except in that of 1676) there is no stop between *eat* and *of.* Many emendations have been suggested, and many far-fetched explanations put forth. The passage is certainly a difficult one. *Who all sense doth eat* is well paraphrased by the Clarendon Press edd.: "who destroys all natural feeling, and prevents it from being exerted;" *Of habits devil*, is rendered by the same edd.: "and is the malignant attendant on habits." Might not *devil* possibly stand as a sort of adjective to *habits*, meaning that *custom* is a monster of diabolical habits?

434. Line 169: *And either* LAY *the devil, or throw him out.*—This line is not in Ff.; Q. 2, Q. 3 read *and either the devil*, an evident misprint, which the printer of Q. 4 changed to *and Maister the devil*, which makes no sort of metre, and is doubtless a mere conjecture, without authority. A word is evidently wanting, and that word is evidently a single syllable, or something which by the help of elision will be equivalent to a single syllable. So much we know, and no more; though it seems probable (by no means certain) from the alternative word *either*, that the lost verb is one which would contrast with *throw him out.* The field for guess-work is thus illimitable, and to me it seems scarcely worth guessing when the most

brilliant guess will be a guess only. I have inserted in the text the word *lay* (Cartwright's conjecture), not because I have any confidence that that is the right word, but because some insertion is necessary in order to fill up the hiatus, and *lay* will at least do as well as anything else. Dr. Ingleby, naming the five conjectures which do not seem to him "utterly imbecile," says very reasonably (The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 115–119): "It is not easy to see why the five verbs, *curb, quell, lay, aid,* and *house* found more favour than a score of others, apparently as well suited to the sense and measure of the line as any of these. How soon are the resources of the conjectural critics exhausted! how meagre is the evidence adduced in favour of any single conjecture! yet the requirements of the passage are by no means severe, nor are the means for complying with them either narrow or *recherché*. It is rather an *embarras des richesses* that hinders our decision. To call over a few of the candidates for admission into the text: *curb* suggests *rein, rule, thrall, bind, chain, &c., quell* and *lay* suggest *charm, worst, quench, foil, balk, cross, thwart, daunt, shame, cow, &c.*; while *aid* and *house* suggest *fire, rouse, stir, serve, lodge, feed, &c.* Besides which there are many dissyllables that would answer the purposes of sense and measure, as *abate, abase, &c.*" The whole passage is very interesting and acute, and seems to me the most sensible consideration that has been made of the subject. Dr. Ingleby's conclusion is that the missing word "must at least import *the subduing of the devil of habit,*" and that, while it is obviously impossible to come to a positive decision, *lay* and *shame* are perhaps the best of the innumerable conjectures. It is impossible to leave this subject without mentioning Dr. George Mac Donald's note on this passage in his edition of the play, p. 179: "I am inclined to propose a pause and a gesture, with perhaps an *inarticulation*"! The italics are the author's, the note of admiration mine.

435. Line 182: *the* BLOAT *king.*—*Bloat* is Warburton's extremely probable emendation of the Qq. *blowt.* Ff. have *blunt. Bloat* (*i.e.* bloated) is adopted by almost all the editors. Compare (for the form) *deject*, iii. 1. 163; *hoist*, iii. 4. 207; *distract*, iv. 5. 2. Nothing could be more appropriate, as to the sense. The numerous references to drinking leave no doubt that Claudius is intended to be somewhat of a drunkard.

436. Line 183: *call you his* MOUSE.—This was used as a term of endearment. See Twelfth Night, note 49; and compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, i. 2: "What is it, *mouse?*" and "I prithee, *mouse*, be patient."

437. Line 184: *a pair of* REECHY *kisses.*—*Reechy* means, literally, smoky. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 224, 225:

> the kitchen malkin pins
> Her richest lockram 'bout her *reechy* neck.

It is used here, as in Much Ado, iii. 3. 143, for dirty, filthy, in the more general sense. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "in the present passage the word may have been suggested by 'bloat,' two lines before, which has also the meaning 'to cure herrings by hanging them in the smoke.'"

438. Line 185: *Or* PADDLING *in your neck with his damn'd fingers.*—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 259, 260: "Didst thou not see her *paddle* with the palm of his hand?" and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 115:

> But to be *paddling* palms and pinching fingers.

439. Line 190: *a paddock, . . . a gib.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 1. 9: "*Paddock* calls," and see note 3 to that play. On *gib* compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 83: "I am as melancholy as a *gib cat.*" *Gib*, the contraction of Gilbert, was the equivalent to our *tom-cat.* Steevens quotes Chaucer Romaunt of the Rose, 6207:

> *Gibbe* our cat,
> That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen—

where the original has "Thibert le cas"—*Tib*, from Tibbert, being also, as Nares observes, a common name for a cat. (See Nares, *s.v.*) Boyer, French Dictionary, has "Gib, *Subst.* (a gib-cat) *Un chat;*" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Gib, *for* Gilbert," and below, "A gib cat, *catus, felis mas.*"

440. Line 194: *like the famous ape.*—This ape has not yet been identified. Warner (Var. Sh. vol. vii. p. 405) thinks that Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story: "It is the story of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too." The Clarendon Press edd. say: "The reference must be to some fable in which an ape opened a basket containing live birds, then crept into it himself, and 'to try conclusions,' whether he could fly like them, jumped out and broke his neck."

441. Line 200: *I must to England.*—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 405) says: "Shakespeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were made acquainted with the King's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the Prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the King, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprise, as if he had not heard anything of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman." Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 188, 189, has the following note on the subject: "The first mention of the scheme of sending Hamlet to England occurs in Act III. scene 1, lines 168–175. . . . The Queen apparently was not present, only Polonius: the next allusion to it is in the third scene of the same act, when the King broaches the plan to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The action would seem to be continuous, at any rate to the end of scene 1, if not to the end of the act. We must mark the Queen's answer: Hamlet's words are:

> I must to England; you know that?

To which his mother replies—

> Alack,
> I had forgot: 't is so concluded on—

showing that she had heard of the proposed embassy to England. Unless we suppose that an interval of time is intended to elapse between the first and second scenes of this act, she must have been informed of his intention by Claudius, when they retired so abruptly in the middle of the play represented before the Court. Hamlet could only

have heard of the project in the short interval which elapsed between his leaving the King kneeling in his closet (scene 3) and his interview with his mother (scene 4). It is quite possible that Shakespeare meant us to suppose that, while Hamlet passed through the corridors of the palace, some of the courtiers, if not Rosencrantz and Guildenstern themselves, had told him of the King's intention. I cannot conceive that it was a mere oversight on Shakspeare's part; for we must not forget that he revised the whole play, and this very scene in particular. Surely Malone is not justified in saying, as far as the text is concerned, that Hamlet expresses any surprise when (act iv. scene 3, lines 47, 48) the King tells him that everything is ready for his journey to England; he merely repeats the words, "For England;" and twice afterwards, "Come, for England" (line 51 and line 55); this very repetition might have warned the King that Hamlet was not without suspicion of his design; but he seems to have had no apprehension on this point. It is very likely that, by repeating these words, Hamlet desired to remind his mother of what he had said to her; and to assure her that she need have no fear of his incurring any danger from over-trusting the companions which the King had chosen for him."

442. Lines 206, 207:

For 't is the sport to have the ENGINER
Hoist with his own PETAR.

Q. (1676) gives the modern form *engineer*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 8: "Then there's Achilles,—a rare *enginer*." And see cognate forms, such as *pioner*, Hamlet, i. 5. 163, and Othello, iii. 3. 346. *Petar* was formerly an alternative spelling of petard. Cotgrave has: "Petart: m. A Petard, or *Petarre*; an engine (made like a Bell, or morter) wherewith strong gates are burst open." Elze compares Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part I. v. 2:

Then all our plots
Are turn'd upon our heads, and we're blown up
With our own underminings.
—Works, vol ii. p 75.

443. Line 212: *I'll lug the* GUTS *into the neighbour room.*—The word *guts* had not so vulgar a sound in Shakespeare's age as it has in ours. Steevens quotes Lyly's Mydas, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" Halliwell states that he has seen a letter, written about a century ago, in which a lady of rank, addressing a gentleman, speaks of her *guts* with the same nonchalance with which we should now write *stomach*. In any case, the use of the word here is unquestionably coarse and unfeeling. Compare the other passage in which it is applied to a person, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 251: "thou clay-brain'd *guts*," &c.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

444. Lines 6, 7:

King. *What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?*
Queen. *Mad as the sea and wind, &c.*

The Queen has promised her son, in lines 197–199 of the preceding scene, that she will not betray the secret of his pretended madness; she here keeps her promise, and, as Clarke says (*apud* Furness, vol. i. pp. 311, 312), "with maternal ingenuity makes it the excuse for his rash deed. This affords a clue to Hamlet's original motive in putting 'an antic disposition on' and feigning insanity; he foresaw that it might be useful to obviate suspicion of his having a steadily-pursued object in view, and to account for whatever hostile attempt he should make." In Q. 1 there is a scene not found in any other edition, in which the Queen and Horatio are seen counselling together how best they can aid Hamlet in his counterplots against the plots of Claudius. This scene precedes what is now iv. 7. On the question of the Queen's character as it finally leaves Shakespeare's hands, see note 405 above.

445. Line 18: *Should have kept* SHORT, *restrain'd and* OUT OF HAUNT.—*Kept short* means kept in restraint, under control. Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 72. *Out of haunt* is out of company ("exempt from public *haunt*," As You Like It, ii. 1. 15). The verb is two or three times used by Shakespeare in the similar sense of frequent (as the French *hanter*).

446. Lines 25, 26:

like some ORE
Among a MINERAL *of metals base.*

In the English-French Dictionary annexed to Cotgrave *ore* is used only of gold: "Oare of gold, *Balluque*." Minsheu defines *mineral* as "anything that grows in mines, and contains metals." In Hall's Satires, vi. 148, it is used for a mine ("fired brimstone in a *mineral*"). Here it means apparently a metallic vein or lode.

447. Lines 39–44:

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: SO, HAPLY, SLANDER—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air,

So, haply, slander was first inserted by Capell, who modified Theobald's conjecture: "*For*, haply, slander" The words do not occur in either Ff. or Qq.; but that something is omitted is evident, and the reading adopted seems to supply the omission in a fairly satisfactory way. It has been generally followed, and there seems no reason why, in the utter absence of all original authority, it should not be accepted as a plausible enough make-shift.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

448. Line 6: COMPOUNDED IT WITH DUST, *whereto 't is kin.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116:

Only *compound* me with forgotten *dust.*

449. Lines 12–23.—Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 190, has the following note on this passage: "In Caldecott's Edition (1819), p. 98, the following passages are given:—'When princes (as the toy takes them in the head) have used courtiers as *sponges to drinke* what juice they can from the poore people, they take pleasure afterwards to wringe them out into their owne cisternes.' R. C.'s 'Henr. Steph. Apology for Herodotus,' Fo. 1608, p. 81: 'Vespasion, when reproached for bestowing high office upon persons most rapacious, answered 'that he served

his turn with such officiers as with *spunges*, which, when they had drunke their fill, were then the fittest to be pressed'" (Barnabe Rich's "Faultes, faults and nothing else but faults," 4to, 1606, p. 44b). (*See* Suetonius, Vespas. c. 16.)

This last passage bears such a remarkable similarity to the lines in the play, that it is almost certain Shakespeare, or the author of the older play of "Hamlet," must have borrowed the idea from the same source to which Barnabe Rich was indebted—viz. Suetonius.

This speech about the sponge, &c., was restored by Mr. Irving; the first time, I believe, it has been given on the stage: he spoke it in act iv , scene 2, where, as I have said in the text, it is placed in the Quarto, 1603."

450. Lines 13, 14: *what* REPLICATION *should be made by the son of a king?—Replication*, says Rushton (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 34, quoted by Furness), is "an exception of the second degree made by the plaintiff upon the answer of the defendant." In simple English, it is a reply; and is used in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 15, as a part of Holofernes' jargon. The word is used in Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 51, in the sense of echo, reverberation.

451. Lines 19, 20: *he keeps them,* LIKE AN APE DOTH NUTS, *in the corner of his jaw.*—Ff. have *like an Ape*, Qq. *like an apple;* the reading in the text is introduced from Q. 1 (first adopted by Singer), which reads: "As an Ape doth nuttes." The reading of the Ff. is, of course, quite admissible as it stands, but the phrase seems to me much more expressive, much more like Shakespeare, as we find it in Q. 1. The *apple* of Qq., though that too makes a sense of its own, is pretty obviously a misprint for *ape*. Ritson gives an example of the same misprint in Peele's Arraignment of Paris, where the familiar phrase about old maids is rendered "to halter *apples* in hell."

452. Lines 29, 30: *The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.*—See Furness' Variorum Ed. p. 316, for various conjectures as to Hamlet's meaning in this dark paradox. If any explanation is required, perhaps Jenner's is as good as any: "the body, being in the palace, might be said to be with the king; though the king, not being in the same room with the body, was not with the body." But very likely it is intentional nonsense.

453. Line 32: *Hide fox, and all after.*—Perhaps another name for hide-and-seek. Hanmer declares definitely that "there is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*," but no one else seems to know anything about such a game. See Much Ado, note 146.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

454. Lines 9, 10:

diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd.

Rushton (Shakespeare's Euphuism, p. 11) quotes a passage from Lyly's Euphues (p. 67, ed. Arber) which contains a phrase not unsimilar to the one in the text ("a desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate doctor"). The juxtaposition of words is so obvious that it is a little rash to suppose that Shakespeare had this passage in mind, or owed his thought to it.

455. Line 38: *you shall* NOSE *him.*—Shakespeare uses *nose* as a verb in one other place, Coriolanus, v. 1. 28: "And still to *nose* th' offence," where the word means simply smell; here I think it has the further sense of tracking by the scent. Browning uses the word as the equivalent of ῥινηλατέω in his translation of the Agamemnon, p. 99:

> And witness, running with me, that of evils
> Done long ago, I *nosing* track the footstep.

456. Line 46: *the wind* AT *help.*—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1 140: "*at* friend." *At* is a corruption of *a*, itself the contraction of *on* (as in *a*sleep: compare "fell *on* sleep," Acts xiii. 36). See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, § 143. "*At* foot," 57 below, is a different construction, and means, apparently, at his heel.

457. Lines 64, 65:

thou mayst not coldly SET
Our sovereign PROCESS.

Set seems to be used here in the sense of set aside, set at nought. *Process* is, I think, unnoticed by any of the commentators, except that the Clarendon editors explain it as "procedure, action;" but it is not the king's *action*, it is his *command* which is in question, and here it seems necessary to accept the word in that sense. See note 16 to Antony and Cleopatra.

458. Line 66: *By letters* CONGRUING *to that effect.*—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. have *conjuring*. It is very doubtful which of the two words is the right one, and which the misprint. On the whole *congruing* seems to me the better reading. The word does not occur anywhere else in Shakespeare, except in the pirated and spurious Qq. of Henry V. i. 2. 182, where the reading of Ff. is *congreeing*—a word not met with elsewhere, and perhaps, as Mr. Stone suggests in his edition of the play, formed by Shakespeare by analogy with *agree*.

459. Line 68: *For like the* HECTIC *in my blood he rages.*—Cotgrave has "*Hectique:* Sicke of an Hectick, or continual Feauer." The word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

460. Lines 69, 70:

till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys WERE NE'ER BEGUN.

Qq. read *will nere begin*, which, though better English, is obviously inadmissible here on account of the rhyme.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

461.—F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 193, 194, has the following note on this scene: "That Shakespeare intended to refer to some particular expedition in this passage I have not the slightest doubt; but, unfortunately, I have not been able to trace the source of this description. The particulars given are very remarkable; it was a little patch of ground—not worth five ducats to farm—yet it was garrisoned by the Polack. I hoped to find the original of this unprofitable expedition in some of the 'adventures' undertaken by Sir Walter Raleigh, or by one of the Earls of Essex; but I have not succeeded to my own satisfaction. There are certain points of resemblance between the enterprise of Walter Devereux in 1573, the

object of which was to conquer Ulster, or a portion of it, and this expedition of Fortinbras. An unfavourable critic might speak of the members of that adventurous body, of which Walter Devereux was the leader, as 'a list of lawless resolutes' without doing them any grievous wrong. Of the apparent value of the country which these brave butchers were to conquer, some idea may be formed from the description given by Froude (vol x., page 554):

"'A few years before, Sir Henry Sidney's progress through Ulster had been gravely compared to Alexander's journey into Bactria. The central plains of Australia, the untrodden jungles of Borneo, or the still vacant spaces in our map of Africa, alone now on the globe's surface represent districts as unknown and mysterious as the north-east angle of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. . . . Ulster was a desert,' &c.

"One feels on reading this eloquent description that five ducats would have been a high rent to have paid for such a paradise; still the extent of it does not answer to the description in the text. In 1573 Shakespeare was only nine years old; in 1580, when Walter Raleigh joined Grey's force in the attack upon the fort of Smerwick, in Dingle Bay, he was only sixteen: yet both events might have made some impression on his youthful memory. Smerwick, the wretched fort in which the unhappy Spaniards and Italians held out for two days against the English butchers, answers very well to 'the officer's' description of the place against which Fortinbras was leading his 'lawless resolutes.' It was 'a very small neck of land joined to the shore by a bank of sand' (Froude, vol. xi., page 224). . . . The whole of this scene (with the exception of Fortinbras' short speech) has no parallel in the Quarto of 1603; it was evidently added by Shakespeare on the revision of the play, a circumstance which confirms me in the belief that he had some enterprise of that time in his mind."

462. Lines 2–4:

> *Tell him that by his license Fortinbras*
> CLAIMS *the conveyance of a promis'd march*
> *Over his kingdom.*

Ff. here read *Claims*, all the Qq. *Craves*. The readings have been pretty equally followed by editors; it seems to me that the former is in every way preferable. For one thing, *claims* agrees better than *craves* with the expression in the previous line, *by his license*.

463. Line 6: *We shall express our duty* IN HIS EYE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 211, 212:

> Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
> So many mermaids, tended her *i' the eyes*.

And see Hamlet, i. 2. 116. Steevens thinks the expression was the customary formula for "in the presence," *i.e.* the royal presence. He cites the expression "all such as do service *in the* Queen's (Prince's) *eye*" from The Regulations for the Government of the Queen's Household, 1627, and the Establishment of the Household of Prince Henry, 1610.

464. Line 8: *Go* SOFTLY *on.*—*Softly* is used in many other parts of Shakespeare for "gently," "leisurely." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay vi. (ed. Wright, p. 19): "Like the going *softly* by one that cannot well see." Compare the French use of *doucement*. The Ff., by an obvious misprint, have *safely*. From here to the end of the scene is omitted in Ff.

465. Line 17: *Truly to speak, and with no addition.*—Pope inserted *it* and Capell *sir* after the first clause of this line, which can, however, be read without difficulty.

466. Line 27: *This is the* IMPOSTHUME *of much wealth and peace.*—Cotgrave has: "Aposthume: f. An *Imposthume;* an inward swelling full of corrupt matter." Shakespeare uses the word in two other places, Venus and Adonis, 743, and Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 24.

467 Line 50: MAKES MOUTHS *at the invisible event.*—See note 256.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

468.—Our text in the first twenty lines of this scene, as regards the personages and distribution of speeches, follows the Ff In the Qq. we have "*Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman,*" and to this Gentleman are given lines 2 and 3 (*She is importunate . . . needs be pitied*), and lines 4–13 (*She speaks . . . much unhappily*); while to Horatio are assigned lines 14–16 (*'Twere good . . . Let her come in.*), the Queen's third speech being thus reduced to lines 17–20. It has been suggested that the omission in the Ff. of the "Gentleman" was made to avoid the employment of an additional actor, and where, as in this case, his lines could be at least as properly delivered by Horatio, their assignment to him and the suppression of this unknown personage must be considered on every count an improvement in the stage business. Something more, however, must be said with regard to the assignment to the Queen, in the Ff., of the only lines (14–16) given in the Qq. to Horatio. Line 16 (*Let her come in.*) clearly belongs to the Queen, and we agree with Mr. Grant White that lines 14, 15 [marked "aside"] are most appropriate in the Queen's mouth as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination not to admit Ophelia to her presence. Many varying attempts have been made by modern editors to improve on the Q. arrangement; but none seems to us so satisfactory as that of the F.

469. Line 6: *Spurns* ENVIOUSLY *at straws; i.e.* spitefully. In Shakespeare's time *envy* had not yet lost its alternative sense of ill-will, hatred. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 1. 113:

> You turn the good we offer into *envy*.

470. Line 9: *collection.*—See v. 2. 199: "a kind of yesty *collection*," or inference. The word is used again, in the same sense as in the text—an attempt to gather meaning from something said—in Cymbeline, v. 5. 430: "I can make no *collection* of it." For *aim* in the latter part of this line, Qq. have *yawne*, a very intelligible misprint from *ayme*.

471. Line 18: *Each toy seems prologue to some great* AMISS.—The substantive *amiss* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare only in two of the Sonnets, xxxv. 7:

> Myself corrupting, salving thy *amiss;*

and cli. 3:

> Then, gentle cheater, urge not my *amiss*.

In both these places *amiss* means rather wrong than misfortune, the meaning of the word in the text.

472. Line 21.—Q. 1 has the stage-direction: "Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing." The other Qq. have (after line 16): "Enter Ophelia;" the Ff.: "Enter Ophelia distracted."

473. Lines 23–26: "*How should I your true love know,*" &c.—The traditional music to this fragment is printed in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 236, and in Furness' Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 330. Rossetti took this stanza for the first verse of a beautiful little lyric (very modern, however) which he called "An Old Song Ended" (Poems, 1870, p. 175).

474. Lines 25, 26:

By his COCKLE HAT *and staff,*
And his sandal shoon.

"This," as Warburton remarks, "is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The *cockle-shell hat* was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 424). The word *shoon* occurs only here (in a ballad-fragment) and as used by Jack Cade in II. Henry VI iv. 2. 195. This form of the plural was archaic even in Shakespeare's time.

475. Line 32: The Qq. insert here *O, ho!* which is probably a piece of 'gag;" some editors, however, suppose it to represent sobs or sighs.

476. Line 37: LARDED *with sweet flowers.*—Qq have "Larded *all* with sweet flowers," a reading which many editors adopt, and which is just as likely to be right as the one followed in the text. *Larded* is used again, metaphorically, in v. 2. 20 (the only other instance in Shakespeare). Compare Ben Jonson, Sejanus, iii. 2:

A quiet and retired life
Larded with ease and pleasure.
—Works, ed. Gifford, 1816, p. 86.

477. Line 38: *Which bewept to the grave did go.*—Qq. Ff. have *did not go*, which seems plainly an error. Pope was the first to omit the *not*. Keightley mentions another instance of an intruding negative in the Ff. of Much Ado, iii. 2. 28, where *cannot* is an evident misprint for *can*.

478. Line 41: *God 'ild you!*—This is a corruption of *God yield you* (used in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33), a phrase used in returning thanks, and meaning "God reward you," or "God bless you." Compare As You Like It, iii. 3. 76: "*God 'ild* you for your last company." The phrase is used again in the same play, v. 4. 56, and in Macbeth, i. 6. 13. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Tennyson, Gareth and Lynette, line 18: "Heaven *yield* her for it."

479. Lines 41, 42: *They say the owl was a baker's daughter.*—"A legendary story," says Steevens, "which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refused bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an *owl*." Douce, in a note contributed to Reed's edition, and reprinted in the subsequent Variorum editions, remarks on this:—"This is a common story among the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird. This story is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people." I believe no one has been fortunate enough to discover the book in which Steevens read the story, nor does Douce himself make any mention of it in his subsequent well-known Illustrations of Shakspeare, 1807 and 1839. Mr. C. G. Leland, The English Gipsies and their Language, p. 16, says: "It is, however, really curious that the Gipsy term for an owl is the Māromengro's Chavi, or Baker's Daughter, and that they are all familiar with the monkish legend which declares that Jesus in a baker's shop once asked for bread. The mistress was about to give him a large cake, when her daughter declared it was too much, and diminished the gift by one half.

'He nothing said,
But by the fire laid down the bread,
When lo, as when a blossom blows—
To a vast loaf the manchet rose;
In angry wonder, standing by,
The girl sent forth a wild, rude cry,
And, feathering fast into a fowl,
Flew to the woods a wailing owl!'"

480. Line 48: *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.*—Much has been written about the songs of Ophelia, and the inferences one is intended to make from them as to her character. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 128–151, has a long, interesting, and, I think, conclusive defence of her, though I cannot entirely share his enthusiasm for a somewhat colourless type of *jeune fille*. Coleridge has said admirably: "Note the conjunction here of these two thoughts that had never subsisted in disjunction, the love for Hamlet, and her filial love, with the guileless floating on the surface of her pure imagination of the cautions so lately expressed, and the fears not too delicately avowed, by her father and brother concerning the dangers to which her honour lay exposed. Thought, affliction, passion, murder itself—she turns to favour and prettiness. This play of association is instanced in the close:—'My brother shall know of it, and I thank you for your good counsel!'" Mrs. Jameson suggested that Ophelia might have been sung to sleep in her infancy by old ballads such as those of which she sings certain snatches. And we should, of course, bear in mind, as Strachey observes (p. 85), "the notorious fact, that, in the dreadful visitation of mental derangement, delicate and refined women will use language so coarse that it is difficult to guess where they can ever have even heard such words, and certain that where-

ever heard they would have always lain, unknown of, and innocuous, in the mind, unless the hot-bed of mental fever had quickened them for the first time into life."

The well-known air to the words *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day* is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 227, and in Furness, vol. i. p. 333.

481. Line 53: *And* DUPP'D *the chamber-door.*—Steevens quotes Damon and Pythias, 1582: "The porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

482. Lines 57, 58: INDEED, LA, WITHOUT AN OATH, *I'll make an end on't.*—Elze (p. 213) notes that "*Indeed la* and *truly la* were favourite protestations with the Puritans, and served them instead of oaths. Compare The Puritan, i. 4; ii. 1; iii. 1 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 554, 564, and 573). Ib., v. 4 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 624: 'Where is *truly la, indeed la*, he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antlings?'"

483. Line 65.—Qq. here insert, in brackets (*He answers*). Possibly this was an interruption of herself by Ophelia, and should stand in the text; but it is more probably an interpolation. The Cambridge edd. insert it in the Cambridge edition, but not in the Globe. It is preserved by Furness.

484. Line 72: *Come, my coach!*—Dyce, in his edition of Marlowe, notes that Shakespeare seems to have had in mind a passage in Tamburlaine, part i. v. 2, where Zabina, raving in her madness, cries "*Make ready my coach*, my chair, my jewels."

485. Lines 76, 77:

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude.

These two lines are printed in Qq. as prose, and before *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, we have *And now behold.* Some editors read:

All from her father's death. And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, &c.

But this broken metre is unnecessary. The reading of Ff. is no doubt a revision of the words as they were first written; *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, being substituted for *And now behold.*

486. Line 84: IN HUGGER-MUGGER *to inter him.*—Florio has: "*Dinascoso:* secretly, hiddenly, in *hugger-mugger;*" and the English-French dictionary appended to Cotgrave defines *In hugger mugger*, "En cachette, à calimini, sous terre." Steevens quotes North's Plutarch (p. 121, ed. Skeat): "Antonius thinking good . . . that his bodie should be honourably buried, and not *in hugger-mugger.*" Compare Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, iii. 1: "There's no way but to clap-to a marriage *in hugger-mugger;*" and The Merry Devil of Edmonton, i. 3. 59, 60:

So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere *in hugger-mugger.*
—Ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, p. 15.

Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 433, uses the expression "doo it *in hugger-mugger* secretlie," which shows that the two expressions were not regarded as absolute synonyms. Pope chastened the inelegant phrase into the unexceptionable form *In private.*

487. Line 89: *Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds.*—This reading (which was first adopted by Johnson) is constructed by the help of Qq. and Ff. Qq. have *Feeds on this wonder;* Ff. *keeps on his wonder;* between them the right text is easily arrived at.

488. Line 93: *our* PERSON *to arraign.—Person* is the reading of Qq.; Ff. have *persons.* The king is pretty evidently talking of himself alone.

489. Line 95: *Like to a* MURDERING-PIECE.—*Murdering-piece* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Double Marriage, iv. 2. 6, 7:

like a *murdering-piece*, aim not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.

It is the same thing as a "murderer" or *meurtrière*, which Nicot defines as "un petit cannoniere comme celles des tours et murailles, ainsi appellé, parceque tirant par icelle a desceu, ceux ausquels on tire sont facilement meurtri" (quoted by Singer). Cotgrave has "Meurtriere: f. A murthering piece;" and again, "Visiere meurtrière, a port-hole for a *murthering Peece* in the forecastle of a ship."

490. Line 97: *Where are my* SWITZERS? *Let them guard the door.*—In Shakespeare's time the Swiss formed the body-guard of the king of France, as they still do of the pope. The name *Switzers* came to be indiscriminately used for a king's body-guard. Compare the current French usage of the word *suisse.* Malone quotes Nash, Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: "Law, logicke and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for anybody."

491. Line 110: *O, this is* COUNTER, *you false Danish dogs!*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme's Academy of Armory, bk. ii. ch. ix. p. 1871, where *counter* is defined, "when a hound hunteth backwards, the same way that the chase is come." Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 39: "A hound that runs *counter.*"

492. Lines 119, 120:

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched BROWS
Of my true mother.

Ff. and Qq. print *brow*, which many editors preserve. There seems no reason to suppose it is anything but a misprint.

493. Line 137: *My will, not all the* WORLD.—This is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *worlds*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, may be right in its extravagant hyperbole.

494. Lines 142, 143:

That, SWOOPSTAKE, *you will draw both friend and foe,*
Winner and loser.

Ff. and Qq. have *soopstake.* The reading in the text is derived from Q. 1, which has *swoopstake-like. Swoopstake* is of course a gambler who sweeps the stakes indiscriminately.

495. Lines 146, 147:

And, like the kind life-rendering PELICAN,
Repast them with my blood.

The belief in this curious fable about the *pelican* was very wide-spread. Compare Basilius Valentinus, A Practick Treatise, together with the XII. Keys and Appendix of the Great Stone of the Ancient Philosophers, 1670: "And

in its own Essence is so full of blood [he is speaking of 'the Rose of our Masters . . . . . wherewith all Metals wanting heat may be revived'], as is the *Pellican*, when she wounded her own breast, and without prejudice to her body, nourisheth and feedeth many young ones with her own blood" (p. 241). Dr. Sherwen (quoted by Furness, Variorum Ed. p. 342) explains the origin of the superstition by "the *pelican's* dropping upon its breast its lower bill to enable its young to take from its capacious pouch, lined with a fine flesh-coloured skin." In Richard II. ii. 1. 126, and King Lear, iii. 4. 77, Shakespeare uses the same illustration, but in a contrary sense. F. 1. has a very comic misprint of *Politician* for *pelican*. I can fancy that, had not the Qq. preserved the true reading, commentators would have been found to defend the reading of F. 1 even on grounds of sentiment. Might not the *politician* become a beautiful illustration of the patriot, feeding his country with his own blood? It is still not too late for a German editor to take up the point.

496. Lines 151, 152:

> *It shall as level to your judgment* PIERCE
> *As day does to your eye.*

Qq. here read *peare*, which Johnson took to be the abbreviation of "appear," and printed 'pear. There is very little doubt that the Ff. *pierce* is the true reading (compare iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank").

497. Line 152: Danes [Within] *Let her come in.*—Qq. have the stage-direction "A noise within," and give the words *Let her come in* to Laertes; an evident error, as Laertes could not know who was without. In Ff. the stage-direction is: "A noise within. Let her come in." Capell first as in our text.

498. Lines 165, 166:

> *Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;*
> *And* IN *his grave* RAIN'D *many a tear.*

The refrain is not given by Qq. *In* and *rain'd*, the reading of Qq., are, in the Ff., *on* and *rains*. It is very doubtful which text is preferable. The next line, *Fare you well, my dove!* is printed by Ff. in italics as a part of the song; the Qq. print the whole passage in the same type; Capell, rightly as I think, printed the line as if said, not sung, by Ophelia. On the refrain, see Much Ado, note 150.

499. Lines 170, 171: *You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."*—It is not certain whether these two lines should be printed thus, or as two lines of verse. Mrs. Quickly, in the Merry Wives, i. 4. 44, sings: "And down, down, adown-a." Florio has "Filibustacchina, the burden of a countrie song, as we say *hay doune a doune douna.*"

500. Line 172: *O, how the* WHEEL *becomes it!*—Steevens supposed that *wheel* was an old word for the burden of a song, but neither he nor anyone else has adduced any trustworthy testimony to that effect. Until that is forthcoming it may be quite sufficient to suppose that Ophelia means nothing more than the spinning-wheel, to which old songs are usually sung in romances, as they doubtless were in reality.

501. Line 175: *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.*—*Rosemary* was thought to strengthen the memory, and was carried, as an emblem of remembrance, at weddings and funerals. Compare Dekker, The Honest Whore, part II., ii. 1:

> *Bell.* O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art alive again? Oh, welcome, welcome!
> *Mat.* Dost know me? my cloak, prithee, lay 't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with *rosemary.*

Steevens and Malone give a number of illustrative quotations from the writings of Shakespeare's time. See A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, 1584 (p. 4 Arber's Reprint):

> *Rosemary* is for *remembrance*
> Betweene us daie and night;
> Wishing that I might always have
> You present in my sight.

Shakespeare has several allusions to *rosemary*. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 74–76:

> For you there's *rosemary* and rue; these keep
> Seeming and savour all the winter long:
> Grace and remembrance be to you both!

502. Line 178: *A* DOCUMENT *in madness.*—Cotgrave has "Document; m. A *document*, precept; instruction, admonition; experiment, example." The meaning here is the etymological one of instruction (*doceo*). The word is not used by Shakespeare in any other place.

503. Line 180: *There's* FENNEL *for you, and* COLUMBINES.—*Fennel* is emblematic of flattery. Compare A Handfull of Pleasant Delites (p. 4), quoted above: "*Fenel* is for flatterers." Florio has "Dare finocchio, to flatter or giue Fennell." *Columbines* were perhaps the emblem of thanklessness. Compare Chapman, All Fools, ii. 1:

> What 's that? a *columbine?*
> No: that thankless flower fits not my garden.

504. Lines 181, 182: *there 's rue for you*, &c.—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 105–107:

> I 'll set a bank of *rue*, sour *herb of grace;*
> Rue, e'en for ruth, here shortly shall be seen
> In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

See note 250 to that play. The plant is indiscriminately called *herb of grace* and *herb-grace*, and both variations are contained in the old copies, the Qq. having the former, and the Ff. the latter. See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. pp. 347, 348 for a long note on the subject.

505. Line 184: *There's a* DAISY.—Henley quotes Greene, A Quip for an Upstart Courtier (Collier's reprint, p. 11): "Next them grew the dissembling *daisie*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that amorous bachelors make them."

506. Lines 184–186: *I would give you some* VIOLETS, *but they withered all when my father died.*—Compare A Handfull of Pleasant Delites (p. 4), "*Violet* is for faithfulnesse."

507. Line 187: *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*—This was a well-known song, the music of which is given by Chappell in his Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 334, and by Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 349. The song is alluded to by the Gaoler's Daughter in The Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 107:

> I can sing *The Broome,*
> And *Bonny Robin.*

508. Line 190: *And will he not come again?*—The music usually sung to this song is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 237, and by Furness, vol. i. p. 350.

509. Line 199: GOD HA' MERCY *on his soul!*—Ff. have *Gramercy*, which some editors adopt.

510. Line 202: *Laertes, I must* COMMUNE *with your grief.*—F. 1 has *common*, which Boswell erroneously supposed to mean participate, jest in common. It is a mere variation of spelling, and Steevens gives two examples of it, one from Holinshed in speaking of Jack Cade (Holinshed, 1577, vol. ii. p. 1280, col. 1): "Thus this glorious Capitaine enuironed wyth a multitude of euill, rude and rusticall people, came again to the plaine of Blacke heathe, and there strongly encamped himselfe, to whome were sent from the Kyng, the Archbishop of Canterburye, and Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, to *common* with him of his greeues and requests."

511. Line 213: *His means of death, his* OBSCURE BURIAL. —Ff. read *burial;* Qq. *funeral*, two words of such very similar meaning that there is little to choose between them. I incline to prefer *burial* as the more poetical word of the two *Obscure* is here used with the accent on the first syllable; Shakespeare varies the accent to suit his convenience. In poetry this and similar words are still not unfrequently accentuated on the first syllable, particularly by Browning.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

512. Line 2: *Sea-faring men.*—This is the reading of Qq., much more picturesque than the *sailors* of Ff. Few editors but the Cambridge seem, however, to have adopted it.

513. Line 31: *Come, I will* MAKE *you way for these your letters.*—Ff. have *give;* Q. 2, Q. 3 omit the word. The reading in the text is introduced from the later Qq., which are followed by the Cambridge and other editors.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

514. Line 7: *crimeful.*—This word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. The Qq. have *criminal*, which is less likely than *crimeful* to have been misprinted.

515. Line 8: *As by your safety, wisdom, all things else.* —Qq. have *safety*, GREATNESS, *wisdom*, which makes the line an Alexandrine. Probably *greatness* and *wisdom* were alternative readings, inserted together by mistake.

516. Line 10: *unsinew'd.*—This word is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere; *sinewed* only in King John, v. 7. 88: "well *sinewed* to our defence."

517. Line 11: AND *yet to me they are strong.*—This is the reading of Ff., to which is generally preferred the *But* of Qq., which also favour the needless contraction *they're.* I think that on the whole *And* gives a better-linked sense than *But*, though either has a very good sense.

518. Line 14: *conjunctive.*—This word occurs in only one other passage (in which, however, the Qq. have *communicative*), Othello, i. 3. 374: "Let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge."

519. Line 18: *gender.*—This word is used again in Othello, i. 3. 326, in speaking of herbs: "supply it with one *gender* of herbs."

520. Line 20: WOULD, *like the spring that turneth wood to stone.*—Qq. have *work*, which some editors have followed, thus making a different construction, and changing *convert* in the next line into a second indicative. The reading seems to me distinctly inferior, and may well be due to a printer's error. Reed thinks that the spring alluded to is the famous dropping-well at Knaresborough. Elze says: "According to Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p 334 and 349, the 'wonderful vertue' of turning wood to stone was ascribed to several springs, one of them (King's Newnham) being situated in Warwickshire, and therefore, no doubt, well known to the poet." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Lyly's Euphues (p. 63, ed. Arber): "Would I had sipped of that ryuer in Caria, which turneth those that drinke of it to stone."

521. Lines 21, 22:

my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so LOUD A WIND.

Qq. here have *loued arm'd*, which is not too obvious and absurd a misprint to have had defenders. Steevens quotes a surely unnecessary corroboration of the Ff. reading from Ascham's Toxophilus: "Weake bowes, and lyghte shaftes can not stande in a rough wynde." A very similar misprint occurs in line 27 below, where Ff. have the impossible reading *Who was* instead of *Whose worth* of Qq.

522. Line 45: *To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes.*—See note 463.

523. Line 58–60:

If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

F A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 196, 197, has the following note on these lines: "This passage, as it stands, seems to me almost hopelessly obscure. In Malone's 'Shakespeare' (1821) there is absolutely no note on the passage. Caldecott does not notice it; and even that obstinate illuminator of dark passages, Mr Collier's old annotator, passes it by without a word of comment.

"The editors of the Clarendon Hamlet' have a note in which they give Keightley's conjecture, 'how should it but be so?' They say 'we should have expected, 'how should it *not* be so?'' but they do not give the anonymous conjecture to be found in the foot-notes of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' (vol. viii., p. 144), 'how shoul't not be so? which I suspect to be the right reading. They suggest an explanation of the passage as it stands—viz. 'that the first clause refers to Hamlet's return, the second to Laertes' feelings.' (See Clarendon Press Series, 'Hamlet,' p. 207.)

"I confess that this, the only attempt to explain the words, as they stand, which I can find, does not satisfy me. The fact is, no sense can be made of them, if read as printed in the text. The insertion of the 'not' makes them perfectly intelligible. It has occurred to me, that as there is no authority for this insertion, that if the word 'should' were italicized we might make sense of it, thus—

If it be so—

(*i.e.*, if Hamlet has come back because, on consideration, he did not choose to go to England)—

As how *should* it be so?

(*i.e.*, how should there be any question about it being so?)—

How (could it be) otherwise?

I admit that we should expect in this case, the word 'if to be repeated, but I can make sense of the speech in no other manner. The general meaning is clear: the King is puzzling over this sudden return of Hamlet, and he rapidly reviews the situation. First he asks—

Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Surely his trusty spaniels, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, cannot have disobeyed or deceived him! Then where are they? They would not go to England without Hamlet, and surely they would not let him escape. The writing is certainly Hamlet's; he answers to Laertes' inquiry—

'Naked!'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'

Can they have been wrecked and he alone saved? Hamlet cannot have discovered the plot against him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern did not know the contents of the letter —they could not have betrayed him. No—it must be that he has on a sudden caprice refused to continue the voyage, and made the sailors turn back. Yes, it must be so—without question it must be. Then in that case how can he get rid of Hamlet and appease Laertes at one and the same time? Something like these thoughts would pass through the mind of Claudius before he succeeds in hitting upon the ingenious scheme which he now proceeds to divulge to Laertes."

524. Lines 60, 61:

Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

This is Steevens' arrangement of the reading of Qq., in which *Ay . . . peace* is in one line. Ff. omit *Ay, my lord*, and read, *If so you'l not o'errule me to a peace.*

525. Line 63: *As* CHECKING AT *his voyage.*—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the preposterous misprint *the King at*, altered conjecturally in Q. 4 into *liking not.* To *check* is a metaphor from falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game to fly after some other bird. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 124, and iii. 1. 71.

526. Line 69–82.—These lines, from *My lord* to *graveness*, are omitted in Ff.

527. Line 77: *the unworthiest* SIEGE.—*Siege*, the French *siége*, is here used for rank, as in Othello, i. 2. 22: "men of royal *siege*." The word came to have that meaning from the arrangement of persons at table in order of precedence. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 101, where *siege* is used for seat.

528. Lines 79–82:

for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.

Johnson understood the last line to refer entirely to *settled age*, and supposed *health* to mean care for, or attention to, health. I think it may better be taken, as Furness suggests, as referring both to *youth* and to *age;* the *light and careless livery* importing (that is implying) *health*, and the *sables* and *weeds* importing *graveness.* The construction is a very common one, not only in Shakespeare but in later writers, notably Mr. Swinburne.

529. Line 85: *And they* CAN *well on horseback.*—Ff. misprint *ran.* Shakespeare uses the word *can* in a few places in its absolute sense of power to do. Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 27:

the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius *can.*

The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay, xi. p. 40: "In evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to *can.*"

530. Line 89: *so far he* TOPP'D *my thought.*—*Topp'd* is of course surpassed, as in Macbeth, iv. 3. 57: "to *top* Macbeth." Shakespeare seems to have been fond of metaphors derived from *top*, which he uses a good many times both as verb and noun. This fact was probably not remembered by the precisians whom Browning scandalized in his translation of the Agamemnon by using the word *topping* for ἄκρος, in the sense of surpassing. See p. 53:

Thou hast, like *topping* bowman, touched the target;

and p. 93:

I would not boast to be a *topping* critic.

531. Line 93: *Lamond.*—This is Pope's version of the *Lamound* of Ff. The Qq. have *Lamord.* No personage of this name is known, but Mr. C. Eliot Browne, in a letter to the Athenæum, July 29, 1876, suggests that this is "an allusion to Pietro Monte (in a Gallicized form), the famous cavalier and swordsman, who is mentioned by Castiglione (Il Cortegiano, bk. i.) as the instructor of Louis the Seventh's Master of Horse. In the English translation he is called 'Peter Mount.'"

532. Line 99: *especially.*—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *especial.*

533. Line 101: *the* SCRIMERS *of their nation.*—*Scrimers* is of course intended to represent the French *escrimeurs*, fencers; the word has not been found elsewhere.

534. Line 106: *him.*—Qq. print *you*, which seems a less suitable reading, though it can be made to express the same sense.

535. Line 107: WHAT *out of this?*—Ff. here have *Why*, which again makes very good sense.

536. Lines 115–124: *There lives . . . ulcer.*—This passage is omitted in Ff.

537. Lines 118, 119:

For goodness, growing to a PLURISY,
Dies in his own too-much.

Plurisy (often spelt by modern editors *pleurisy*) is often found in the old dramatists for plethora, or plethory, probably from an erroneous idea that the word was derived from *plus, pluris.* Massinger has a close imitation of the passage in The Unnatural Combat, iv. 1:

Thy *pleurisy* of goodness is thy ill.
—Works, p. 196, ed. Gifford.

Compare Cyril Tourneur, The Atheist's Tragedy, iii. 2, and Ford, 'Tis Pity, iv. 3 (both of which have "*pleurisy* of lust"), Beaumont and Fletcher, Custom of the Country, ii. 1: "grow to a *pleurisy* and kill," &c. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

538. Line 123: *And then this "should" is like a* SPENDTHRIFT *sigh.*—*Spendthrift* is the obvious and certain emendation of Q. 6, the earlier Qq. reading *spendthrift's.*

For the idea that sighing drew blood from the heart, see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 184; and compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 59.

539. Line 139: *A sword*, UNBATED.—*Unbated* means unblunted, *i.e.* without a button on the point. *Bate, abate*, and *rebate* are all used in Shakespeare with a similar meaning. See Measure for Measure, note 47.

540. Line 142: *mountebank.*—Cotgrave has: "Charlatan: m. *A mountebanke*, a cousening drug-seller, a pratling quack-salver" [he continues, "a tatler, babler, foolish prater, or commender of trifles"]. Boyer, French Dictionary, defines *mountebank* as "a wandering and juggling physician, a quack.' In Othello, i. 3. 61 ("medicines bought of *mountebanks*"), the word is used in the same sense. In the two other places in which Shakespeare uses it (Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 101, and v. 1. 238) it is less clearly limited to the special sense of medicine-seller. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon (Advancement of Learning, ii. 10. § 2): "Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such, as they will often prefer a *mountebank* or witch before a learned physician."

541. Line 144: *cataplasm.*—Boyer has: "Cataplasme, S. M. (espéce d'emplâtre pour fomenter,) *a Cataplasm* or *Poultice.*" In Cyril Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy one of the characters is a certain Mistress Cataplasma, "a maker of periwigs and attires" by profession.

542. Line 162: *If he by chance escape your venom'd* STUCK.—*Stuck* seems to be found only here and in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 303, but it is no doubt the same as *stock*, used in Merry Wives, ii. 3. 26, which means a thrust in fencing—the Italian *stoccata* (from *stocca*, a rapier), Spanish *estocada* (from *estoque*), French *estocade* (from *estoc*, which means both a rapier and the point of a rapier). The word is often found in Elizabethan literature in the form *stoccado* (compare Merry Wives, ii. 1. 234: "your passes, *stoccadoes*," and see Nares, *s.v. Stockado*). *Stoccado* is generally defined as the Spanish term, but there is no such word in Spanish.

543. Line 163: *But stay, what noise?*—These words are omitted in Ff.

544. Line 164: *How now, sweet queen?*—Omitted in Qq.

545. Line 165: *One woe doth tread upon another's heel.*—Ritson called attention to a rather similar line in Locrine (one of the so-called Doubtful Plays), which Shakespeare may have seen, as it was published in 1595, but which he is as likely to have written as Mr. Swinburne's drama of the same name Guendoline is speaking of Sabren, who has drowned herself, and she exclaims (v. 5):

> One mischief follows on another's neck.
> Who would have thought so young a maid as she
> With such a courage would have sought her death?

546. Line 167: *There is a willow grows aslant a brook*, &c.—Compare with this description the description in Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 52–103, of the attempted suicide of the Jailor's Daughter. It seems curious that the Queen should be so well acquainted with all the minute particulars of the affair. Seymour (vol. ii. p. 197, *apud* Furness) reasonably asks why, as the Queen seems to give this description from personal observation, "she did not take steps to avert the fatal catastrophe, especially as there was so fair an opportunity of saving her while she was, by her clothes, borne 'mermaid-like up,' and the Queen was at leisure to hear her 'chanting old tunes.'" Monck Mason also notes that "there is not a single circumstance in the relation of Ophelia's death, that induces us to think she had drowned herself intentionally;" to which, however, Malone plausibly enough replies, "that the account here given is that of a friend; and that the Queen could not possibly know what passed in the mind of Ophelia, when she placed herself in so perilous a situation. After the facts had been weighed and considered, the priest in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful.*"

The Qq., in this line, print *ascaunt the brook*, and they have been followed by some editors, who take *ascaunt* to be the same as Chaucer's *ascaunce.*

547. Line 168: *That shows his* HOAR *leaves in the glassy stream.*—Lowell (Among my Books, p. 185) notices Shakespeare's delicate art in drawing our attention to the silvery under-side of the willow-leaves, not "by bluntly saying so, but [by making] it picturesquely reveal itself to us as it might in Nature."

548. Line 169: *There with fantastic garlands did she come.*—Qq. print *Therewith fantasticke garlands did she make*, which Elze (p. 226) strenuously defends. but I think, mistakenly

549. Line 170: CROW-FLOWERS, *nettles, daisies, and* LONG PURPLES.—R. C. A. Prior, Popular Names of British Plants, 1863, has: "*Crow-flower*, the buttercup from the resemblance of its leaf to a crow's foot, Ranunculus acris and bulbosus, L., but in old authors often applied to the Ragged Robin, Lychnis flos cuculi, L.;" and "Long Purples of Shakespeare's Hamlet, iv. 7, supposed to be the purple flowered Orchis mascula, L."

550. Line 178: *Which time she chanted snatches of old* TUNES.—Qq. instead of *tunes* print *lauds*, which has a rather quaint and pretty sound, but is less likely to be the right word, as Q. 1 agrees with the Ff. in reading *tunes*. *Lauds* were psalms, and Jennens (quoted by Furness) is convinced that they are the right reading, and imply that Ophelia made an edifying end.

551 Line 190: *The woman will be out.*—Compare Henry V iv. 6. 31: "all my mother came into mine eyes;" and Twelfth Night, ii. 1. 41–43.

552. Line 192: *douts.*—F 1 has *doubts*, which Knight, with great probability. altered into *douts, i.e.* extinguishes (*dout*=do out, as *dup*=do up). In Henry V. iv. 2. 10, 11 the same word is almost certainly meant, though the Ff. again spelt it *doubt:*

> That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
> And *dout* them with superfluous courage.

Qq. print the word in the text *drowns*, which the later Ff. conjecturally follow.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

553. Line 2: THAT *wilfully seeks.*—So Ff. Qq. have *when she.*

554. Line 3: AND *therefore.*—Qq. omit *and;* they are followed by some editors, but I think very unreasonably.

555. Line 24: *crowner's quest law.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 142, and see note. Sir John Hawkins supposes the passage in the text to be written in ridicule of the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, which were not, however, translated from the French till the eighteenth century. Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have heard of the case in conversation. "Our author's study," he adds, "was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports." See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 376, where the points of resemblance are given at some length.

556. Line 32: *even Christian; i.e.* fellow Christian. Qq. have *even Christen,* which perhaps would be better in the text. Steevens cites Chaucer, Persones Tale (iii. 294, ed. Morris): "Despitous, is he that hath disdayn of his neighebour, that is to say, of his *evencristen.*" The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Forshall and Madden's Glossary to the Wycliffite Versions of the Bible, such forms as "euene-caytiff," a fellow-prisoner; "euen disciplis," fellow-disciples, &c. Furness cites The Myroure of oure Ladye (Early Eng. Text Soc. edn., p. 73): "we are enformed to haue . . . loue eche to other, and to all oure *euen crystens.*'

557. Line 68: *Go, get thee to* VAUGHAN; *fetch me a stoup of liquor.*—The Ff. print *Yaughan* in italics. In Qq. the passage reads, *Go, get thee in, and fetch, &c. Yaughan* is a word that has puzzled all the commentators, and it is impossible to say whether it is the correctly spelt name of some local tavern-keeper (the name is no uncommon Welsh one), whether it is a misprint, or whether it is a corruption of Johan or John. Dr. Nicholson (I give his argument as condensed by Furness) writes in Notes and Queries, 29th July, 1871: "Most probably Yaughan was the well-known keeper of a tavern near the theatre; and we have three items of corroborative evidence which show: First, that a little before the time of this allusion by Shakespeare, which is not found in the Qq., there was about town 'a Jew, one Yohan, most probably a German Jew, who was a perruquier,—he is mentioned by Jonson in Every Man out of his Humour, v 6; Second, in The Alchemist, i 1, which was produced eleven years afterwards, Subtle speaks of 'an alehouse, darker than deaf John,' a name which sounds like that of our foreign John, anglicised, and its owner grown deaf by lapse of time; Third, that there was actually an alehouse attached to the Globe Theatre is proved by the 'Sonnett upon the Burneing' of that playhouse (see Collier's Annals of the Stage, i. 388). Is it then unlikely that our wandering Jew, either in search of a business, or as a profitable extension of his theatrical connection, set up 'the Globe Public-house;' and was thus, as the known refresher of the thirsty actors and audience, mentioned by both Shakespeare and Jonson?" Whether it is likely or not may be left to every man's judgment. The suggestion is certainly ingenious, all the more so as it arises from such very problematical data.

558. Line 68: *a* STOUP *of liquor.*—*Stoup,* or *stoop,* a drinking-vessel, is used again in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 129, and Othello, ii. 3. 30. Qq. print *soope,* which is almost certainly a misprint. Jennens suggests that it represents the clownish pronunciation of *sup.* As a matter of fact, such would be the Warwickshire pronunciation among the lower classes.

559. Line 69: "*In youth when I did love, did love.*"—The song from which three stanzas sung by the clown are taken is one of the poems contained in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557 (Arber's Reprint, pp. 173–175). It is entitled, "The aged louer renounceth loue." Its author's name is not given; but in a manuscript in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 1703), written by William Forrest, the poem is copied (fol. 100) with the heading: "A dyttye or sonet made by the lorde vaux in time of the noble quene Marye representing the Image of death." It is also attributed to Lord Vaux by George Gascoigne in the Epistle to a Young Gentleman, prefixed to his Posies. The three verses selected for maltreatment by the clown are the following (the first, third, and eighth of the song):

> I Lothe that I did loue,
> In youth that I thought swete:
> As time requires for my behoue
> Me thinkes they are not mete.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For age with stelying steppes,
> Hath clawed me with his cowche [2nd ed. crowche]:
> And lusty life away she leapes,
> As there had bene non suche.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A pikeax and a spade
> And eke a shrowdyng shete,
> A house of claye for to be made,
> For such a gest most mete.

The third line of the clown's second stanza is taken from the penultimate stanza of the poem:

> For beauty with her bande
> These croked cares hath wrought:
> And shipped me into the lande,
> From whence I first was brought.

The music sung to the clown's verses on the stage is that of The Children in the Wood (Chappell's Popular Music, i. 200, and Furness, p. 385).[1] The fourth line of the first stanza is printed in Qq.: *O, methought, there a was nothing a meet,* which the Cambridge editors print: *there-a was nothing-a meet,* taking the "a" to represent the drawling notes in which the grave-digger sings (compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133).

560. Line 86: *a politician.*—This word is used by Shakespeare in only four other places: Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 80; iii. 2. 34; I. Henry IV. i. 3. 241; and Lear, iv. 6. 175; always in a bad sense, meaning a plotter, conspirator.

561. Line 87: *o'er-reaches.*—Ff. (instead of the reading of Qq.) have *o'er-offices,* a word not elsewhere known, perhaps a misprint, perhaps Shakespeare's coinage for his thought.

562. Lines 92–94: *my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it.*—Compare Timon, i. 2. 216–218:

> And now I remember, my lord, you gave
> Good words the other day of a bay courser
> I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

563. Line 100: *to play at* LOGGATS *with 'em.*—A description of the game of *loggats* (diminutive of *log*) is

[1] The tune given to the song in the margin of an old copy of Tottel's Miscellany is given by Chappel at p. 216, and by Furness at p. 382.

given by the Clarendon Press edd. on the authority of the Rev. G. Gould: "The game so called resembles bowls, but with a notable difference. First it is played not on a green, but on a floor strewed with rushes. The Jack is a wheel of lignum-vitæ or other hard wood nine inches in diameter and three or four inches thick. The loggat, made of apple-wood, is a truncated cone 26 or 27 inches in length, tapering from a girth of 8½ or 9 inches at the one end to 3½ or 4 inches at the other. Each player has three loggats which he throws, holding lightly the thin end. The object is to lie as near the Jack as possible. The only place we have heard of where this once popular game is now played is the Hampshire Hog Inn, Norwich." Compare Ben Jonson, Tale of a Tub, iv. 6:

> Now are they tossing of his legs and arms
> Like *loggats* at a pear-tree.

Boyer, French Dictionary, has *Logating*, "a sort of unlawful game, now disused." It is one of the unlawful games named in the statute of 33 Henry VIII. c. 9.

564. Line 103: FOR AND *a shrouding-sheet.*—In the original (given above, note 559) *For and* is represented by *And eke*, of which it is the equivalent. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 3:

> Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
> *For and* the squire of damsels, as I take it.

See, for further instances, Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 385.

565. Line 108: *quiddits.*—Qq. have *quiddities*, which is found in I. Henry IV. i. 2. 51: "what, in thy quips and thy *quiddities?*" The word is from the scholastic term *quidditas*, used by the mockers for equivocations. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "Quiddity, a Term in Philosophy, the Essence, Being, or definition of a thing," also "Quiddity, or Pun," and "Quiddity, or subtle Question."

566. Line 108: *quillets.*—This is a word of similar meaning, perhaps corrupted from *quidlibet* (see also Love's Labour's Lost, note 137). Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 4. 17: "These nice sharp *quillets* of the law." Boyer gives: "Quillet, Subst. Ex. The Querks and Quillets of the Law, *Les Tours & Detours, les Subtilitez, les Chicanes*, ou *les Chicanneries du Palais*"

567. Lines 113, 114: *his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries.*—Compare Dekker, Gull's Hornbook, ch. v.: "There is another ordinary, to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney do resort; . . . every man's eye here is upon the other man's trencher, to note whether his fellow lurch him or not: if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of *statutes*, bonds, *recognizances*, *fines*, *recoveries*, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter."

568. Line 115: *the* FINE *of his fines.*—*Fine* is used here with a play upon its more remote significance of end, as in All's Well, iv. 4. 35. Rushton (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 10) takes *fine* in the expression below, his *fine pate full of* FINE *dirt*, to have the same meaning.

569. Line 149: *we must speak by the card.*—The origin of the familiar phrase, now become proverbial, *to speak by the card*, is not certain. Malone defines it thus: "we must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a sea-*chart*, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. So, in the Commonwealth and Government of Venice, 4to, 1599, p. 177: 'Sebastian Munster in his *carde* of Venice—.' Again, in Bacon's Essays, p. 326, edit. 1740: 'Let him carry with him also some *card*, or book, describing the country where he travelleth. In 1589 was published in 4to. A Briefe Discourse of *Mappes* and *Cardes*, and of their Uses.—The 'shipman's *card*' in Macbeth [i. 3. 17], is the paper on which the different points of the compass are described."

570. Line 151: *the age is grown so* PICKED.—Cotgrave defines *Miste:* "Neat, spruce, compt, quaint, *picked*, minion, tricksie, fine, gay." See Love's Labour's Lost, note 145.

571. Line 177: *I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.*—This passage has roused a lively discussion on the subject of Hamlet's age. The Clown's statement is very explicit. In line 154 Hamlet says: "How long hast thou been a grave-maker?" to which he replies with considerable detail, that he "came to 't" "the very day that young Hamlet was born." The passage seems to be introduced for the special purpose of giving us a precise idea as to Hamlet's age, yet, all the same, it is difficult to imagine the Hamlet of the early part of the play a man of thirty. A long discussion of the subject will be found in Furness, vol. i. pp. 391–394; Marshall, in his Study of Hamlet, devotes pp. 181, 182 to the question. He comes to the conclusion that Hamlet is really intended to be nearer twenty than thirty, but that Shakespeare "added these details, which tend to prove Hamlet to have been thirty years old, for much the same reason as he inserted the line—

> He 's fat and scant of breath—

namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in accordance with those of the great actor, Burbage, who personated him." Probably Dr. Furnivall is right in boldly asserting that Shakespeare is really inconsistent with himself (New Shak. Soc. Trans. 1874, p. 494): "We know how early, in olden time, young men of rank were put to arms; how early, if they went to a University, they left it for training in Camp and Court. Hamlet, at a University, could hardly have passt 20; and with this age, the plain mention of his 'youth of primy nature' (I. iii. 7), and 'nature crescent, . . not . . alone in thews and bulk' (I. iii. 11–12), 'Lord Hamlet . . he is young' (I. iii. 123–4), &c., by Polonius and Laertes, agrees. With this, too, agrees the King's reproach to Hamlet for his 'intent in going back to school at Wittenberg.' . . I look on it as certain, that when Shakspere began the play he conceivd Hamlet as quite a young man. But as the play grew, as greater weight of reflection, of insight into character, of knowledge of life, &c., were wanted, Shakspere necessarily and naturally made Hamlet a formd man; and, by the time that he got to the Grave-diggers' scene, told us the Prince was 30—the right age for him then: but not his age to Laertes & Polonius when they warnd Ophelia against his blood that burnd, his youthful fancy for her—'a toy in blood'—&c. The two

parts of the play *are* inconsistent on this main point in Hamlet's state."

572. Line 203: *Yorick.*—Perhaps connected with the Danish form of the name George (Jörg), the *J* being pronounced as *y*. Furness observes that "Jerick" is the name of a "Dutch Bowr" in Chapman's Alphonsus.

573. Line 211: *to set the table on a roar.*—The Clarendon Press edd. compare the expression "to set *on* fire," and Exodus xix. 18, where "*on* a smoke" is used for smoking.

574. Line 236: IMPERIOUS *Cæsar.*—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff have *Imperiall*, which is of course the sense of the word. The former was quite as customary in Shakespeare's time, and is used by him six or seven times. Dyce compares Fletcher's Prophetess, ii. 3: "'Tis imperious Rome."

575. Line 239: *the winter's* FLAW.—Cotgrave has "Tourbillon de vent. A whirlewind; also, a gust, *flaw*, berry, sudden blast, or boisterous tempest of wind." Compare Venus and Adonis, 456:

> Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

The word is still used occasionally.

576. Line 241: *who is* THAT *they follow?*—Qq. print *this* in place of the Ff.'s *that*. The latter seems to me the more appropriate of the two.

577. Line 250: *warranty; i.e.* warrant, is the reading of Qq., and all the Ff., except the first, which has *warrantis*, altered by Dyce into *warrantise*. Cotgrave gives both forms: "Garentage: m. *Warrantie, warrantize*, warrantage." The word *warranty* is used again in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 132, 133:

> And from your love I have a *warranty*
> T' unburden all my plots and purposes;

and in Othello, v. 2. 58–61:

> I never did
> Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
> But with such general *warranty* of heaven
> As I might love.

578. Line 255: *Yet here she is allow'd her virgin* CRANTS. —*Crants* is the reading of Qq. (except the 6th); Ff. and Q. 6 have *rites*, which looks like a conjectural alteration of a word not understood by the editors. The word *crants* seems to be the German *krantz*, a garland, which in Lowland Scotch becomes *crance*, but in English has never been found except in the instance in the text. Elze found in Chapman's Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, two instances of the word—elsewhere unknown, I believe, in English—*corance* meaning a crown, probably of flowers. He thought it threw a light on the *crants* of Hamlet, and that we ought to read that word *crance*. The *custom* of bearing garlands before the hearse at a maiden's funeral, and hanging them up afterwards in the church, is narrated in Brand's Pop. Antiq. ii. 302–307; but the *word* "crants" is not used except as a quotation from the *Hamlet* instance. These wreaths are still to be seen in many country churches. See N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1888, p. 180.

579. Line 260: *To sing* A *requiem.*—Ff. print *sage requiem*, which some editors have endeavoured to defend, to explain, or to amend.

580. Lines 261–263:

> *Lay her i' the earth;*
> *And from her fair and unpolluted flesh*
> *May violets spring!*

Compare Persius, Sat. i.:

> e tumulo fortunataque favilla
> Nascentur violæ;

and Tennyson, In Memoriam, xviii.:

> 'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
> Where he in English earth is laid,
> And from his ashes may be made
> The violets of his native land.

581. Line 269: *O, treble woes.*—I have adopted here Walker's conjecture (followed by Furness). Qq. print *woe* (which is universally followed), Ff. *wooer* (which is evidently wrong). But as Furness very justly remarks: "I think it likely that either the *r* in *woer* of F. 1 is a misprint for *s*, or else the compositor mistook the *s* in the MS. from which he set up. Moreover, the plural somewhat avoids the cacophony of the singular: '*Oh*, treble *woe*.'"

582. Lines 271, 272:

> *Whose wicked deed thy most* INGENIOUS *sense*
> *Depriv'd thee of!*

The Clarendon Press edd. very aptly compare Lear, iv. 6. 286–291:

> how stiff is my vile sense,
> That I stand up, and have *ingenious* feeling
> Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
> So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
> And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
> The knowledge of themselves.

583. Line 298: *Woo't.*—This contraction for "wouldst thou" or "wilt thou," still used by the common people in the North, is used by Shakespeare only here (where it marks contempt); in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 63, where it is a part of the low language of Hostess Quickly; and in two places in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 7, where it is used by Antony to Enobarbus in a tone of familiarity, and iv. 15. 59, where Cleopatra says it tenderly to the dying Antony. It occurs several times in Day's Humour out of Breath, always in familiar talk or as a vulgarism.

584. Line 299: *Woo't drink up* EISEL?—Furness devotes nearly five pages (pp. 405–409) of his New Variorum Ed. to this puzzling line. The Qq. print *Esill*, the Ff. *Esile* (in italics); Q. 1 has *vessels*. Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p 480) has the following note, which has had the credit of starting the only two really plausible interpretations which have been suggested: "This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overyssel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean,—Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature; and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

> Wilt drink up *Eisel?* eat a crocodile?

i.e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury as eating the flesh of a *crocodile.* And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term." The former conjecture—that a river is meant—is followed or defended by Hanmer, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Nares, Caldecott, Knight, Elze, Halliwell, Keightley, &c.—most of them deciding in favour of Yssel. Hanmer conjectured *Nile*, which Elze further altered into *Nilus;* and Steevens suggested *Weissel* as an alternative to *Yssel.* The other interpretation—that *Esill* and *Esile* stand for *Eisel*, or vinegar (A.S. *aisil*)—is followed by Warburton, Johnson, Jenner, Dyce, Staunton, the Cambridge edd., &c. The word is found in Sonnet cxi. 9–12, where the original Q. reads:

> Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
> Potions of *Eysell* gainst my strong infection,
> No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
> Nor double pennance to correct correction.

The Clarendon Press edd. quote from a MS. Herbal in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge (O. 1. 13): "Acetosum anᶜᵉ vynegre or *aysel.*" Theobald cites Chaucer, The Romaunt of the Rose, 217:

> breed
> Kneden with *eisel* strong and egre,

and Sir Thomas More, Poems (ed. 1557, p. 21):

> remember therewithal
> How Christ for thee tasted *eisel* and gall.

Hunter cites the Salisbury Primer, 1555, where the eighth prayer begins: "O blessed Jesu! . . . I beseech thee for the bitterness of the *aysell* and gall that thou tasted;" and Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1562, where we have "*Assentio*, Eysell;" and Florio renders the same word by *Wormwood.* But a still nearer approach in spelling to the word as we find it in Qq. and Ff. occurs in my copy of Boyer's French Dictionary, ed. 1729: "Eisil, *Subst.* (an old *English* word for vinegar) *Vinaigre.*" Boyer marks it as obsolete. The probabilities seem to me strongly in favour of this interpretation. As Singer notes, "it was a fashion with the gallants of Shakespeare's time to do some extravagant feat *as a proof of their love* in honour of their mistresses, and among others the swallowing of some nauseous potion was one of the most frequent."

585. Line 307.—This speech is in the Ff. most erroneously given to the King. The Qq. attribute it to the Queen, with whom it is obviously much more in keeping.

586. Line 310: *When that her golden couplets are disclos'd.*—Steevens observes: "During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets*, (for she lays no more than *two* eggs,) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself; as all her young require in that early state to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male." But here "couplets" means eggs, and "disclos'd" means revealed, not as in note 323.

587. Line 315: *dog will have his day.*—The origin of this proverbial expression does not seem to be known. A. O. S. in the Athenæum, Oct. 3, 1868, gives an extract from a letter of the Princess Elizabeth to her sister, Queen Mary: "*as a dog hathe a day*, so may I;" and in the Athenæum of Nov 19, 1870, Mr. P. A. Daniel quotes the Interlude of New Custom, 1573, ii. 3: "Well, if it chaunce that *a dogge hath a day,*" &c., and Jonson's Tale of a Tub, ii. 1: "A man hath his hour, & *a dog his day.*" Elze gives the same phrase from Summer's Last Will and Testament (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 37).

ACT V. Scene 2.

588. Line 6: *bilboes.*—Steevens, who gives a cut in illustration (Var. Sh. vol. vii. p. 486), says: "The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakespeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep*" Boyer defines *Bilboes* as a "Sort of Punishment at Sea."

589. Line 9: *When our deep plots do* FAIL.—Ff. have *paule*, Q. 2 has *pall*, the later Qq. *fall.* The reading in the text was introduced by Pope. It is difficult to see the sense of *pall* in this connection, though Malone compares Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 88:

> I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more;

but it is one thing to speak of *fortunes* as *pall'd*, or become tarnished, decayed, and quite another to speak of *plots* in the same way. A plot succeeds or fails, it does not pall. Ingleby (The Shakespeare Fabrications, p. 115, and Littledale's ed. of The Two Noble Kinsmen, pp. 149, 150) considers that *fall* was used as a synonym of *fail*, and he compares Othello, iii. 3. 237; Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 37; Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 6. 236 and 272; Sir John Oldcastle, iv. 1; but the instances seem to me doubtful, some not meaning *fail*, others more likely to be a misprint.

590. Line 11: *Rough-hew.*—Florio has: "*Abbozzare*, to *rough-hew* or cast any first draught." Steevens gives almost too exact a parallel to Shakespeare's phrase in a communication from Dr. Farmer, who was under the impression that a dealer in skewers had said to him of his nephew: "he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends.*"

591. Line 13: *sea-gown.*—Cotgrave has: "Esclavine: f. as Esclamme; or a *sea-gowne;* or a course, high-collered, and short-sleeued gowne, reaching downe to the mid leg, and vsed most by sea-men, and saylers."

592. Line 17: *to* UNSEAL.—So Ff.; Qq. by evident attraction from *sold* above, print *unfold.* Shakespeare would of course have avoided a rhyme in the middle of a passage of blank verse.

593. Line 19: *O royal knavery!*—The Qq. reading *A royal knavery* is very likely intended for *Ah, royal knavery.*

594. Line 20: LARDED *with many several sorts of* REASONS.—Compare iv. 5. 37: "*Larded* with sweet flowers." Ff., in place of the Qq. *reasons*, have *reason*, which a few editors, one can scarcely see why, have adopted.

595. Line 22: *With, ho! such* BUGS *and goblins in my life.* —*Bug* is used several times in Shakespeare for bugbear. Cotgrave renders: "Gobelin:" "A Goblin, Hob-goblin, Robin-goodfellow, *Bug.*" See III. Henry VI. note 305. *In my life* of course means, "in my continuing to live."

596. Lines 33–35:

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning.

It seems that illegible writing has always been considered a mark of distinction It obviously is so now; and Shakespeare, and not Shakespeare alone, is witness that it was formerly. Ritson quotes from Florio's Montaigne, 1608, p. 125: "I have in my time seene some who by writing did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprentiss age, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so vulgar a quality."

597. Line 36: *It did me yeoman's service; i.e.* such good service as the yeomen, who composed the mass of the infantry and were famous for their bravery, rendered in war.

598. Line 42: *And stand a* COMMA *'tween their amities.* —Johnson very well defines the precise force of *comma* (a question to which Furness devotes two pages) as the note of connection and continuity (in sentences), as opposed to the period, or note of abruption and disjunction. The expression seems to me so natural, and its meaning so obvious, that I do not see why so much difficulty should have been foisted into a plain enough passage. Elze compares Marston, Antonio and Mellida, iv. 1:

We 'll point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing *commas*, and even suck
The liquid breath from out each other's lips.
—Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. i. p. 51.

599. Lines 46, 47:

He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shriving-time allow'd.

In the Hystorie of Hamblet the ministers of the usurper are represented as aware of the treacherous mission on which they are sent, but there is no intimation in the play that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew anything about it. Was, then, Hamlet justified in having them executed, or was he guilty of a piece of merely wanton cruelty? Not justified, says Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 485); justified, says Strachey (Hamlet, p. 96). F. A. Marshall, in his Study of Hamlet, devotes pp. 63–69 to this question. The language of Hamlet, he says, in his narrative to Horatio, "indicates great excitement, and, as I have said before, is characterized by a childish exultation in the success of his strategy. That he should have thus craftily obtained, at the same time, such strong proofs of the King's treachery, and so ready a means of avenging himself on the two time-serving courtiers who had been so faithless to their professed friendship for him, seems to have produced no other impression on his mind than one of delighted self-satisfaction. . . . Strange, indeed, is the contrast between his endless self-vindications, as far as the King is concerned, and his utter indifference at the sudden and fearful end he has contrived for the two courtiers. . . .

"The malignant misrepresentation of Hamlet's character, for which Steevens is responsible, has drawn forth many able and indignant vindications of Shakespeare s favourite hero; but while unable to agree with any of Steevens' deductions, I must confess that he seems right in refusing to judge Hamlet by any other evidence than that afforded by the tragedy itself. . . .

"It is useless to deny that in the play of 'Hamlet there is not one line which can be fairly said to prove that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew what were the contents of the packet committed to their care. Hamlet himself does not say they knew it; he expresses his distrust of them in the strongest language to his mother (see act iii. scene 4, lines 202 to 210 inclusive), but all that he says to Horatio now is—

Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
. . . . . their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:

and he seems to justify the terrible punishment he had inflicted on them by the very fact that their conduct throughout had been so underhand, and so cunningly false to him as their friend and prince, that although their treachery was undoubted, they had not been openly guilty of any design against his life. Hamlet declares—

They are not near my conscience;

because he considers that by laying themselves out to serve the King's ends from the very first moment they arrived at Court; by their lack of frankness towards him, their old schoolfellow, at their first meeting; by their steadily blinding their eyes to the state of affairs at Court, and by denying to the griefs of their friend any sympathy; by readily accepting the theory of his madness without trying to account for his melancholy and retirement from Court in any other manner; by accepting an embassy which their own common sense must have told them could not mean any good to Hamlet, they had been so false to the duties of friendship and to the honour of gentlemen, that they deserved the death of traitors."

600. Line 63: *Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon?*—F. 1 has *thinkst thee;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *think'st thee;* the Qq. *think thee* and *think you.* The reading in the text is the conjectural emendation of Sidney Walker, who suggested that *thinkst thee* should be *thinks't thee, i.e.* "thinks it thee." He cites another instance of a similar construction from Cartwright's Ordinary, iii. 3:

Little *thinks 't thee* how diligent thou art
To little purpose; —Dodsley, vol. x. p. 216.

where editors have always read, as in the passage in the text, *think'st thee.*—*Stand me now upon* means, is imperative on me. The same expression is used in Richard II. ii. 3. 138:

It *stands your grace upon* to do him right.

601. Lines 68–80 are omitted in Qq., a curious omission, as, according to Ff., it makes Hamlet's speech break off in the middle of a sentence.

602. Line 73: *It will be short: the interim is mine.*—Ff. print *the interim's mine.* The correction was introduced by Hanmer.

603. Line 78: *I'll* COURT *his favours.*—This emendation is Rowe's—*court* for *count.* It is so very probable that I have not hesitated to introduce it into the text; but at

the same time I do not deny that the original may after all be the right reading, and *count* mean make account of.

604. Line 83: *Dost know this* WATER-FLY?—Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 36–38: "Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such *waterflies*,—diminutives of nature!" Johnson sensibly takes *water-fly* to be the emblem of a busy trifler, from its way of dancing aimlessly to and fro over the surface of the water.

605. Line 91: *Sweet lord, if your* LORDSHIP *were at leisure.*—Ff. misprint *friendship.*

606. Lines 101, 102: *it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.*—Qq. print *or* in place of *for*, which Warburton printed as an unfinished sentence, understanding "or my complexion *deceives me.*" It seems to me that one reading is just as plausible as the other.

607. Line 108: *I beseech you, remember*—.—It appears from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 103 that the conventional phrase was "remember thy courtesy." Staunton quotes from Lusty Juventus, ed. Hawkins, p. 142: "I pray you *be remembered*, and cover your head;" and Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 1: "Pray you *remember your courts'y* . . . Nay, pray you be cover'd."

608. Line 109: *for mine ease.*—This also appears to have been a conventional phrase. The expression occurs also in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent:

> *Cun.* I beseech you, sir, be covered.
> *Sly.* No, in good faith, *for mine ease;*

and in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, ii. 3:

> Is 't *for your ease*
> You keep your hat off?

Malone quotes from Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, p. 111:

> Why do you stand barehedded?
> Pardon me, good sir, I doe it *for mine ease.*

609. Lines 109–150.—In place of these lines the Ff. have only: "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon."

610. Lines 114–116: *he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*—This is well explained by Johnson: "[He is] the general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time; that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation."

611. Lines 118–121: *to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,* AND YET BUT YAW NEITHER, *in respect of his quick sail.*—Q. 2 reads *yaw*, the later Qq. *raw. Yaw* is a nautical term, used of the unsteady motion made by a ship in a swell, when she does not properly answer her helm. The passage as it reads is somewhat confused, and Dyce conjectured that *yet* was a misprint for *it*, spelt *yt*. Hamlet intended to puzzle Osric, so why should he not puzzle the commentators? It seems to me that Abbott is right in taking the sense to be: "do *nothing but* lay clumsily behind neither." The ellipsis of the negative explains *neither.*

612. Line 124: *semblable.*—This word is used by Shakespeare in one other place, Timon, iv. 3. 22, as a substantive, and twice as an adjective, II. Henry IV. v. 1. 73, and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 3. As an adjective it is given in Boyer's Dictionary as the equivalent of the French *semblable.*

613. Line 148: HIS *weapon.*—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 misprint *this.*

614. Line 157: *hangers.*—Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "The hangers of a belt, *Les pendans d'un baudrier*, ou *d'un ceinturon*, les parties qui pendent au bas du baudrier & au travers desquelles on passe l'epée." Steevens compares Chapman's Iliad, c. xi.:

> The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac'd.

Elze quotes Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part II. iv. 1: "I could feast ten good fellows with those *hangers*," as a proof of the cost and sumptuousness of them.

615. Lines 172–175: *The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine.*—This wager is of course, as it is put, impossible; but a gentleman of Osric's fineness of speech could not be expected to be very precise in a matter of mere arithmetic. "It was impossible," says Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 199, "that Osric could state anything clearly or simply; but I think the meaning is plain. 'A dozen passes' does not mean simply twelve hits, for in a pass both might score a hit, the wager being that Laertes will not gain three more hits than Hamlet. To do this it is plain Laertes must hit his opponent twelve times at least in every twenty-one, or four times in every seven; the odds, in short, that Laertes lays on himself are twelve to nine, or four to three. It would have been quite clear if Osric had said that the King had laid that Laertes would not win best out of seven hits three times, for that is what it really comes to. I think the expression 'a dozen' was a very vague one in Shakespeare's time, and that if the text is corrupt, the corruption lies in these words. In the Quarto 1603 we find the Gravedigger, speaking of Yorick's skull, says to Hamlet, 'Looke you, here's a skull hath bin here these dozen yeare.'" In Ff. and Qq., it will be remembered, the passage reads: "Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain [hath lain you] in the earth three and twenty years."

616. Line 176: *if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.*—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 159–161:

> I would revenges,
> That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
> And put us to our *answer.*

617. Lines 193, 194: *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*—Malone cites Mere's Palladis Tamia, 1598: "As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head as soon as she is hatched." Steevens quotes very similar words from Greene's Never Too Late, 1601. The bird thus becomes easily the symbol of a forward fellow. For the still more usual signification given to the lapwing—that of insincerity—compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 32, and see note 169 to Much Ado.

618. Line 196: *many more of the same* BREED.—This is the reading of Qq. F. 1 prints *mine more of the same Beauy;* the later Ff. *nine.* Some editors have adopted the *bevy* of this otherwise plainly corrupt reading, to which I should hesitate to be indebted.

619. Line 200: FOND AND WINNOWED *opinions.*—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *prophane and trennowed* or *trennowned.* Warburton conjectured *fann'd and winnowed;* Tschischwitz *profound and winnowed,* which the Clarendon Press edd. incline to. Either of these emendations may possibly be right; but *fond and winnowed* gives very good sense (though the metaphor is certainly mixed): *fond* opinions, foolish and affected ones; *winnowed* opinions, carefully tested, select ones—through both of which the fool's *yesty collection* (frothy fragments of fly-away knowledge) bears him indiscriminately.

620. Lines 203–218 are omitted in Ff.

621. Lines 234, 235: *since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.*—Ff. read, with slight difference of spelling, "Since no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is 't to leave betimes?" Qq. have "since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be." The reading in the text, which follows chiefly the Ff., was first introduced by Caldecott. The meaning seems to be: "since no man has (as a real and firm possession) aught of what he must leave behind him, what matter if he leaves it early or late?" It is very possible that Johnson's conjecture may be right, and the true reading be: "Since no man knows aught of what he leaves," &c.; the meaning being, in Johnson's own words, "*Since no man knows aught of* the state of which *he leaves,* since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity?"

622. Lines 237–255.—Johnson says of these lines: "I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood." Strachey's reply is, I think, reasonable (Hamlet, p. 79): "Surely both assertions of Hamlet [the protestation to his mother that he is not mad 'essentially, but 'mad in craft,' and this] are *true*—one of Hamlet, the other of the other Hamlet who is 'not himself,' but 'his madness,' and 'poor Hamlet's enemy.' His mind is diseased, but not a mere mass of disease: health is still very strong there, so strong as to keep the disease under great control, and often to suppress it altogether for a time. And these opposite assertions are not only true of Hamlet's two opposite states of mind, but true in reference to the two occasions on which they are made. His reason did lose its authority for the time at the grave of Ophelia, but his designs on the murdering usurper are quite rational, and it is his craft to make them seem madness. Nor is his ghost-seeing, *ecstasy,*—this is (as we learn from the distinction between madness and ecstasy in a previous speech in this scene) the excitement and delirium of the senses: it has nothing in common with the fantasies of a fever or night-mare, and if it be a delusion, it is one which leaves the head cool, and the powers of the practical understanding in full vigour."

623. Line 242: *exception.*—Compare All 's Well, i. 2. 38–41:

> his honour,
> Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
> *Exception* bid him speak, and at this time
> His tongue obey'd his hand.

624. Line 252: *disclaiming from.*—Cotgrave has "Desadvoüement: m. A disaduowing, or *disclaiming from.*"

625. Line 255: *brother.*—So Qq. Ff. have *mother.*

626. Line 261: *To keep my name* UNGOR'D.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 227, 228:

> I see my reputation is at stake;
> My fame is shrewdly *gor'd.*

627. Line 272: *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.*—The odds of course refers here to the king's stake as compared with that of Laertes; not to the terms of the wager, which were in favour of Hamlet.

628. Line 274: *But since he 's better'd.*—Qq. print *better. Better'd* probably refers to Laertes' practice in Paris.

629. Lines 285–289:

> *Give me the cups;*
> *And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,*
> *The trumpet to the cannoneer without,*
> *The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,*
> *"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"*

Compare Stowe's Annales, 1605, p. 1436: "Thursday the 14. day [of July, 1603] . . . That afternoone the king [of Denmark] went aboord the English ship, and had a banket prepared for him vpon the vpper decks, which were hung with an Awning of cloath of Tissue: euery health reported sixe, eight, or ten shot of great Ordinance, so that, during the king's abode, the ship discharged 160 shot." This seems to have been customary in Denmark on solemn occasions; Elze cites Gfrörer, History of Gustavus Adolphus, 1852, p. 127. In 1615 King Christian IV. of Denmark gave a splendid banquet in honour of the Swedish envoy Skyth, who occupied a place at the king's right hand. "Skyth rose up, addressed Christian in Latin, and drank brotherhood to him in the name of his own sovereign. Christian arose, answered the speech of the envoy and, with the sound of cannon and kettle-drums, emptied the goblet to the bottom."

630. Line 283: *union.*—Q. 2 prints *Vnice,* in the later Qq. *onyx,* variously spelt. Florio has "*Vnione* . . . a great, faire, and orient pearl." The word comes from "unio," unique, as no two pearls are exactly alike. Steevens quotes Holland's translation of Pliny, ix. 35: "And hereupon it is, that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, have devised this name for them, and call them *Vniones;* as a man would say, Singular, and by themselves alone." The King's announcement about the pearl was no doubt done to give him an opportunity of dropping poison into the cup. See 337 below: "is thy *union* here?"

631. Line 298: *He 's fat and scant of breath.*—A generally received opinion is that this line was put in to suit the physical peculiarities of the actor who first took the part. He was, no doubt, Richard Burbage, the leading tragedian of the company when Hamlet was produced. The date of Burbage's birth is not known; but he is reasonably supposed to have been about thirty years of age in 1600. He died 13th March, 1618/19, and an Elegy on his death (printed by Collier in his Memoirs of Actors, Sh. Soc., 1846, p. 52) mentions many of the parts he played. Among those which the poet declares to have died with him is that of Hamlet:—

No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry "Revenge!" for his dear father's death.

Further on the elegist describes him as of "stature small," and that, I believe, is all the knowledge we possess of Burbage's personage.

632. Line 314: Stage-direction: "Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes."—This stage-direction is Rowe's; the Qq. give none, the Ff. have "In scuffling they change Rapiers." "How this change of foils is brought about," says Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 200, "is not quite certain. Salvini delighted and surprised the audience, at the first representation he gave of Hamlet, by the graceful manner in which he managed this exchange. After Laertes had hit him, he put his hand up to his side, as if he felt the prick of the unbated weapon; then just as Laertes was about to take up his foil, which had been knocked out of his hand in the encounter, Signor Salvini placed his foot upon it, and, bowing gracefully, presented his antagonist with his own foil. Graceful as this undeniably is, I do not think it can be justified on a careful consideration of the scene; the action is too deliberate; it is manifest that Hamlet does not stop when he is hit, but that he continues his attack furiously till the point of each foil getting caught in the hilt of the other, both are disarmed; but they do not stop, Hamlet being too eager to hit Laertes; each snatches at the first weapon that comes to his hand, and they continue the struggle, in which Hamlet wounds Laertes. In answer to the objection that Laertes, though struck with the venomed point after Hamlet, when the virulence of the poison might be supposed to have diminished, yet dies the first—it may be observed that Hamlet's wound was probably much the slighter of the two, for the excited state in which he evidently was, and not knowing he had an unbated weapon in his hand, he would probably strike Laertes much harder than Laertes, knowing the deadly power of the poison, had struck him. Hamlet's words after the scuffle—

Nay, come, again—

could hardly have been spoken had he detected Laertes treachery, or had he been conscious that he was wounded. His mind is, I believe, entirely wrapped up in the trial of skill, for the time being, and his excitement arises from his eagerness to win the match."

Furness, vol. ii. p. 338, quotes from the Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, 1869, p. 376, the following explanation by Hermann Freiherr von Friesen, which seems to me to clear up the difficulties very reasonably:—"There is only one way, I conceive, of solving this problem on the stage, and that is by reference to the Rules of the Fencing-school, and the lesson that relates to 'Disarming with the Left Hand.' The French translator possibly knew this lesson, as he paraphrases the stage-direction ('They catch one another's rapiers, and both are wounded') with the following words, 'Laerte blesse Hamlet, et dans la chaleur de l'assaut ils se désarment et changent de fleuret, et Hamlet blesse Laerte.' The lesson upon disarming, if I may depend upon the memory of my schooldays, is somewhat this: As soon as your opponent has made a pass and is about to return to his guard, you strike the most powerful battute possible (*i.e.* a blow descending along the blade of your opponent), in order to throw your opponent's blade out of its position, if possible, with its point downwards, at the same instant you advance the left foot close to the outer side of the right foot of your opponent, seize with the left hand the guard of your opponent's rapier, and endeavour to wrest the weapon from his fist by a powerful pressure downwards; if this manœuvre succeeds, you put the point of your dagger to the breast of your opponent, and compel him to confess himself vanquished. When your opponent does not succeed in withstanding the *battute*, which makes it impossible for him to keep back his assailant with the point of his dagger, there is nothing for him to do but to meet the attack with the same manœuvre, and get his assailant's weapon in his hand in the same way. With persons of equal skill this is the usual result, whereby they change places, and the combat is continued without delay.

633. Lines 317, 318:

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

F. J. V. in Notes and Queries, Aug. 8, 1874, p. 103, writes: "A woodcock is trained to decoy other birds into a springe; first, the fowler places him just outside the springe; then, while strutting about outside the springe, and calling, and by various arts alluring other birds, the woodcock incautiously places his foot in or on the springe, and so is caught." Elze, however, doubts whether the woodcock—a proverbially foolish bird—could be trained to anything; and supposes that it is simply fastened near the springe to allure other birds by its mere presence.

634. Lines 347, 348:

as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.

Compare Sonnet lxxiv. 1:

when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away.

Sergeant is used by Shakespeare for a sheriff's officer, in which sense the word was then current. Cotgrave has "Sergent: m. A *Sergeant*, Officer, Pursuyuant, Apparitor." Malone compares Silvester's Du Bartas (ed. 1633, p. 30):

And *Death, dread serjant*, of the eternall Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

635. Line 355: *O good Horatio.*—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *O god Horatio*, which is quite as good a reading.

636. Line 364: *o'er-crows.*—Johnson quotes from Spenser's View of the Present State of Ireland (Globe ed. p. 660): "A base varlett, that being but of late growen out of the dunghill beginneth nowe to *overcrowe* soe high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protectour of all outlawes and rebells that will repayre vnto him." We still use the expression, though only colloquially, to "crow over" anyone.

637. Lines 368, 369:

So tell him, with the OCCURRENTS, *more and less,*
Which have SOLICITED—*The rest is silence.*

Occurrents is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Steevens quotes Drayton, Baron's War, bk. i. canto xii.:

As our *occurrents* happen in degree.

Solicited means prompted or brought on. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 130:

This supernatural *soliciting*—

incitement, that is. Hamlet apparently breaks off in the midst of a sentence, feeling death upon him, and has but time to give utterance to his last sigh of relief or regret: *The rest is silence.* The Ff. print, after these words O, o, o, o—no doubt the absurd addition of some actor, who thought four groans would add to the effect of Hamlet's death.

638. Line 370: *Now* CRACKS *a noble heart.—Crack* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where we should use break. Compare Coriolanus, v. 3. 9 ("a *crack'd* heart"), Pericles, iii. 2. 77; Merry Wives, ii. 2. 301.

639. Line 375: *This quarry cries on havoc.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 273:

Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

The meaning of the phrase here seems to be: "This heap of dead urges to an indiscriminate slaughter." The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Todd's ed. of Johnson's Dictionary an enactment of the Statutes of Warre, &c., by Henry VIII., 1513: "That noo man be so hardy to *crye havoke*, upon payne of hym that is so found begynner, to dye therefore; and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and theyr bodyes punyshed at the Kynges will."

640. Line 376: *What feast is* TOWARD *in thine* ETERNAL *cell.—Toward,* meaning near at hand, is used once before in this play, i. 1. 77. *Eternal,* also, is used in i. 5. 21, with the same apparent meaning as here, *i.e.* infernal. (See note 136.) Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 160, and Othello, iv. 2. 130. The Yankee, therefore, with his "'tarnal," is not in such bad company after all.

641. Line 386: *jump.*—Compare i. 1. 65, and note 11.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN HAMLET.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abominably	iii.	2	39
Actively	iii.	4	87
Adjoined[1]	iii.	3	20
Ambiguous	i.	5	178
Amiss[2] (sub.)	iv.	5	18
Anchor[3]	iii.	2	229
Ancle	ii.	1	80
Annexment	iii.	3	21
Anticipation	ii.	2	304
Apoplexed	iii.	4	73
Appurtenance	ii.	2	388
Argal[4]	v.	1	12, 20, 55
Artless	iv.	5	19
Aslant	iv.	7	167
Assigns (sub.)	v.	2	157, 169
Assistant (adj.)	i.	3	3
Associates (sub.)	iv.	3	47
*Aunt-mother	ii.	2	394
Avouch (sub.)	i.	1	57
Back[5]	iv.	7	154
Backed (adj.)	iii.	2	397
Barked[6]	i.	5	71
Beautied	iii.	1	51
Beer-barrel	v.	1	235
Beetles (verb)	i.	4	71
Behove (sub.)	v.	1	71
Be-netted	v.	2	29

1 = tied to; = near to. Ant. iv. 10. 5.
2 = misfortune; = wrong, offence, Sonn. xxxv. 7; cli. 3.
3 = anchorite, hermit.
4 Clown's form of *ergo.*
5 = support in reserve.
6 = grown like bark.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Berattle	ii.	2	357
Bet (sub.)	v.	2	169
Betoken[7]	v.	1	242
Bilboes[8]	v.	2	6
Bitter (adv.)	i.	1	8
Blanks (verb)	iii.	2	230
Blastments	i.	3	42
Bloat	iii.	4	182
Bodiless	iii.	4	188
Brainish	iv.	1	11
Brute (adj.)	iii.	2	110
Bung-hole	v.	1	226
Button[9] (sub.)	ii.	2	233
Buttons[10] (sub.)	i.	3	40
Buz (interj.)	ii.	2	412
Buzzers	iv.	5	90
Cast[11] (sub.)	i.	1	73
Cast[12] (sub.)	iii.	1	85
Cataplasm	iv.	7	144
Cautel[13]	i.	3	15
Caviare	ii.	2	457
Cellarage	i.	5	151
Cerements	i.	4	48
Chanson	ii.	2	437

7 Venus and Adonis, 453.
8 = fetters. *Bilbo* = blade, sword, Mer. Wiv. i. 1. 166; iii. 5. 114.
9 = knob on a cap; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
10 = buds.
11 = forming in a mould; = throw of dice, I. Hen. IV. iv. 1. 47; Richard III. v. 4. 9.
12 = tinge, colouring.
13 Lover's Complaint, 303.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Chapfallen	v.	1	212
Chariest[14]	i.	3	36
Cherub	iv.	3	50
Chopine	ii.	2	446
Circumvent	v.	1	88
Clemency	iii.	2	160
Climatures	i.	1	125
Clutch (sub.)	v.	1	80
Coagulate	ii.	2	484
Co-mart	i.	1	93
Comical	ii.	2	416, 417
Commingled	iii.	2	74
Commutual	iii.	2	170
Comply[15]	ii.	2	390
	v.	2	195
Compost	iii.	4	151
Compound[16] (adj.)	iii.	4	49
Compulsative	i.	1	103
Concernancy	v.	2	128
Congruing	iv.	3	66
Considered (adj.)	ii.	2	81
Contraction	iii.	4	46
Contumely	iii.	1	71
Convenient (adv.)	i.	1	175
Coted[17]	ii.	2	329
Counterfeit[18] (adj.)	iii.	4	54

14 *Chary* occurs in Sonn. xxii. 11.
15 = to be courteous; = to yield, Othello, i. 3. 265.
16 = compact, solid; = composed, mixed, Sonn. cxxv. 7; Lover's Compl. 259.
17 = passed; = surpassed, Love's Lab. Lost, iv. 3. 87.
18 = portrayed; used repeatedly elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Crab[19]	ii.	2	206
Crants	v.	1	255
Crash (sub.)	ii.	2	498
Crib[20]	v.	2	88
Crimeful[21]	iv.	7	7
Crook	iii.	2	66
Crow-flowers	iv.	7	170
Definement	v.	2	116
Delver	v.	1	15
Demi-natured	iv.	7	88
Diameter	iv.	1	41
Dicers	iii.	4	45
Diction	v.	2	123
Disappointed	i.	5	77
Disclose (sub.)	iii.	1	174
Distilment	i.	5	64
Ditchers	v.	1	34
Document	iv.	5	178
*Down-gyved	ii.	1	80
Drabbing	ii.	1	26
Droppings	i.	5	69
Drossy	v.	2	197
Dupped	iv.	5	53
Eale	i.	4	36
Eisel[22]	v.	1	299
Emulate (adj.)	i.	1	83
Enactures	iii.	2	207
Encompassment	ii.	1	10
Encumbered	i.	5	174

19 = crawfish; elsewhere = crab-apple.
20 = manger; = hovel, II. Hen. IV. iii. 1. 9.
21 Lucrece, 970.
22 Sonn. cxi. 10.

WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Enseamed	iii.	4	92
Entreatments	i.	3	122
Enviously	iv.	5	6
Escoted	ii.	2	362
Ever-preserved	ii.	2	296
Extolment	v.	2	120
Eyases	ii.	2	355
*Falling-off	i.	5	47
Fanged (adj.)	iii.	4	203
Farm[1] (verb)	iv.	4	20
Fatness	iii.	4	153
Fear-surprised	i.	2	203
Fellies	ii.	2	517
Film (verb)	iii.	4	147
Fishmonger	ii.	2	174, 189
Flagon	v.	1	197
Flaxen	iv.	5	196
Flushing	i.	2	155
Forgery[2]	iv.	7	90
Fouled	ii.	1	79
Free-footed	iii.	3	26
Friending (sub.)	i.	5	186
Frock	iii.	4	164
Frowningly	i.	2	231
Fust	iv.	4	39
Gain-giving	v.	2	225
Gait[3]	i.	2	31
*Gallows-maker	v.	1	49
Gaming (verb)	ii.	1	24, 58
	iii.	3	91
Gentry[4]	ii.	2	22
	v.	2	114
Gib	iii.	4	190
Gibber	i.	1	116
Goose-quills	ii.	2	360
Grass-green	iv.	5	31
Grave-maker	v.	1	34, 66, 154
Grave-making	v.	1	74
Graveness	iv.	7	82
Groundlings	iii.	2	12
Hangers	v.	2	156, 164, 167
Hatchment	iv.	5	214
*Head-shake	i.	5	174
Heart-ache	iii.	1	62
*Heaven-kissing	iii.	4	59
Heaves (sub.)	iv.	1	1
Heavy-headed	i.	4	17
Hebenon	i.	5	62
Hectic	iv.	3	68
Hent (sub.)	iii.	3	88
Hey-day	iii.	4	69
Historical	ii.	2	417
Honeying (verb)	iii.	4	93

1 = to take on lease; = to let on lease, Rich. II. i. 4. 45.

2 = invention; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

3 = proceeding; frequently used in its ordinary senses.

4 = courtesy, gentility; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Hoodman-blind	iii.	4	77
Horridly	i.	4	55
	ii.	2	479
*Hugger-mugger	iv.	5	84
Hush (adj.)	ii.	2	508
*Ill-breeding	iv.	5	15
Illo	i.	5	114
Illume	i.	1	37
Impartment	i.	4	59
Impasted	ii.	2	481
Implorators	i.	3	129
Imponed	v.	2	156, 170
Impotence	ii.	2	66
Incorporal	iii.	4	118
Incorpsed	iv.	7	88
Incorrect	i.	2	95
Individable	ii.	2	418
Inexplicable	iii.	2	13
Infusion[5]	v.	2	122
Inhibition	ii.	2	346
Inoculate	iii.	1	119
Instrumental	i.	2	48
Intil	v.	1	81
In-urned	i.	4	49
Inventorially	v.	2	118
Jaw-bone	v.	1	85
Jig-maker	iii.	2	132
John-a-dreams	ii.	2	595
Joint-labourer	i.	1	78
Jointress	i.	2	9
Kettle	v.	2	286
*Kettle-drum	i.	4	11
Kindless	ii.	2	609
Lash[6] (sub.)	iii.	1	50
Lazar-like	i.	5	72
Leperous	i.	5	64
Life-rendering	iv.	5	146
Loggats	v.	1	100
Loudly	v.	2	411
Machine	ii.	2	124
Malefactions	ii.	2	621
Mallecho	iii.	2	147
Masterly (adj.)	iv.	7	97
Matin	i.	5	89
Mermaid-like	iv.	7	177
Miching	iii.	2	147
Mobled	ii.	2	525, 526, 527
Moor[7]	iii.	4	67
Mortised	iii.	3	20
Moult	ii.	2	306
Mouse-trap	iii.	2	247
Mouth[8] (verb)	iii.	2	3
	v.	1	306

5 = essential qualities; = a medicinal liquor, Wint. iv. 4. 816; Pericles, iii. 2. 35.

6 = stroke of a whip; = thong of a whip, Romeo, i. 4. 63.

7 = a fen.

8 = to speak big.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Mouth[9] (verb)	v.	2	20
Muddy-mettled	ii.	2	594
*Murdering-piece	iv.	5	95
Mutine (verb)	iii.	4	83
Non	iv.	5	165
Northerly	v.	2	99
North-north-west[10]	ii.	2	396
Note[11] (verb)	i.	5	179
Noyance	iii.	3	13
Nunnery	iii.	1	122, 133, 142, 145
Occulted	iii.	2	85
Occurrents	v.	2	368
O'ercrows	v.	2	364
O'erdoing	iii.	2	14
O'ergrowth	i.	4	27
O'erhanging	ii.	2	312
O'erhasty	ii.	2	57
O'erleavens	i.	4	29
O'ersized	ii.	2	484
O'erstep	iii.	2	21
O'erteemed	ii.	2	531
Omen	i.	1	123
Oppressor[12]	iii.	1	71
Ordinant	v.	2	48
Outbreak	ii.	1	33
Out-herods	iii.	2	15
Overdone	iii.	2	22, 28
Overhappy	ii.	2	232
Pajock	iii.	2	295
Pale[13]	i.	5	90
Palmy	i.	1	113
Panders (verb)	iii.	4	88
Pansies	iv.	5	177
Pastoral-comical	ii.	2	416
Pastors	i.	3	47
Peace-parted	v.	1	261
Periwig-pated	iii.	2	10
Permanent	i.	3	8
Perusal[14]	ii.	1	90
Petar	iii.	4	207
Pickers	iii.	2	348
Pigeon-livered	ii.	2	604
Plurisy	iv.	7	118
Pocky	v.	1	181
Poem	ii.	2	418
Polack	i.	1	63
	ii.	2	63, 75
	iv.	4	23
	v.	2	387
Pole[15]	iv.	4	21
Pooh	i.	3	101
	v.	1	221
Portraiture	v.	2	78
Posset (verb)	i.	5	68
Powerfully	ii.	2	203

9 = to take into the mouth.

10 *north, north-west* in F. 1.

11 = to show.

12 Lucrece, 905.

13 = to make pale; used elsewhere = to inclose, encompass.

14 Son. xxxviii. 6.

15 = Polander.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Precurse	i.	1	121
Presentment[16]	iii.	4	54
Pressure	i.	5	100
	iii.	2	27
Prettiness	iv.	5	189
Primy	i.	3	7
Prison-house	i.	5	14
Privates[17]	ii.	2	238
Profanely	iii.	2	34
Promise-crammed	iii.	2	99
Proposer	ii.	2	297
Provincial[18]	iii.	2	288
Purples[19]	iv.	7	171
Purport	ii.	1	82
Queen (adj.)	iii.	1	190
Questionable	i.	4	43
Quickness	iv.	3	45
Quiddits	v.	1	108
Quietus[20]	iii.	1	75
Rankly	i.	5	38
Rareness[21]	v.	2	122
Ratifiers	iv.	5	105
Really	v.	2	132
Recognizances[22]	v.	1	112
Reconcilement	v.	2	258
Rede	i.	3	51
Re-deliver[23]	iii.	1	94
Re-deliver[24]	v.	2	186
Relative	ii.	2	633
Repast (verb)	iv.	5	147
Repel[25]	ii.	1	109
Repugnant	ii.	2	493
Repulsed	ii.	2	146
Requiem[26]	v.	1	260
Resolutes (sub.)	i.	1	98
Re-speaking	i.	2	128
Responsive	v.	2	158
Revisitest	i.	4	53
Re-word[27]	iii.	4	143
Rhapsody	iii.	4	48
Romage	i.	1	107
Rough-hew	v.	2	11
Round[28]	ii.	2	139
Russet[29]	i.	1	166

16 = picture; = presentation, Timon, i. 1. 27.

17 = common soldiers; frequently used in other senses.

18 = of or belonging to Provins in France; used of an ecclesiastical province, Measure, v. 1. 318.

19 = flowers of the Orchis; = a purple dress, I. Hen. IV. iii. 3. 37.

20 Son. cxxvi. 12.

21 = excellence.

22 = acknowledgments of debt; = badge, token, Oth. v. 2. 214.

23 = to give back.

24 = to report.

25 Venus and Adonis, 573.

26 Phœnix and Turtle, 16.

27 Lover's Complaint, 1.

28 = roundly.

29 = red, reddish; = coarse, homespun, Love's Labour, v. 2. 413.

WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Sable (sub.)	i.	2	242
	iii.	2	137
	iv.	7	81
Salary	iii.	3	79
Sanctuarize	iv.	7	128
Sandal shoon	iv.	5	26
Sanity	ii.	2	214
Satirical	ii.	2	199
Satyr	i.	2	140
Saviour	i.	1	159
Scent (verb)	i.	5	58
Schoolfellows	iii.	4	202
Sconce (verb)	iii.	4	4
Screened (verb)	iii.	4	3
Scrimers	iv.	7	101
Sea-gown	v.	2	13
*Seeming-virtuous	i.	5	46
Seized (of)[1]	i.	1	89
Select (adj.)	i.	3	74
Sere (sub.)	ii.	2	338
Service[2]	iv.	3	25
Shards[3]	v.	1	254
Sharked (verb)	i.	1	98
Shatter	ii.	1	95
Sheep-skins	v.	1	123
Shipwright	i.	1	75
	v.	1	47
Shovel (sub.)	v.	1	111
Shrill-sounding	i.	1	151
Sicklied o'er	iii.	1	85
Silvered[4]	i.	2	242
Sith (adv.)	ii.	2	12
Sized	iii.	2	180
Skyish	v.	1	276

1 = possessed (of).
2 = course of dishes at table; often used in other senses.
3 = fragments of pottery; = wing-cases of beetles, Ant. and Cleop. iii. 2. 20.
4 = tinged with gray; Son. xii. 4.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Sledded	i.	1	63
Sliver (sub.)	iv.	7	174
Solidity	iii.	4	49
*Something-settled	iii.	1	181
Southerly	ii.	2	397
Spendthrift[5] (adj.)	iv.	7	123
Splenitive	v.	1	284
Spokes	ii.	2	517
	iii.	3	19
Squeezing	iv.	2	22
Stalk[6] (sub.)	i.	1	66
Stately (adv.)	i.	2	202
Statutes[7]	v.	1	114
Stiffly	i.	5	95
Stithy (sub.)	iii.	2	89
Strewments	v.	1	256
Sullies (sub.)	ii.	1	39
Sultry	v.	2	101, 103
Supervise (sub.)	v.	2	23
Suppliance	i.	3	9
Supposal	i.	2	18
Suspiration	i.	2	79
*Swaddling-clouts	ii.	2	401
Sweaty[8]	i.	1	77
Switzers	iv.	5	97
Swoopstake	iv.	5	142
'S wounds	ii.	2	603
	v.	1	297
Tanned[9] (verb)	v.	1	186
Tatters	iii.	2	11
Tenable	i.	2	248
Tenures	v.	1	109
Tether	i.	3	125

5 Used as a sub. in Temp. ii. 1. 24.
6 = stately walk; = stem of a plant, in other places.
7 = bonds, mortgages; used figuratively, Son. cxxxiv. 9.
8 = toilsome.
9 Used figuratively, Son. lxii. 10; cxv. 7.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Thaw (vb. intr.)	i.	2	130
Thereabout	ii.	2	468
Thought-sick	iii.	4	51
Total (adj.)	ii.	2	479
Town-crier	iii.	2	4
Tristful[10]	iii.	4	50
Tropically	iii.	2	247
True-penny	i.	5	150
Truster[11]	i.	2	172
Tweaks	ii.	2	601
Tyrannically	ii.	2	356
Umbrage	v.	2	125
Unaneled	i.	5	77
Uncharge (verb)	iv.	7	68
*Uncle-father	ii.	2	394
Unction	iii.	4	145
	iv.	7	142
Uneffectual	i.	5	90
Unfellowed	v.	2	150
Unfortified	i.	2	96
Ungored	v.	2	261
Unhand	i.	4	84
Unhouselled	i.	5	77
Unimproved	i.	1	96
Union[12]	v.	2	283
Unknowing	v.	2	390
Unlimited	ii.	2	418
Unmask[13] (vr. tr.)	i.	3	37
Unmastered	i.	3	32
Unmixed	i.	5	104
Unnerved	ii.	2	496
Unpack	ii.	2	614
Unpeg	iii.	4	193
Unpolluted	v.	1	262
Unprevailing	i.	2	107
Unproportioned	i.	3	60

10 Also in I. Hen. IV. ii. 4. 434.
11 = believer.
12 = a pearl.
13 Lucrece, 940, 1602.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Unreclaimed	ii.	1	34
Unrighteous	i.	2	154
Unripe[14]	iii.	2	200
Unshaped	iv.	5	8
Unsifted	i.	3	102
Unsinewed	iv.	7	10
Unsmirched	iv.	5	119
Unused[15]	iv.	4	39
Unvalued[16]	i.	3	19
Unwatched	iii.	1	196
Unweeded	i.	2	135
Unwrung	iii.	2	253
Uphoarded	i.	1	136
Up-spring	i.	4	9
Valanced	ii.	2	442
Validity[17]	iii.	2	199
Ventages	iii.	2	373
Waves[18] (verb)	i.	4	61, 68, 78
Weedy	iv.	7	175
Well-took	ii.	2	83
Wheaten	v.	2	41
Whiff	ii.	2	495
Wick	iv.	7	116
Windlasses	ii.	1	65
Wonder-wounded	v.	1	280
Woundless	iv.	1	44
Yaw	v.	2	119
Zone	v.	1	305

14 Venus and Adonis, 128, 524; Pass. Pilgrim, 51.
15 = not employed, Son. iv. 13; ix. 12; xlviii. 3; = not accustomed, Oth. v. 2. 349; Son. xxx. 5.
16 = not valued; = invaluable, Rich. III. i. 4. 27.
17 = strength, efficacy; = value, in other passages.
18 = beckons; frequently used in other senses.